

Picture of a Shadow

Silent Force

Once a painter drew my face
Almost put me in a grave
He was old, out of his mind
A craziness that made him blind

He must have read between the lines
He was a man with great disguise
He fixed a stare into my eyes
Oh, he's the one saw through my lies

Where is my face?

Oh, pictures of a shadow

What I have seen will make you run
It is not what I have done
I don't believe in you I'm not afraid
It all comes back but yet in spades

My eyes have stopped but can't forget
The memories mad today of men
The words are written here in black
Now there is no turning back

Where is my face?

Oh, pictures of a shadow

If evil had a face tonight, be sure my dear it would be mine
If evil had a place to walk, Hell would arise and leave you blind
If evil had a face tonight, be sure my dear it would be mine
If evil had a place to walk, Hell would arise and leave you blind