Faceless

Silent Theory

So you say itâ€™s nice to meet you,
Thatâ€™s a virtue turned to vice,
Then you bite the hand that feeds you,
Served to me on ice.
Insecurities defeat you,
But donâ€™t we look nice?
Youâ€™ll never know the face that greets you,
Cause weâ€™re the devil in disguise.

Chorus:
Iâ€™ve had enough,
The lying, hating, medicating,
Had enough, the games that we play,
When Iâ€™m dizzy, broken,
You take me over,
Twisted, violent, empty,
Now itâ€™s my turn.

I know you think youâ€™re perfect,
But the truth is that youâ€™re weak,
Itâ€™s hard for me to process,
Every time you speak.
If Iâ€™m not there around you,
I know where youâ€™ve been,
And now you get my message,
I come from within.

Chorus

So you say itâ€™s nice to meet you,
But then you bite the hand that feeds you

Chorus

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