

# The Puppeteer

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Puppets. We're all just puppets on strings; dancing to a mad man's tune.

## Puppets

*Chapter 1 of 1*

Puppets. We're all just puppets on strings; dancing to a mad man's tune.

The Puppeteer

We smirk and we smile

As the world spins by

In a grand Masquerade

Dangling us on puppet strings

The Puppeteer grins

He makes us dance

To the tune only He can hear

a twitch on our sting

jump to His demand

We fly across the dancing floor

And bow to our partner

All for His pleasure

We dance

A dark and deadly dance

The masks we wear

Showing our souls

As we all shrink back from each other

The Puppeteer laughs

And the strings tangle

He frowns

And they are cut

We still smile and smirk

As the world runs away

And down comes crashing

The grand Masquerade