

Small steps  
Closer to the mirror  
The shame is in the deep  
Slipping through a vast form feeling fragile  
With hollow heart, a thin shell, a reflecting art  
Still searching for hope

Year apart the shallow grave. Still to deep  
Like an avalanche of pain  
Overwhelming, shapeless and bleak  
The creator is waiting as I seek

Dying inside  
Try to hide away from psychic lies  
They pull me under  
Constant waiting for my relief  
Will I ever see the rising sun

Locked gate until it will be better  
Appreciation of the loss  
Mind conspiracy of a future healing  
The conclusion is safe in the core

With a hollow heart, just a thin shell, my reflecting art  
Still searching for hope

I bleed myself to comprehend  
A thousand hours in your hands  
Plead for answers, not the end  
This final destination is not a threat  
No more