

# Wester, The Evil Inside Me

Here I am with a pen in my hand  
Writing a letter to who I used to be  
Before all the pain, before all the lies  
Before all of my suffering  
I've tried hard to keep control  
But sometimes it's so hard for me  
I don't know just what to do  
I cannot find comfort in you  
I've taken time to try and find out who I am  
But the results are all the same  
I've taken shelter in my reoccurring dreams  
Because they all seem real to me  
Here I am with a knife in my hand  
Slowly cutting away all that I've become  
I can't stand the pain, and I cannot assuage  
Why did this have to happen to me?  
Mirror Mirror on the wall  
My reflection is so small  
Take this look from off my face  
Help me get out of this place  
I can't stand it anymore  
Just surviving is a chore  
I'm so desperate for a cure  
My broken heart cannot endure