

Draxsen

"The Cracked Mirror"

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Tempers in the cauldron
Have just about to reach boiling point.
Anger steps up to the throne
For you to anoint.
And in the morning
Through one black eye
You refuse to see
The cracked mirror

Pouring gasoline on fire.
Is like you and alcohol.
Only fools could find an answer
In the bottle that you hold
And in the morning
Through one black eye
You'll refuse to see
The cracked mirror

Act one scene three
And I still see no change in your attitude.
Your friend has left you
'Cause she didn't like to be abused, oh, no!
And in the morning
Alone at last
Face to face you see
The cracked mirror

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