

# My Insanity, Mirrors

Standing before a mirror  
And I put a gun to my head  
Day by day a step further into nothingness  
But now the cask is overflown

It seems to be that there's a voice  
Speaking to me from within the glass  
I hear words that try to save me  
And tell me something about the good things in life  
Maybe I should think-over my situation?

Suddenly I realize that mirrors cannot speak  
And I see that the light at the end of the tunnel  
Is just another train

A growing fear is filling my inner void  
Is there another sense in life for me?  
What else can I expect for myself?

I think I'm at the point of no return  
Now I will disappear  
This is the end  
It's better to lose all control