

# 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