

Cicada

Reflections

I shed my skin

Swarming from my eyes
Is this what it's like
To be dead inside

I hate my face
Please, can it be replaced?
No more, I'm too torn
Between the seams
These feelings are born

See you through glass
Memories never last
Hands high and falling back
These prophecies depict the past

Staring at empty hands
You'd never understand
It's not what you were born into
You don't know what it is to lose

Split-second decisions
Pinpoint incisions
Visions built of prisms
Forever unforgiven
Why didn't I listen
My head is a prison
Things could be so different
Instead, life is insufficient

There has to be another way
For me to find my peace
Without poison in my veins
I've had no hope
Because I won't grow
Confined by my own
Addiction to being alone

Show me the other side
I'm tired of this life
Maybe my dreams are my reality
Sometimes it's hard
To merely speak
You were my light
Now I only see you when I sleep