

## Veins of Glass

Lacuna Coil

These ghosts I keep inside  
shards of glass in my veins  
release me from myself, release  
from my duality

I face these as a soldier would  
but useless is my war  
the innocence that smiles today  
tomorrow will be lying

Who is it that really dies when all the people look at me?  
And I'm twisting my fingers in my hair  
while a mirror reflects me

Now I'm digging to the bone  
all the painting  
scratching at flesh, drives me mad  
to be alive and free

And the ghosts I keep inside myself  
how do they see me?  
while again I'm drowning  
with my soul will you save me?