Gary Numan, Face To Face (Letters)

What's it like to be face to face with me?
Playing tricks with hearts quite as young as yours
Do you know what the reunion pays for you?
Do you feel like I'm supposed to do?

I could be love
I could be your assassin. I don't know

Pictures of my face dissappear with time
They gave boys to quite tasteless friends of mine
Re-arrange thoughts to 'what will be will be'
There is no god so pray to me