

In Dying Arms

"With The Reflection Of Self"

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What is it to feel more?
When I will never be complete.
The part of me that's missing
Has forever been erased from me.

Slut, I've had enough of your fucking lies
Shut the fuck up.

Where can a man find his strength?
When his happiness is placed in the hands of another?
My insecurities have gotten the best of me;
Living with incompleteness, is my burden to hold

The past has reflected my being
Now that my white has been shaded with this grey;
Is there a possibility I could have you?
Just for another day...

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