

Noise Ratchet, Till We Have Faces

In photographs we define ourselves
Beneath the blanket of fashion
The things we fear the most
Are caught by our eyes in a mirror
We will decompose

Until we have faces
Identity abides
In what we claim is the truth,
Till fact and faith collide

Until we have faces
My heart is set on you.
But time and time again,
My eyes believe in lies.

To desire and dread
A war we can't explain.
One fights to remember
Another to forget himself
A face we own forever,
But our heart can always change.