

Just another day, I go about my business  
I start to shave in my ordinary way  
Nothing has changed, yet something is different  
Ah yes-- It's my birthday today  
My skin feels a little tighter  
The razor bites at my face  
What are those lines in the mirror?  
Can't seem to wipe them away  
And my vision is blurry, I don't know what it is  
And a blemish is swirling out from under my skin  
And there is far too much hair in the sink today  
And what's left on my head has somehow turned to grey  
Like a picture in the sun, the colors start to fade  
Like broken glass upon the shore, the sharpness wears away

My face bleeding, I drop the razor to the floor  
I try to catch it, but my hands do not obey me  
What is that pounding, is there someone at the door?  
It's just my heart, straining not to fail me  
My legs feel so heavy  
Each inch seems like a mile  
Muscles burn from the effort  
As I fall into denial  
And my speech is slurred, I don't know what it is  
And my arm is bruised from where I've touched my skin

And there is something wrong with my mirror today  
It seems my eyes of blue have somehow turned to grey  
Just like a chameleon who changes his skin  
I went to sleep young and virile, woke up old, tired and thin  
Did I sleep through my life and waste away my youth?  
Or did time just pass by and I'm denying the truth?

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