

Clannanhide

Carbon Leaf

There's a place we hide true selves
Shine them into golden awe
Clandestine, I. Charade, shadow the midnight
Hide, muddle the meaning. Hide, muddle the meaning
The Plan: Clan and Hide. (show the way...)
Motes protect honed purity
Storm the heartened masquerade
We all follow around the bend. (go astray...)
We fear ourselves. We lock up in rooms
We make not a sound beneath our shoes
Hi, yes, we're fine...we act enthused
Then dance with ourselves without any groove
We're all out of might. We no longer strive
We practice the art of 9 to 5
Examples are cheap and talk is proof
Do as I say, not as I do.....
Na na na na....