

# Mirror Casket

Mr.Kitty

Nine portraits painted  
Nearly complete  
These hands are tainted  
Echoes repeat

Our bones are broken  
Reflect my mind  
These thoughts unspoken  
Rot from inside

Shatter, shatter, shatter  
Into fragments  
Scatter, scatter, scatter  
All the pieces  
Bury, bury, bury  
We're all corpses  
I'll shine when  
I'm six feet under  
Shatter, shatter, shatter  
Into fragments  
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All the pieces  
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We're all corpses  
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Light hits the surface  
I see the end  
Nothing will hurt us  
Our hands defend

Glass shards slice open  
My paper skin  
My cuts will show them  
That they can't win

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