

puppeteer

I dance on your lonely threads
hung by strings above my head,
a living doll
porcelain and glass make up my composition.

A simple act,
one simple dance,
led by you - the master -
a puppeteer who hides in shadows.

Coward, coward, coward,
why do you hide?

Fright, fright, fright,
what is there to fear?

I know you hear those taunts in your head:
the ones that abuse you,
the ones that drive you insane,
the ones that make your soul bleed
gray and red.

I hear them too,
sometimes.

Worthless, useless, unnecessary -
three words, three meanings,
one heartless killing.

Words that murder,
are these;
words that sacrifice,
are these.

Puppeteer, puppeteer,
I know you dance too,
on that lonely thread
hanging up above you with strings.

Puppeteer, puppeteer,
come dance with me -

your puppet -
two lonely souls hiding beneath masks
made of shadows and sacrifice.

Let us dance together
wearing masks of -
blue, green, gold -
serene peace bringing happiness.

When our act is over
we shall retreat back
into those shadows,
into those despair-ridden crevices
that we call home.

Together,
the puppet and the puppet master
will take off their masks
and become one under the starless night sky of agony -
the true soul and the reflection will unite.

This is true peace,
taking off the mask to hide what is underneath,
to unleash the truth that remains hidden in day
returns the sense of belonging in our hearts.

We go to sleep,
our true selves out in the open
secluded and secreted by shadows.

Dreaming of distant lands -
blue, green, gold -
that hold treasures far greater than materialistic things,
treasures far more important than the act we put on.