

Sunday night has come again
And still I cannot sleep
Hidden lines have come to a head
No more secrets left to keep
And now that everthing is gone
The morning sun seems bittersweet
Has the day begun already?

And now ashamed of who I am
I missed what everyone could see
Always a fight for me to change
Into the man you want me to be
A better man that shares my name
Can I look into his eyes
And see a reflection of...

I try to make it through the day
Too confused to disbelieve
Did it use to be this way?
I try to remember speaking
You I thought would understand
Appreciate my weakness
And tell me I can be a man

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What's left inside to see these captured thoughts surrounding jealous
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No hope do you believe if left alone these worlds will bury me
And who will sing this boy to sleep in the stillness of his room
Present a melody of peace beckon dreams to follow soon
But if there's no one left but him ,then the curtain has been drawn
A wasted life deserves no song.

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And see a reflection of me