

Faceless

Running Wild

Faceless he was born, the kind without a speech
Being invisible, without a dream to reach
A schoolboy second-rate, a toady all the way
He never fights for nothing, never goes astray

He never makes a stand a man of average size
Grey suit, nothing-mind, wearing average ties

Faceless, drowning in grey, never been striking
Soulless, the empty hull, that was never fighting

Shapeless he was born, the man without a face
Never done right or wrong, the man who's left no trace

No thought critical ever comes his way
Bundled unimportance what he does or say
Never been a benefactor coming off his shell
Never been a troublemaker, character to spell

[Pre & Chorus...]

Hey what you're done with your life, did you ever grow
A lack of character, you never could say "no"