

# Henry Rollins, Mask

It becomes hard to face  
It becomes hard to see the face  
The face that sees you without flinching  
The face that you put on when you're all by yourself  
I wear a mask, I wear a mask  
The mask is intact  
You see no cracks on the outside  
I'm smooth, expressionless

You can't read me  
Behind the mask I die over and over  
I scream from behind the mask  
Now the mask is cracking  
My truth comes out, my mask falls to the floor  
I see the face that I got  
I see myself, ugly, so ugly, it's ugly