The Show - Anonymous

Curtains rise Lights on Head up, deep breaths The show is on.

Your lines feel cold, Stale and hollow at most. But the show goes on, This is what you signed up for.

They idolise
It seems sublime
But when should you
Just draw the line?

Time doesn't fly, The security is a lie, The end is nigh, Just finish your lines.

But you can't, You freeze, The walls start to scream, You're the puppet now.

So stay on your string, Deal with the stings. Keep on smiling, And it'll go on with ease.

The show must go on after all.

