

## The Reflection

## The Haunted

She was a little girl and I was only just learning to  
crawl  
I would call her name to see her beautiful eyes glow

Look at me  
Look at me

They tell you to hold on and say that one day you'll  
understand  
Well I'm still waiting  
I'm still here

I want something more  
Something kind  
Something pure

She was a little jonesy, oh I should know  
He was a little backwards man with nothing much to show  
And everything she said would leave me cold  
And everything he did leads to nowhere  
It all amounts to this...  
All this time I never knew who you really were

We pass it down, it keeps repeating  
We break and run, we keep deceiving

I am becoming - I am become  
I am becoming - I am the one  
I am reflection  
I am the sun  
I am the shadow  
I am the gun

I want something more  
Something kind  
Something pure