

## 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 bet  
ter 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 cle  
arer.  
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.