

# 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....