

Cold Reflection

MyGrain

Playing dead in the vanity of perfection
But your razor smile keeps ripping inside
Burying me alive
Greed of a swine
You eat and whine at left remains
Needled times in your hands to bolt the sky
...So I paint the tears of your cry

I
Look around, define and overthrow it all
Your horizon is deceiving and tall
Spiteful and cold
Taste so bitter and so old

Bathing in the gloss of your fatality
I was told to remain with you
Following your counterfeit god
Dragging me down in your blackened reality
The making of my insanity

Yet tomorrow will erase it all
Sorrow casts a dark phase like a fall
There is no more or less to find
Cold reflection to leave behind

Venus bleeding for the particles of its demise
Sleeping solar systems waiting to arise
I see your life flashing before my eyes

But I'll be one with my own shadow
'Cause I know it won't lead me wrong
Disposable thoughts on your golden platter
Place where my secrets don't belong

Assembling my head with your transparent world
And again it makes me shed my skin
Bleeding for your sweet little sins
Cannot tame the ocean of hate inside
Hear the preface of emptiness
Spelling through the bitterness