

Made Of Hate "Mirror Of Sins"

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How did I fall,
How did I come to this?
I have thought past was a past

Now I'm taking a look into the glass
Searching for a light,
some kind of my delight
Which I can't find!

Now I can see myself
In the mirror of my sins!
Wind recalls my deeds
An abstract of my life
All is spoiled and destroyed
Now I see what I have done!

As I stand here, I'm living dead
My heart is black and soul is fading
Is it real? Or is it sum of all my fears?

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