

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