

## Autophobia

### Stream of Passion

This house, torn down, every wall left tainted  
As we realise  
A ghostly kind of petrifying silence  
Slipped through the cracks.  
We can't deny our home is ruined now;  
We can't deny we're barely breathing.

Long enough we shared a lie  
And we stepped away from all that we are.  
Soon enough the veil must fall  
And they'll know, they'll know my name.

It hurts to know that the ghost lived here  
Right from the start.  
His wicked smile reveals our every fear,  
Yet we won't go outside...  
We can't deny the end is near.

Long enough we shared a lie  
And we stepped away from all that we are.  
And we tried to keep the pain inside.  
Will we find another place to hide?

This house is torn, every wall was tainted  
Right from the start.  
I think we know a dark and haunted manor  
Can't be called a home.

Long enough we shared a lie  
And we stepped away from all that we are.  
Soon enough the veil must fall  
And they'll know, they'll know my name.