Hiding in Plain Sight

Man Must Die

Like a master of disguise in a torn-up old dress,
I've been hiding in plain sight, and making a mess,
Bring me back my heart, put it on a stick
I am ready for the cure, I am sick of being sickCome to my senses and feel the things I never felt
I can't pretend this is anything but love itself
So don't go tonight, stay make everything all rightLike a veteran of war, haunted by day
I've been trying to ignore what never goes away
Visions in my head, blind as I've been
Try to shut them out but they already got inSomething in my chest, a sound I've never heard
I've been living in my head, always the same words
Save me from my self, this is my disease
Ringing in my ears and body in deep-freeze.

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