

# 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)