

Dying Passion

"The Mirror"

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Something has changed
The air seems to be vibrating.
The evil is coming from the ancient walls.
I can feel it's breath, I'm shaking
I can't turn back anymore.
The crumbling mortar,
The cracked floor,
All the details are so vivid,
And the mirror on the wall...

My face still glitters in it.
Dust swallows my steps
But deep inside my mind
The echoes of my steps are deafening.
My fear makes me blind
The room is cursed perhaps.
The crumbling mortar,
The cracked floor,
All the details are so vivid,
And the mirror on the wall...

My face still glitters in it.
Memories are coming back
The ones I tried to bury...deep.
They've always painted my dreams black
Now I'm facing them indeed.
I see myself as a child,
I can see my brother too.
"It" possessed him and he went wild.
I see him embrace our mother.
She didn't seem to have a clue.
But Death reflected in her eyes of blue.
I've been a fugitive all my life,
But "It" always found me and now
I'm facing the mirror again somehow.
"Come and join us on the other side."
Burning eyes are watching me
Invisible hands are taking.
"You belong here already."
"We are your family."

The tiny fragments of mirror
Cut deep into my face.
I can't feel the pain any more.
I'm just standing there shivering
And suddenly I feel
That something evil revives in me.

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