

[Words & Music: Cavestany]

Affectation was an early sign
Of a twisted mind
All virtues had faded away
Apprehension made her cold
But warm she was inside
The child within her died
And left her with a heart of stone

Surface anger was a thin disguise
Yet at night she cries
Behold the pain in her eyes
Degradation was a grind
Her true self left behind
Compassion you will find
Hidden by a veil of deception

And so the story goes
That's the way she chose to live her life
And anybody knows
The way it feels when you hurt inside
She's running from herself
The game of life in which she played

Looking back upon the early years
There was room for tears
But she chose to push them away
Condemnation was a vice
She chose to roll the dice
And so she paid the price
Misery was her only friend

Inner feelings were a neutral zone
Though she tried to condone
In a world she faced so alone
Her salvation came too late
And on that day she died
No one even cried
Forgot about the veil of deception

And so the story goes
That's the way she chose to live her life
And anybody knows
The way it feels when your hurt inside
She's running from herself
The game of life in which she played