

# Faceless Messenger

## The Agonist

Truthful words are rarely beautiful  
Throw on a weak disguise.  
Sugarcoat them with pride.  
Facts remain the same  
And beautiful words are rarely truthful  
Tales of fiction lie on your tongue.  
Let the sweet poison unravel. Free to associate the bonds that we create.  
With pretense at stake, exceed our limits  
You are the image.  
We are the construct.  
An edited society  
Hollow text inside your safety net.  
Faceless redirected.  
Eyes are the window to the soul  
Where no one can hear me.  
Isolated from within.  
We fail to communicate.  
Grasping to my social fence.  
Is anyone out there?  
The medium has become the messenger.  
A distorted sense of knowledge.  
Intercepted meanings with no trace.  
Always moving towards a new direction. Free to associate the bonds that we create.  
With pretense at stake, exceed our limits  
Explore the new dimension  
Inside this generation  
(Is anyone out there?)  
Hollow text inside your safety net.  
Faceless redirected.  
Eyes are the window to the soul  
Where no one can hear me  
Isolated from within.  
We fail to communicate.  
Grasping to my social fence.  
Is anyone out there?  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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