

Our Faces Fall Apart

Demon Hunter

Where is the inception of digression in a human life?
When is the answer just a bright light?
Who am I in shamelessly defining all the wrong and right?
What is the difference if we all die?
I am not the first, the last, the absolute
You will find no clarity in me
I am the deceased, the least, the solitude
Failing every face I try to be.

I'm not your progress, the pay of your pains
I'm stabbing the questions for answers I can't face
I'm losing the battle and finding no life to retrace.

I built this anguish with my own hands
I felt the burn inside my heart.
I built this anguish with my own hands
I watched our faces fall apart.

I felt the tears of all your angels, so cold.
I saw the fall of all your children, I'm so cold.

We are just a fraction of the poison living in this place
How can we answer with a straight face?
Who are you in gauging every standard you
Would have us chase?
Are we alone to run the last race?
We are all the weak, the meek, the innocent
Kissing every fault that we disgrace
We are of the worst, the cursed, the desolate
Leaving every hope that we embrace.

You turn your eyes to me in hope of my decline
Pointing your blame as I faltered on that line
We saw your slander when you pulled it off the shelf
If you want justice you'll point it at yourself
Face your fears. Trace your tears.
Kill the blind assumption that you know how I react inside
I am not so hollow, you can't see what grows inside my mind
Straight-faced, straight-faced.