

The Mirror

Stream of Passion

Maybe your grace is blinding
and your eyes can break any heart;
but what the mirror can't show you,
you can never leave behind.
I'll tear your portrait into pieces.
Blessed be the most fair of them all
If the mirror shatters soon enough.
For this gift you surrendered your soul,
but it ain't the prize I'm longing for.
Oh what an awful lesson...
sins that through the canvas
came to life.
Hope for some love to save you,
beg your innocence comes back.
Because time knows
where to find you
and makes you fall apart.
Soon the mirror will break.
Let the mirror break.