

## Cire "Mirrors"

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Feel the cold upon my neck.  
Feels like I'm the lucky one  
to turn away from all my troubles.  
Wait for emptiness to come..  
A face that cries now dries it's eyes.  
'cuz pain is now part of itself.  
Can't stand aside and look within.  
What do you fear when you're in hell.  
I make a scratch unto yhe wall,  
but it remains unchanged beside me..  
So tell me what difference does it make,  
if it's the last thing I see...

Mirrors scorn me with hate,  
'cuz life is too hard to take.  
And I don't need someone to talk to,  
because I have no more to say...

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