

Faceless

Silent Theory

So you say it's nice to meet you,
That's a virtue turned to vice,
Then you bite the hand that feeds you,
Served to me on ice.
Insecurities defeat you,
But don't we look nice?
You'll never know the face that greets you,
Cause we're the devil in disguise.

Chorus:

I've had enough,
The lying, hating, medicating,
Had enough, the games that we play,
When I'm dizzy, broken,
You take me over,
Twisted, violent, empty,
Now it's my turn.

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

Chorus

So you say it's nice to meet you,
But then you bite the hand that feeds you

Chorus

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