

## ballroom mask

atlas

Every crease, line, fold, mark, flaw  
Underneath my old parlance  
It was easy holding on  
When the dream was just to change at all

Ballroom mask, I'll wear that  
It'll make my vision clearer  
When I dance before my mirror

Ballroom mask, pink and black  
All my feelings just venetian  
Eschew the paramour beneath it

Don't do that, don't do that  
Don't do that, don't do that  
Don't do that, it goes too fast  
It goes too fast, it you pulls you back

Into that habit  
Into that habit  
Into that habit  
Into that harsh dull sky

And you can't have it  
And you can't grasp it  
It's not intuitive enough  
To pull the blue from all the fluff

And separate the clouds from what  
You thought was keeping you so stuck  
That wasn't what

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Eschew the paramour beneath it

Don't do that