

The Quest Remains

Crystal Eyes

I see a face in the mirror
with weary eyes and far from a smile
Who is he? Where is he going?
Is he a man or is he a child?

What's the point trying to be a star
when you can't figure out who you are?
It's a shame fighting for a dream
that you can't live in reality

The road to nowhere will never end
The mask you wear is your only friend
You may survive on the desert plains
but always find that the quest remains

Are you a saint or a sinner?
Do you belong in Heaven or Hell?
Are you a loser or a winner?
I guess only time will tell

There's no use counting tears in the rain
or denying the sorrow and pain
It's too late when you realise
that the mirror is your very eyes