

# 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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