

Inheritance Polluted

"Faces"

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What used to be a normal life
Has turned into a hell
It all happened so fast
Oh please god help
I look into this world
Through other eyes
I am staring at myself
With memories that are not mine
These faces more and more, growing on my chest
They take over my thoughts, these faces of the dead
Faces of the dead
Growing on me
Form into my skin
With empty eyes
And memories
Insanity sets in
I am going nuts this has to stop
Illusions of the brain
I hear them scream, I cut their flesh
I feel, I taste the pain
They find me in a pool of blood

Think it is suicide
My chest is cut, the faces gone
They left me so did I
I arise come back to life
And look through my own eyes
My face is growing on your chest
Your memories are now mine
Faces of the dead
Growing on you
Form into your skin
With empty eyes
And memories
Your insanity sets in

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