

Pathos, Hoverface

Far from the shapes you once had
The mirror don't twist the truth
Touching your image try to grasp for your youth
Sentimental thoughts is bursting from a decomposing heart
Self inflicted remorse is eating from a throbbing heart

[Ref:]

When the soft voices cry
Awful hard the truth appears
When the loud music dies
Awful real once grave appears
Far from the shapes you once had between black and grey
Spineless reflection shows soul gone astray
Faceless shadows represent the newborn hate in you
Scars of fate and marks of sadness I don't twist the truth

[Ref:]

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Awful hard the truth appears
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