

## Psycroptic "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. MIRRORRIM. 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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