

Reflection

Balance and Composure

A weak hold,
Some call it pitiful.
Their reasons.
Say what you really mean.

I cave in, ran out of miracles.
Reflection, who do I really see?

Oh I'll come down and take it in,
I'm close.

You said to come when you're ready
And I've been taking my time.
Burn all the wreckage
And start it all over,
We're building a message
And life with you closer.

No faith in anything,
I have no backbone.
Call me an enemy,
But I hope you linger.
Won't you wake up
And see it all for the first time,
And speak up,
Say what you really mean.

Oh I'll come down and take it in,
Open my eyes.
You see that I'm ready.
Come save me from medicine,
I'm close.

You said to come when you're ready
And I've been taking my time.
Burn all the wreckage
And start it all over,
We're building a message
And life with you closer.

A weak hold,
Some call it pitiful.
Their reasons.
Say what you really mean.

I cave in, ran out of miracles.
Reflection, who do I really see?