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The Riddle

Reference number PT0448

See the moon slink down in the sky, darling.
Let your fantasies fly, darling.
Life is cold and the game is old.
Just see how virtue repays you,
you turn and someone betrays you.
Betray him first and the game's reversed!

For we all are caught in the middle
of one long treacherous riddle:
can I trust you?
Should you trust me too?
We shamle on through this hell,
taking on more secrets to sell,
'til there comes a day when we sell our souls away!

Through the mist your lover is beckoning,
Comes that moment of reckoning,
Faces change. Even smiles grow strange.
And we all have so many faces,
the real self often erases.
Enticing lies flicker through our eyes.

Feel the terror draw ever nearer,
the more you stare in the mirror,
but hold your own.
Face the wind alone.
Reel on, love! Toughen your scars.
Year by year we're falling like stars
'til there comes a day when we well our souls away!

Can I run to you?
Are you true to me?
I'll do unto you as you do to me!
And we slowly learn someone has to burn.
Better you than me!
Oh, ev'ry Judas once loved a Jesus
but fin'lly treason will seize us.
And only fools follow golden rules.
We all are caught in the middle
of one long treacherous riddle
of who trusts who. Maybe I'll trust you.
But can you trust me?
Wait and see!