

Box Full Of Faces

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When you lose face
It's good to have one in reserve
A soul with no face
Would surly be void in this world

Wrapped in foil
For pain and for joy
A box full of faces
A box full of faces

A box full of faces
Without any face
Feet would be dancing with death
Leaving no trace

Heart burning up in it's breath
Laying in a hole
Exchanging your soul
For a box full of faces

A box full of faces
A box full of tears
One to trust, one to doubt
One to fit in the crowd

One for any time and place
A box full of faces...
One for love, one for hate
One for getting past the gate

One for power and pride
One to help you hide
One for crying out loud