

Dead Mirror

Nasum

Dead mirror
Bad reflection
A sad sight
The face of exploitation

Too many silent screams
Too many things to mind
Can't bear to watch no more
In fear of going blind

Dead eyes
Stitched together
Broken dreams
Of a life that's better

He promised health and wealth
He said you would be free
The truth was closer to death
It was true misery

Open your eyes
In the wake of your mind
You'll see he's weaker now
So picture this:
There is a way
For you to break him down

Center the pain
Now find the strength
The force to challenge this
Illusion of life
In the end
You'll win - you will survive