

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