

Crimson Glory, Lost Reflections

Locked in this attic
Been here so many years
Shanna won't set me free
She says I'm evil
But then she doesn't know
I'm not pretending, no, not me
Full moon's reflecting
A face in the mirror
Twisted and bleeding
No, you can't be real, no you're
All in my mind
Shades of insanity, you're not me
You're not me
Life in the attic
I like my rocking chair
Staring in shadows
Crouched in the corner
Waiting for something
Laughing at nothing
No one there
And on and on I wonder is there more
What is life beyond the attic door
The full moon in my eyes
Is all that's real
The mirror's lost reflection is in me
Life in the attic
Life in the attic
Life in the attic
Life in the attic
Cobwebs and dusty dreams
Sharp knives and hollow screams
Wide eyes of terror
Clawing the attic door
Can't take it anymore
You better go away!
You're lyin'
Hurry
Ah, ah, ah, ah
Who's there?
No one there
You're not me!