

## A Picture of Life

### Camouflage

A fine young man,  
A picture of life,  
Dislikes himself  
In the mirror.  
We saw him off,  
We talked of love,  
We talked of sin  
And forgot him.  
A fine young man,  
A picture of life,  
Died alone  
In the gutter.  
We drank the wine,  
We felt the pain,  
But no one felt  
Like his mother.  
Father's not there,  
A coward's choice,  
He scorned his son,  
So inhuman!  
We shook our heads  
And turned away,  
We also denied  
That we knew him