

Reflection

The Advent

I cannot run from myself, the man inside knows me well
Wearing thin, wearing down, my heart is bleeding out
My hands shake as I hold this weight
Of another hard molded face without a name

The reflection of myself goes much deeper within
So I bury the shame of my past underneath this old calloused skin
Will I ever see past the man in the mirror?
Is it worthless for me to think that I will ever be anything?

Rip off this facade of shame, it's haunting me
Break inside, overcome myself, break out of the mold
Throw down the cast of the world on the ground

The broken mirror before me, the jagged glass at my feet
Ten thousand faces of uncertainty lay in the bed of defeat

Destroy the mask, destroy the mask
Destroy the mask, destroy the mask, remove the mask
I am who I am without my reflection
I am who I am without a mirror