

Withering Surface, Fading Mask

Waiting For Your Ego
Waiting To Break Free

A Ball Where Noone Sees
Behind The Artificial Eyes
A Mask Weaved By Thought Hands
How Do I Stand A Chance?

Nothing Can Save Me Nomore
I Can't Escape - From Your Fading Mask
Nothing Is Sacred Nomore
I Can't Escape - From Your Fading Mask

Nothing Is Blinding Nomore
I Can't Escape - From Your Fading Mask
Nothing Is Sacred Nomore
I Can't Escape....

Waiting For Your True Self
Waiting To Explore
Waiting To Be Free
A Ball Where Noone Sees

Behind The Artificial Lies
A Mask Weaved By Wicked Hands
Can I Stand A Chance?

Down The Alley
In The Misty Smog
I See The Parody
Of Her Bleaching Self

Down The Alley
In The Misty Smog
I See Her Shinning
But Not To Me....