

My Shadow Self

Mortal Love

What truth there is left,
what hope might still live
I think I can feel it,
I think I believe it

Gone is the darkness
that I once called my home
Or have I become it?
Am I still alone?

What love might have lived,
what heart might still beat
I think I can feel it,
I think I believe it

Gone is the darkness
that I once called my home
Or have I become it?
Am I still alone?

Gone is the fear.
or at least so it might seem
Is this the one of which I know
I cannot dream.

What love might have lived,
what heart might still beat

Gone is the fear.
or at least so it might seem
Is this the one of which I know
I cannot dream.