

## Rotations

## Reflections

I have been here more than once before  
These shapes are more than just spaces  
To me  
It's more of a psychological mind fuck

In the beginning, I could not tell  
The difference from what's real  
And what disintegrates  
But now where I stand  
I can see it all  
From where I stand  
I can see it all

Break these bonds  
I fucking hate the way it sounds when you speak  
Waiting for the day  
You turn around so I can watch you  
Go

My sanctum may be shattered into what used to be  
I will make this balance sustain  
My bonds may all be broken  
The lifeless seeds in me  
Hopefully it can set me free

Set me free

Bring me fourth unto  
A place where the curtains  
Never draw

Break this cycle  
Be careful for we show no mercy

And I don't want this to be my home  
It's all too familiar, this can't be home  
I don't want this to be my home  
Nothing ever changes  
This can't be home

These lights are black  
This Heaven is composed  
By the Fallen

Take it all back