I used to think I was unique, that I would never be swayed.

I was convinced that I could never be changed.

I was naive, thinking I'd be any different than those Those who I had no respect for.

I refused to see, held on to my beliefs, that I was somehow bet ter than them.

I'm not better than them.

And I can't help but think that I've sacrificed the qualities That keep me distinct from everyone else.

Am I so arrogant that I

Believe I'm not another version of what I have come to despise? Once my breath had left the mirror, I could see myself much cle arer.

I couldn't hide from who I had become.

Just as guilty as everyone.

My reflection doesn't look, doesn't look the same.

I'm staring at an unfamiliar face.

And I can't help but think that I've sacrificed the qualities That keep me distinct from everyone else.

Am I so arrogant that I

Believe I'm not another version of what I have come to despise? The image I expected to see was no longer staring back at me.

The image I expected to see was no longer staring back at me.

Enemy, staring back at me.

Enemy, staring back at me.

And I can't help but think, have I sacrificed everything?

And I can't help but think that I've sacrificed the qualities That keep me distinct from everyone else.

Am I so arrogant that I

Believe I'm not another version of what I have come to despise? I'm just another version of what I have come to despise.

My reflection doesn't look, doesn't look the same.