

The Reflection

The Haunted

She was a little girl and I was only just learning to
crawl
I would call her name to see her beautiful eyes glow

Look at me
Look at me

They tell you to hold on and say that one day you'll
understand
Well I'm still waiting
I'm still here

I want something more
Something kind
Something pure

She was a little jonesy, oh I should know
He was a little backwards man with nothing much to show
And everything she said would leave me cold
And everything he did leads to nowhere
It all amounts to this...
All this time I never knew who you really were

We pass it down, it keeps repeating
We break and run, we keep deceiving

I am becoming - I am become
I am becoming - I am the one
I am reflection
I am the sun
I am the shadow
I am the gun

I want something more
Something kind
Something pure