

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.