

Haunted, The "The Reflection"

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She was a little girl and I was only just learning to crawl
I would call her name to see her beautiful eyes glow
Oh - Look at me
Oh - Look at me

They tell you to hold on and say that one day you'll
understand
Well I'm still waiting
I'm still here
I want something more
Something kind
Something pure

She was a little jonesy, oh I should know
He was a little backwards man with nothing much to
show
And everything she said would leave me cold
And everything he did leads to nowhere
It all amounts to this...
All this time I never knew who deceiving

I am becoming - I am become
I am becoming - I am the one
I am reflection
I am the sun
I am the shadow
I am the gun

I want something more
Something kind
Something pure

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