

# Versus The Mirror, A Softened Suicide

wipe that grin right off your face  
and focus your attention, on the blood you taste  
now you tell me about your sorrow  
for you won't live to see tomorrow

far from soon  
far from home

how sweet it was to have you here  
for more than one time this year  
these deep wounds have yet to heal  
this dying heart is oh so real

far from soon  
far from home

i won't rest until i see  
a thousand fallen angels line these streets  
prepare yourself for this jarring scene  
the end of this rivalry