

Recast

I thought I knew you, and oh, was I wrong: Master of Deception, oh, Deceived One:
I sit here alone in the audience now: but I'm lost in the clapping, the roar of the crowd
The people are cheering; they'll be charmed till their graves. But your story is stained on every page.
I turn, and blue eyes catch my glance, but they're not turned my way:
 You've captured every heart in this place.
I grimace, and cry, "It's only a play!" But I am drowned out by every adoring gaze.

The final scene, the end is now: the strains of music screech to a halt,
 In solemn finality, the bows are drawn roughly across the strings,
The last of the beauty fades, a curtain drawn to subdue the past: The stage turns black.

I turn my face away, because the lies were kind.
 They hid the face of a monster, and you're still hiding,
Behind barricades of words, and behind the love that you drew from their hearts
 But every breath you draw is cursed to me.

The playbill is crumpled, and torn in my lap; blood-red lipstick smeared on every page
 It mingles with tears and blots the ink and blurs the words that I cannot stand
And "deception" is scrawled in a terrible hand! It mars every scene, distorts every word.

The crowd is moving, jostling now: but I stand and cry aloud:
 I call the actors off the stage,
 and beg,
 and beg,
 and beg,
 and beg,
To recast the part that you played.

But I am not heard; I scream the truth; the world will burn anyway.
The truth is too much for them to take in; my playbill falls, it is lost, I will not see it again.
 The world will burn, I'll burn this play
 Resolve to forget your name
 Forget the character you became.