

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