

It's a tangled web we weave, an eloquent debris
When we drape the truth in such a grotesque tapestry
Embellished words and deeds, a fictional disguise
Imagined glories fade beneath the weight of lies

It's a game we play and we agreed upon the rules
Pretend our make-believe is basically the truth
A mental static - a cognitive dissonance
The lies we tell ourselves will increase in expense

Image to cultivate, illusion to maintain
Vulgar in sentiment and wrapped in the profane
The cracks in the façade too numerous to count
The points of weakness are of infinite amount

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The story falls apart like ruins in decay
The truth exposed at last to the blinding light of day
A fallen city burns where once it stood so tall
Brought down by the deadly myth that penetrates its walls

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