

# Unveiling the Secret

Psyche

Unveiling The Secret  
The words made flesh  
And I could touch their skin  
A landscape of desperation  
No great army, no soldier of fortune  
Could get me through that day  
The action was so revealing  
That the feeling will never go away  
Hold on to me and I'll give you  
my pulse  
I find the need so appealing  
Untie the knots in my soul  
Until I feel the secret unveiling  
I reach up for any face  
I was never good at concealing  
But I have the nerve I've pushed before  
If only to bury the fear  
You wear a coat of armour  
I'll take the chance  
And break through that shield  
Hold onto me I'll give you my pulse