

Before The Dawn, Dead Reflection

End of days
Conclusive in many ways
Burned out and jaded
My blood has become feeble
Strength has escaped
I have been shred by rusty blade
My armor has failed
Cutter is sinking deeper

Watch me fall
And break free

Have trust in me
I have foreseen in dreams
Reflections of myself
Deceased

Ageless form
Once invulnerable
Now been torn in fragments
Like a puzzle with missing pieces
Assemble as whole
Irreplaceable and sole
Soul of this soldier
I was suppose to be eternal