

Adversity's Spitting Image

Foreign Hands

This pain inside myself reflects back like a broken mirror
Seven years of desperation
Seven years of desperation
I'll take this to my grave
As I'm made to feel ruinous
Unkind to the absurdity

Separate the bloodstained glass that scars me
Every piece is the cold compassion of a dying star
But with what words can I resurrect
Resurrect them?

Motion sick
Gazing at skies for too long
The anxiety of sunsets starts to hurt less when they fall

Seven years of desperation
Courses through my fractured heart
The disquiet seeps through my restless dreams

Adversity's spitting image
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Separate the bloodstained glass that scars me
Every piece is the cold compassion of a dying star

I'll take this to my grave
I'll take this to my grave
Ruinous
Unkind to the absurdity