

I try search through my mind
I try to free my soul

My soul? My mind?
What am I now, an Entity?
Endless corridors made of dusty mirrors surround me
Reflecting the Being I once was

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Stained with blood and bathed in tears
He holds out his hand in my direction
I have to help him to save my soul!
I have to return to find my exit...

Wandering through the lobby I have found my way
I open the door
As I'm hit by a blinding light
I hope I will be free

Will I ever be free...?