

# 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.