

Symmetry

Title Fight

There's symmetry in the way you cut me straight in two.
Each side reflects the image of a crowd in an empty room.
You're a match that can't be lit.
Spark a flame, burn infinite.

You broke me like a mirror.
Seven years keep adding up.
Walk barefoot through the glass,
not a single cut.

Direction - I'm walking on fences.
It left me defenseless.

You broke me like a mirror.
Seven years keep adding up.
Walk barefoot through the glass,
not a single cut.

Balance - I'm losing it and the ground beneath does not exist.
You're a match that can't be lit. Spark a flame, burn infinite.

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