

## Mephisto Walz "Facade (closet Of Faces)"

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Like broken dreams of rich men  
Who really don't have much  
A pocketbook of promises  
Their dreams are made of such  
But silent desperation sold  
They shop for what they want  
They say, Stop it are you using me  
Come talk to me in grunts

Because of mass frustrations  
Emotions hid in chains  
How no forever can be measured  
Eventually it just has to fade  
Yet as a hunger beckons me  
In fear I heed the call  
A desire comes to me  
Arresting touch as I recoil

The passion draws me from my sleep  
I awaken from the darkest dreams  
The secret eyes did laugh at me  
And nothing's ever as it seems  
The whispered promise I'll never hear  
We're just passing with the night  
These empty hands with touch unfelt  
Are driving me from your saving light.

The devils dancing in my veins  
There's a hatred in my mind  
I'm disillusioned from my trust  
This moments lost all out of time  
The promise in my isolation  
I'm lost with you inside  
A part of me still unused  
This mask for me to hide behind.

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