

Familiar Enemy

Adestria

I used to think I was unique, that I would never be swayed.
I was convinced that I could never be changed.
I was naive, thinking I'd be any different than those
Those who I had no respect for.
I refused to see, held on to my beliefs, that I was somehow better than them.
I'm not better than them.
And I can't help but think that I've sacrificed the qualities
That keep me distinct from everyone else.
Am I so arrogant that I
Believe I'm not another version of what I have come to despise?
Once my breath had left the mirror, I could see myself much clearer.
I couldn't hide from who I had become.
Just as guilty as everyone.
My reflection doesn't look, doesn't look the same.
I'm staring at an unfamiliar face.
And I can't help but think that I've sacrificed the qualities
That keep me distinct from everyone else.
Am I so arrogant that I
Believe I'm not another version of what I have come to despise?
The image I expected to see was no longer staring back at me.
The image I expected to see was no longer staring back at me.
Enemy, staring back at me.
Enemy, staring back at me.
And I can't help but think, have I sacrificed everything?
And I can't help but think that I've sacrificed the qualities
That keep me distinct from everyone else.
Am I so arrogant that I
Believe I'm not another version of what I have come to despise?
I'm just another version of what I have come to despise.
My reflection doesn't look, doesn't look the same.