

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