

Unbroken, D4

swallow my lies. as I obscure my emotions.
why must I contest myself.
always against myself. embody another likeness.
death of true spirit. reflection brings question.
search for another.
I'm sorry. if I can't feel. I'm sorry I'm not real.
pour myself into a mold of you.
grasped to fast. lost my reflection.
why must I contest myself.
always against myself.
imitation gets so far. but it kills from within.
I'm sorry if I can't feel. I'm sorry I'm not real.
every time I think I'm right. I come out wrong.
every time I think to myself. I'm against my self.