

# Disguises

Roberta Flack

I promise you an end to tears  
Till the last have dried  
We can face each other in a host of brave disguises

A list of limits has been posted in your eyes  
We can not defy them  
You know how hard we tried

Once I played the game so hard, that players died  
Suffered more from madness than a player realizes  
I as queen of empty truths, you as king of lies  
There is much in sadness, that a metaphor disguises

I don't mind to keep around some things you left behind  
Room full of trinkets, with nothing left to hide  
...But there are patterns cut so deep that they abide  
I will not forget you, I am sure because I tried