

The Mirror

Unprocessed

The soul like broken glass
Perforated like cold shards
Don't you see my looking glass in front of me?

Mir mirror is staring back at me once again
My eyes stops to watch
The light begins to fade away

I have a secret
Do I regret my thoughts?
A violent wave expanding ruthless
Could we choose the live?
Could we choose to exist?
Look at the world we've got nothing to keep

I have a secret I do not tell
A violent wave expanding directionless
Could we choose, can we breath the same air?
Like before?

My glass starring back at me
Do I feel ashamed not to see