

## **Dante' Blak Frost**

### **"The Mirror"**

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Verse 1:

They come in all different shapes

All different sizes- all different places

Some for fun- others for occasion

We use it everyday for morning' preparation

It's used in fairy tales for guidance

Also folklore- keeps people silent

Tales, bad omens- take bloody mary

Call 5 times- then behind she arrives

Same with candyman- through the glass movement

Even seein' ghosts- mysterious illusions

The glass has held superstition- very dark past & today  
no different

When you look- shows ya past & ya soul

But it could kill- if you look without self control

7 yrs bad luck if it break

So if you look back & crack ya past- what's ya fate

Chorus:

I see the frame on the wall

the broken glass in my fist & the floor

in the shards- i see my soul

laughin' at me- lost control

couldn't help it- knuckle game

got control drive from all my pain

in my life, i'm just straight up stuck

before the mirror, it was all bad luck

Verse 2:

I used to despise the mirror- I used to look past the  
image

Just in fear of

Everything was going on at the time

Coming through the glass, going out of my mind

saw ugly- failure- lonely- angry

Despair- dread & Death were after me

I was frustrated- unappreciated

Hated myself- no weight in my belt

World's on my shoulders- then I lost composure

The good that was left- then far from over

I got meaner- became a violent dreamer

Developed the demeanor of a discombobulated soldier  
Jealous- my soul on fire- had the desire

To wish it all away

Till I took- 1 good look & found what it took to make a  
better day

Chorus:

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the broken glass in my fist & the floor

in the shards- i see my soul

laughin' at me- lost control

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Verse 3:

In the mirror, you can never hide from yourself

The reflection is yours & nobody else

It never lies- it's never deceptive

flaws that you see- mirrors don't correct em

The symbol for self-examination

Only see the truth- that's the arrangement

I'm familiar with this very well

As a rapper- must maintain the clientele

My skin- is the same shade as the frame

The glass- oxblood goes through my veins

Never dusty- always polished

This mindset- never gonna abolish

Get wiser- consult the past for knowledge

Learn yo mistakes- free yaself from bondage

Chorus:

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the broken glass in my fist & the floor

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