

Without A Face

Maroon

Starring at the white ceiling.
Being thrown back into the end of days.
The gentle men will take revenge!

Trying to cut the scum off this world.
The sober blade- lunatic's fate.
This will to cleanse can't be ignored!

Waste away with poisoned veins.
Senses fade and the hate awakes!
Love kills in persistence!

Barely remembering these winter days.
But the nights I left without a trace.
"Catch me when you can!"

THIS SHINING BLADE - NO MORE - IMPURITY!
THIS IS MY FATE - THIS IS - MY DESTINY!
FROM HELL!
WITHOUT A FACE!

Deep wounds cut in delusion.
Warm blood over cold hands.
"My Heart is colder still!"

Disappointment and disillusion.
Mutilation as the one relief.
And cries remain unheard!

Am I victim or the cruel offender?
Do you feel remorse or just contempt?
Does anybody understand?

I looked them in the frightened eyes.
I felt the death of their final breath.
Mary Jane! Take me away!

THIS SHINING BLADE - NO MORE - IMPURITY!
THIS IS MY FATE - THIS IS - MY DESTINY!
FROM HELL!
WITHOUT A FACE!

Fear I'm spreading with my instruments.
Ripped apart and left wide open...

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THIS IS MY FATE - THIS IS - MY DESTINY!
FROM HELL!
WITHOUT A FACE!

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