

I can see myself tucked in and fast asleep,  
looking all peaceful, but in my dreams I weep.  
from far up I'm looking down upon myself,  
and I wonder who it is that's lying there.  
I feel like in a world all beside myself,  
afraid I won't wake up, with no one there to care.

I know someone used to watch me in my sleep,  
but some things seem just impossible to keep.  
I fight hard to bring it back into my mind,  
but to no use, it all seems to be a blank.  
I wonder what it was that had me defined,  
but one thing I know: I have myself to thank.

I feel like I have amnesia,  
but I know it's myself I've lost.  
I wonder what's happened so far,  
and what might have been the cost.

I'm not sure I want to know  
any of the things I've done.  
I don't know yet where to go,  
but I'll accept my past is gone.

I feel like I have amnesia,  
and I've missed the heavenly host.  
I'm surprised I've come this far,  
living without what I need most.

I don't think I can go back,  
to the things that were before.  
though I'm now always wearing black,  
I don't bemoan my life of yore.

I wake up and feel like I should be at home,  
but I do not know this, it's not where I belong.  
my head is dazed and my mind is all confused,  
and I'm not quite sure that I'm really there.  
but the mirror shows me looking out, bemused,  
into a blank place that could be anywhere.

I feel like I have been left out in the cold,  
and it hurts to know that this is all my fault.  
I leave this place to find familiar ground,  
but the whole world seems to have been rearranged.  
now my former self is nowhere to be found,  
and I know that it's myself that's changed.