

## Returning the Curse

Arena

You look at me, but you fail to see  
You look at me, but you fail to see  
So this disguise is enough to fool  
Your arrogance and your sense of self control

Despite your nervous disposition  
And your fearful superstitions  
Here I stand - in your line of vision  
You call yourself a dark magician

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I am but feet away waiting to work my plan  
The curse held tightly now within my trembling hand  
I pass the paper - anticipate  
You take it willingly - You walk away!

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You look at me, but you fail to see