

## With The Reflection Of Self

In Dying Arms

What is it to feel more?  
when I will never be complete.  
The part of me that's missing  
has forever been erased from me.

Slut, I've had enough of your fucking lies  
Shut the fuck up.

Where can a man find his strength?  
when his happiness is placed in the hands of another?  
My insecurities have gotten the best of me;  
Living with incompleteness, is my burden to hold

The past has reflected my being  
now that my white has been shaded with this grey;  
Is there a possibility I could have you?  
Just for another day...