

# Mortal Love, My Shadow Self

What truth there is left,  
what hope might still live  
I think I can feel it,  
I think I believe it  
Gone is the darkness  
that I once called my home  
Or have I become it?  
Am I still alone?  
Gone is the fear.  
or at least so it might seem  
Is this the one of which I know  
I cannot dream.  
What love might have lived,  
what heart might still beat  
I think I can feel it,  
I think I believe it  
Gone is the darkness  
that I once called my home  
Or have I become it?  
Am I still alone?  
Gone is the fear.  
or at least so it might seem  
Is this the one of which I know  
I cannot dream.