

# Lost Reflections

Crimson Glory

Locked in this attic  
Been here so many years  
Shanna won't set me free  
She says I'm evil  
But then she doesn't know  
I'm not pretending, no, not me

Full moon's reflecting  
A face in the mirror  
Twisted and bleeding  
No, you can't be real, no you're  
All in my mind  
Shades of insanity, you're not me  
You're not me

Life in the attic  
I like my rocking chair  
Staring in shadows  
Crouched in the corner  
Waiting for something  
Laughing at nothing  
No one there

And on and on I wonder is there more  
What is life beyond the attic door  
The full moon in my eyes  
Is all that's real  
The mirror's lost reflection is in me

Life in the attic  
Life in the attic  
Life in the attic  
Life in the attic

Cobwebs and dusty dreams  
Sharp knives and hollow screams  
Wide eyes of terror  
Clawing the attic door  
Can't take it anymore  
You better go away!

You're lyin'  
Hurry  
Ah, ah, ah, ah  
Who's there?  
No one there  
You're not me!