

The masquerader in the mirror  
appears to be a certain stranger to me  
he slips a film of glow through glow on his hand  
and paints my features where his face ought to be  
young flesh, young frame  
slow pulse, no pain  
inside my fit on skin  
sometimes I wonder just where to begin  
I need action  
inside my fit on skin  
I make a novel of everything  
it's like fiction  
inside my fit on skin  
another side of my twin

The face he fits is unmistakably mine  
without a trace he leaves the scene of the crime  
the story always reads exactly the same  
I need my live protection all the time