

# Masquerading

Cults

Could we wander the city?  
Let the days  
Slip away

All this space  
It just feels on loan  
I've lost all perspective

Steering through but my grip is loose  
I swear  
You can feel it  
No direction to get me through  
I know you will feel it

It's getting to me  
I try so hard to deliver  
Now  
I can't count my mistakes  
And my back's been breaking

Bet it all looks so pretty far away  
In a blaze  
Hesitation all on your own  
I know you can feel it  
I can't wash it away  
There's no winner

It's getting to me  
I try so hard to deliver  
Now  
I can't count my mistakes  
And my back's been breaking

It's getting to me  
I tried and failed to deliver  
Now  
I can't count my mistakes  
I've been masquerading