

Skunk Hour

Ebony Tears

We all try to catch the beauty, in a world that's mouldering
And we dream of tomorrow, anything to ease this pain
Can you deal with the truth, can you deal with life itself
Or will you hide behind, retouch the picture and play the game I try to see the real me, but there's someone else
in here Open your eyes you coward, now it's time to confront yourself
Take a look inside, go on just face the pain
Can you deal with yourself, can you see what's really you?
Or will you close your eyes, and hide behind another lie I'd like to see the real me. But I'm afraid to look inside I
am fear, the lord of pain. I'll break you down, with my bare hands
I'm your conscience, deep inside. I feed your mind, you're full of lies
Plunge into oceans of hate restrained by, the anger you create Falling, from the stairs inside your mind, crawling
helpless like a child When you try to see things clearly, shattered pictures erase your mind
You hear voices on the inside, then your mind goes blank Trapped inside your inner self forced to see the truth
There's no use to run cause the doors are closed
No more excuses the truth you cannot bend
It's hard to deal with life when you're used to pretend A psychotic mind erases and deconstructs to improve
It'll leave you blinded with a hallucinating truth
No more excuses the truth you cannot bend
It's hard to deal with life when you're used to pretend If I'd only known the answer
Life will be easier when you see who you are
No more fear no more lies see the truth with new eyes Killer instinct you face the pain
Nothing will ever stop you
Killer instinct play the game
New eyes no longer afraid
You'll never hide again
New eyes no longer blind We all try to catch the beauty...

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