

# 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

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 (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

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