

## What You Became

Anacrusis

You've grown into this faceless mask and empty shell  
And, like a ghost of your indulgence, you wear them well.  
Still haunting something, by your own hand, lost  
And you shiver with the chilling sense  
You've saved nothing for yourself...

The lies, the games,  
Devoid of guilt or shame  
Now you resent what you became  
And the reality of only you to blame

You wander through each desperate hour and numbered day  
And long to hold each wasted moment spent in vain  
Still missing something you've slain so wrecklessly  
And ignored it through shortsightedness  
The thought that someday you might care

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