

# Ebony Tears, Skunk Hour

We all try to catch the beauty, in a world that's mouldering  
And we dream of tomorrow, anything to ease this pain  
Can you deal with the truth, can you deal with life itself  
Or will you hide behind, retouch the picture and play the game

I try to see the real me, but there's someone else in here

Open your eyes you coward, now it's time to confront yourself  
Take a look inside, go on just face the pain  
Can you deal with yourself, can you see what's really you?  
Or will you close your eyes, and hide behind another lie

I'd like to see the real me. But I'm afraid to look inside

I am fear, the lord of pain. I'll break you down, with my bare hands  
I'm your conscience, deep inside. I feed your mind, you're full of lies  
Plunge into oceans of hate restrained by, the anger you create

Falling, from the stairs inside your mind, crawling helpless like a child

When you try to see things clearly, shattered pictures erase your mind  
You hear voices on the inside, then your mind goes blank

Trapped inside your inner self forced to see the truth  
There's no use to run cause the doors are closed  
No more excuses the truth you cannot bend  
It's hard to deal with life when you're used to pretend

A psychotic mind erases and deconstructs to improve  
It'll leave you blinded with a hallucinating truth  
No more excuses the truth you cannot bend  
It's hard to deal with life when you're used to pretend

If I'd only known the answer  
Life will be easier when you see who you are  
No more fear no more lies see the truth with new eyes

Killer instinct you face the pain  
Nothing will ever stop you  
Killer instinct play the game  
New eyes no longer afraid  
You'll never hide again  
New eyes no longer blind

We all try to catch the beauty...