

## This House

### Reflections

This house is an empty home  
The thought process of an abandoned child  
Left alone to sort out all the answers  
To questions he has never heard

And when he falls asleep  
He cannot dream  
It is only a fantasy of a brighter place

Only a figment of a taunting imagination

(Let this sleep last forever)  
How do I seem to fall to the floor  
Hopeless and broken  
Every time that I convince my mind  
The other side is sunshine

I'm so sick of letting myself (Letting myself, letting myself)  
Be a victim to your bars and chains  
I let myself walk away from who I was  
Just to see if you could love me  
And all I found  
Was this empty path  
Left alone  
To walk on my own

A nightmare  
Is only inspiration