

Behind a window with no borders
I cry myself to sleep
And through these shades of mediocrity
I stand alone and weep
And while the mirror reflection shows me
All the things that may pass me by
I choose to stand alone and wonder
If they will pass me before I die
This misery leaves me lonely and it holds me in
This misery is a shell from which behind I grin
And when my feelings cut me down so deep inside
I run with my shield and hide
And while the mirror reflection shows me
All the things that may pass me by
I choose to stand alone and wonder
If they will pass me before I die
This misery moves me on and on and on and on
This misery moves me on and on and on and on
And while the mirror reflection shows me
All the things that may pass me by
I choose to stand alone and wonder
If they will pass me before I die, before I die
This misery moves me on and on and on and on and on
This misery moves me on and on and on and on and on