Chrome

Stillman

A million faces, each a million lies
For each and all a chrome disguise
Prompts for action, force reaction
Embody promise in a sheen so pure
Hurt, the measure of blind ambition
The testament to your singular disease
Against all wisdom you heed no warning
Your desires giving you awayIf I could change your mind
I wouldn't save you from the path you wander
In desperation dreams, any soul can set you free
And I still hear you scream
In every breath, in every single motion
Burning innocence, the fire to set you freeYour actions turn conquest to dust
In portents of fate, you foolishly place trust
Sense fear in your broken breathing
Resort to shadows till your body expires
All creation has the promise of Heaven
And still you travel the road to Hell
I'm saying nothing for the good of myself
But I'm still talking and you're not listeningIf I could change your mind
I wouldn't save you from the path you wander
In desperation dreams, any soul can set you free
And I still hear you scream
In every breath, in every single motion
Burning innocence, the fire to set you freeAs night descends upon the city
The streets are cold, the lights go by
And in the stories of the people
A million faces, a million lies
They'll never say they feel what you feel
That they can see the world you see
And in their faces, their expressions
A million faces, a million lies

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