

The Fiddler

This world is nothing but a fiddle
Being played by the bow of falsehood.
And in this twisted web of society, the innocent are the strings played by the bow of fake good.
Each note that resonates is a beautiful lie
That we simply let be told.
Yet no one stops to wonder: are the words only fool's gold?

If I could have one power
One power at all,
It would be the gift to discern between true and false.
To know what people mean to say
When the words "I'm fine" leave their lips for the fifth time that day.
If I could only decipher the jokes they tell,
Surely I would get them too.
But are they still jokes if no one is laughing?
Are they still funny when the chaffing
Turns to toxic chatting?
And when the lies melt away for one tick of Big Ben,
Like clockwork, they always seem to start again.

I pray to know what people really think of me,
To swerve away from the tangles of fake love.
I want to see the truth behind the mask and glove.
Because as we gaze into the perfect smiles and plastic eyes, we fail to realize
That it is all nothing but an act in the circus that is life.

As I look around at the world surrounding me,
My heart tells me to stay,
But my brain tells me to run.
My brain tells me that people aren't who they say they are,
That they aren't as sweet as the candy bar.

While deception reigns supreme, I believe that right still lingers.
And that some day, we will be released from the fiddler's cold, slender fingers.
I know that soon the day will come
When the innocent are released from the chain.
I wish to remove the fiddles from the world
And leave only a perfect symphony to remain.