**Facial Description Inspiration**

The lines on his face etched the story of a happy life. His crow's feet spoke of laughter and the deep creases in his cheeks told of a man who gave away smiles like they were wishes. Yet a more sorrowful face I had never seen. A film of water made is dark eyes glossy and his face was fallen, submissive to gravity. His silver hair, normally neatly combed, bore the tell tale signs that his mottled hands had been run through it in distress. It was the face of a man who had lost what he knew he must loose, but the knowing did not soften the desolation.

She had wolfish amber eyes like limpid pools of gold that adorned her exceptionally pale face, long, dark hair that tumbled over her shoulders like a fountain of molten obsidian, an aquiline nose, and chalky pink lips that were blue with cold. All in all, she looked like a ghost; a very solid one.

Her face wasn't anything extraordinary or significant, and yet, he felt somehow magically draw to those serious and silent features. Though she always avoided his gaze, he couldn't help but notice her clean skin and lack of makeup, along with her always messy hairstyles. Perhaps many would consider her homely, but he found her awe-striking.

Her face shone in the watery sunlight. It burst in beams through the almost complete cloud layer above to cast transitory spotlights. Her features were typical of her kin in the district across the ocean channel but here they marked her out as a stranger. Her dark features, considered beautiful back home, were alarming to these creatures who had lived in the colder northern climes for so long that their skin now matched the snow. Their eyes were smaller than hers and the mouths meaner, thinner lipped and often elongated. But they had the clothing she needed to get into the mountains, to visit the fabled spring, and so she ventured into a store to make the purchases, consciously bringing forth the charm that came to her without trying back home.

Gerad's face, describable as "rugged," had been better characterised by his brother-in-law the art dealer as "cubist." There were a number of strong dominant surfaces, a commanding bone structure, a square even brow, a nose that appeared to end in a blunt plane rather than a point.

I remember her rounded face, slightly lighter than ivory with a rose coloured tint to her cheeks. Her small hazel eyes that were lively, warm, and sparkled with bliss when she smiled. When she was sorrowful her eyes seemed to grow dim and dark. Her smooth blonde hair with soft curls fell just past her dimpled chin. Her pink, slight, buttoned nose that was just above her delicate lips that always had a faint smile.

...the face of Inspector Kleek, of Homicide South, came on the screen. His heavy eyelids always hang at half mast, giving him a sleepy, bored look and the rest of his fleshy face sags in the same general pattern.

His face was stern, even a little melancholy, in repose, which was transfigured when he smiled...Here was the same long-boned face, tapering to a pointed chin, the same widely spaced eyes with the droop of the left eyelid...the same steady but slightly ironic gaze.

Gray suit, gray hair, gray lips and gray eyes. His face was expressionless, the eyes behind the square, gunmetal spectacles, completely empty.

In sleep, my mother looks younger, still worn but not so beaten down. Prim's face is as fresh as a raindrop, as lovely as the primrose for which she was named. My mother was very beautiful once, too. Or so they tell me.

...that patriotic Texan with his infundibuliform jowls and his lumpy, rumpleheaded, indestructible smile cracked forever across his face like the brim of a black ten gallon hat.

It was difficult to describe his unprepossessing features, no tapering cheekbones like his father, just a judicial eye and a critical nature.

His face was drained with a gaunt expressionless stare.

Her face with it's russet cheeks was crumpled like an over stored apple.

The man had the sort of face that should have looked out of a gold frame: a Victorian portrait. It belonged to another world and like an old painting it seemed to have faded. Only the eyes, small and dark showed any life.

She looked up at his face, unattractively blotched by the morning chill, at the grubby stubble, at the two brittle hairs at the corner of his mouth, at the trace of blackened blood in the left nostril, as if he had had a nosebleed, at the eyes, still gummy with sleep.

My eyes enthralled on him. His eyes were like crisp toffee drizzled in melted chocolate and framed with darling lashes. A blade nose and burrowed cheekbones, his appearance only to die for. I couldn't help to notice leathery black strands flopping over his face which to my distaste was veiling some of his enticing features. So perfect, yet so frustrating that i could bear no social contact with that sensuous man. Damnit

Thin petulant face, balding, curve of nose repeated in curve of forehead, irritable look, thin upper lip, whiny voice with quarrels edge.

Rubicund, freckles, snub nosed, cavernous eyes, unshaved, goatee, bearded, long upper lip, bushy eyebrows, thin eyebrows, eyebrows plucked and drawn back on, small sharp nose, plain, receding chin, dewlap, eccentric beauty, curved upper lip, dimples.

His face was glistening with sweat. His irises were threaded with scarlet.