

Made Of Hate, Mirror Of Sins

How did I fall?
How did I come to this?
I have thought past was a past
Now I'm taking a look into the glass
Searching for a light
some kind of my delight
Which I can't find!
Now I can see myself
In the mirros of my sins!
Wind recalls my deeds
An abstract of my life
All is spoiled and destroyed
Now I see what I have done!
As I stand here, I'm living dead
My heart is black and soul is fading
Is it real? Or is it sum of all my fears?