

Walk on stage and do the part,  
Where lies are turned into art,  
Deceiving those who adore us,  
Thus my masterplan unfolds.

Before the mike, before you all,  
I tremble on my legs, nearly fall,  
You see my paralysed mouth,  
As whispers surrender my heart.

Trying to hide the truth with words,  
The tears give away the drama key,  
Shall I go on and pretend to be,  
And deepen the wedge beteen you and me?

"She's nothing but a fad", I say,  
But you won't take this irony away,  
With grace and brilliance of performance,  
The script rips apart our romance.

Then I close my eyes and bow, crying,  
The curtain has come down on us,  
With dignity I thank my audience,  
For not believing that love was dying,

Except for you.

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