

BROKEN MIRROR

Hardwell

Looking in the mirror, staring down my own reflection
So many questions on my mind, so many answers I can't find
Who am I? What do I see?
Why am I different? Am I living the dream?
Or am I the prisoner of my own creations?
I always wondered what's beyond the dream
What my dream truly is
Are dreams the things you see when you close your eyes?
Or the things that keep you up at night?
Sometimes I felt pressured by expectations
In a society that profits from our self-doubts
Being true to yourself is a challenging act
Why should I follow the rules?
Aren't rules meant for people who don't know what to do?
I am no longer accepting the things I cannot change
I am changing the things I can no longer accept
The world made me what I was
But my faith made me what I am today
I know you have your opinion, but let's be honest
Your opinion of me does not define who I am
'Cause I know what you want me to be
Now, I'm gonna show you who I truly am