

Psyopus

"Mirrorrim"

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Inside introspection, my skin is made of enemies.
Staring, I despise the image in the mirror.
I hate you. You hate me.
I cut you. You cut me.
You are my enemy. Enemy you are me.
No more me. No more. No more me.
Inches away from killing the man in the mirror.
I cut him. My blood runs.
Illusions of walking over this vendetta.
No chance, the mirror always wins.
Within introspection my skin is made of enemies.

MIRRRRIM.

Fake is face your.
Mirror shattered this to lead knuckles these bloody and
dripping exploration self.
See just.
Pathetic fucking so are you.
Worthlessness am I.
Self into journey my.
Eyes my into look eyes my when.
Liar fucking you eyes your close.
Liar you eyes your close.

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