

Through the searching lights that weave and dark  
comes the stranger that cares not for your heart  
the pain of living life this way  
must take its toll on you some day.  
Your jaded eyes can see embarrassment or harm  
the trail skin that bleeds emotionally on guard.  
All lowest forms of life are pounding you inside  
your hollow cold display your tired masquerade  
let the image that you present entice  
unlike the mirror that shows the strains of vice  
this act of contact your decay  
while willing souls will more that pay.