

Epiphany

VEXED

I know that I am nowhere near a saint
In fact I'm almost fully sinner at this rate
But of all the things to negatively infatuate
Why does it have to be the mirror?

Beauty is a power
A smile is its sword
But I've been left defenceless
So attack me with full force

Dagger to the heart
This breath may be my last
My one and only regret
Is knowing I was always second best

If only I could see
All the glowing prophecies
Perhaps then I might believe
In anything you say to me

Distorted perception
Or true clarity
I can't even trust myself
So who am I supposed to be?

A dagger to the chest
This may be my last breath
My one and only regret
Is knowing I'm always second best

There's a war inside of me
It's impossible to see
How any outcome ends in victory

If only I could see
All the glowing prophecies
Perhaps then I might believe
In anything you say to me

Beauty is a power
A smile is its sword
But I've been left defenceless
So attack me with full force

This is all I have
All that was inherited to me
A shell I'll learn to love
All of this self loathing is enough