

Pretty Maids, Face Of My Enemy

Where are you hiding
Now who am I fighting
What I can't see that's what I fear
Some kind of weirdo
Whell thats what I'm scared off
I feel your spycotic stare

The face of my enemy
Let me see
The face of my enemy

Under the surface
Your purpose to hurt us
Is spawned by fanatical fire
Is it concieved
By relegious belief
Or some kind of pervert desire

Who are you
The face of my enemy

Someone behind you
Beside you around you
The neighbor next door
Or the loner upstairs
Rising suspicion
Devilish mission
I know you're out there somewhere

Your wraith is your weapon
Your hatefully driven
As fast as the speed of your pain
Something compells you
There's something that tells you
That someone should suffer the same

(Chorus)