

A Broken Reflection

As I Lay Dying

A broken reflection

A picture means nothing
When the image in my head is all I see
A portrait of loathing
A painting of insecurity
I've burned the image a thousand times
To destroy the site of myself
But it left a branded mark behind
Reminding me I'm far from well
(Far from well)

Now I stand strong but fragile
Like clay pulled from the kiln

Face to face with what I fear
Reflection from a twisted mirror
Where every flaw is brought to light
And all that shines is left behind
A broken reflection

Engrained with permanence
Like a statue standing tall (standing tall)
But the frailty of a mere sketch
Constantly set to rise and fall

Depicting distortion
Seen through an old warped film
Now I stand strong but fragile
Like clay pulled from the kiln

Interpreting the madness
And cleansing the palette to bring

Bring me face to face with what I fear
Reflection from a twisted mirror
Where every flaw is brought to light
And all that shines is left behind

Will I ever be content with what I see?
(Will I ever be content with what I see?)
Or will my greatest oppressor (my greatest oppressor)
Always be me?

Shattered

Engrained with permanence
Like a statue standing tall
But the frailty of a sketch
Set to constantly rise and fall

Though charred by the demolition
A new image begins to appear
Just like the one I'd destroyed
Re-embraced by fear

Face to face with what I fear

Reflection from a twisted mirror
Where every flaw is brought to light
And all that shines is left behind

Reflection, reflection
Bring me back

Interpreting the madness
And cleansing the palette to bring
Bring me back from this hell

Shattered, shattered