

The Grand Show

Beneath the painted smile, a heavy heart,
Laughter echo loud born from crafted art.
Mask they don, roles they play, day by day,
"No spirit and no prize" I must say.
Persisting in this staged obsession, why,
With no clear answers, only question's lie.

We often ponder how the script is writ,
Why there's so much unjust fate found in it.
Was the writer drunk when he was penning,
Or having joy in others suffering?
All staging player know the bitter sting,
We actors yearn and dream for these three things:
Those are art, fame and money's fleeting call.
Many seek just one, special few have all.

We're no different and the same as ye,
We act the way as our role let us be.
As actors are a man with thousand face
And yet we choose but one mask to embrace.
In the mirror's gaze, which face is truly mine?
A script's life, or life's script, I can't define.
Is this my voice or just a line I've learned?
In scripted scenes, or life, where have I turned?

Now I recall the deeds from days gone by,
the morals I kill with no feeling shy.

I was young, stupid, and passionate,
to pursue dreams like it's heaven's mandate.

But God not approve, more like devil smile,
for in the shadows, I would oft beguile.

With whispered lies and promises of gold,
I stole the trust of friends, left them in cold.

I climbed the ladder, stepping on their backs,
their broken hopes a testament to acts.

For every lie and every trust betrayed,
I see the ghost of what my soul has paid.

The grand show's curtain falls on grand success,
I find no peace in accolades caress.

The devil's bargain, inked with blood and strife,
Has left me hollow in this actor's life.

Jester's performance, hide the truth within
Behind the scene, the pain is wearing thin
But in the stage world, the actors actin'
For the joy of the angel investin
None are care for the battle I'm fightin
Nore are there when I'm in corner cryin
Finally now, I realizin somethin
There is no point on more questionin

There's no happy end, only just story,
There's no tragedy, simply comedy.
For me, this is the true philosophy:
No peace, but poetic justice purely.