Paradise Lost, Lydia

Through the searching lights that weave and dart
Comes the stranger that cares not for your heart
The pain of living life this way
Must take its toll on you some day
You jaded eyes can see embarrassment or harm
The frail skin that bleeds emotionally on guard
All lowest forms of life are pounding you inside
Your hollow cold display your tired masquerade
Let the image that you present entice unlike
The mirror that shows the strains of vice
This act of contact your decay
While willing souls will more than pay.