

Small steps
Closer to the mirror
The shame is in the deep
Slipping through a vast form feeling fragile
With hollow heart, a thin shell, a reflecting art
Still searching for hope

Year apart the shallow grave. Still to deep
Like an avalanche of pain
Overwhelming, shapeless and bleak
The creator is waiting as I seek

Dying inside
Try to hide away from psychic lies
They pull me under
Constant waiting for my relief
Will I ever see the rising sun

Locked gate until it will be better
Appreciation of the loss
Mind conspiracy of a future healing
The conclusion is safe in the core

With a hollow heart, just a thin shell, my reflecting art
Still searching for hope

I bleed myself to comprehend
A thousand hours in your hands
Plead for answers, not the end
This final destination is not a threat
No more