

Reflections Of The Past

Winter's Verge

There she stood alone
Bathed by the moonlight
Inside her dwelling she has stayed
For all she can recall
The mirrors that surround her
To which her image now is bound
Tell her lies about her beauty
And reality is unfound
The house that which she stays in
Was old and made of stone
The walls commence to crumble
And the mirrors start to fall

Then the Glass begins to shatter
And the truth will now unveil
"Why has my beauty vanished?"
"Why has the room all changed?"
"The walls are full of cobwebs
And the air is choked by dust"
Now all that she remembers
Are reflections of the past...

Now a broken room,
All is ruined,
But one, a mirror stands alone
And this one does not lie
Reflections of her past life
Had been enslaved between the light
And the image that she witnessed
Was a tragic shameless lie
Her awareness at this moment
That the world had crumbled down
Made her glance upon the mirror
But it quickly cracks and hits the ground

Why? Was the truth concealed from me?
This is just a nightmare, this it cannot be!
Life has played it's tricks and now it mocks me
Now I'm just a monster, a sick and dreadful being
Fare only in my heart, but I feel that's now diseased
Death is all that wakes me, from my only mirror dreams