

# Advent, Reflection

I cannot run from myself, the man inside knows me well  
Wearing thin, wearing down, my heart is bleeding out  
My hands shake as I hold this weight  
Of another hard molded face without a name  
The reflection of myself goes much deeper within  
So I bury the shame of my past underneath this old calloused skin  
Will I ever see past the man in the mirror?  
Is it worthless for me to think that I will ever be anything?  
Rip off this facade of shame, it's haunting me  
Break inside, overcome myself, break out of the mold  
Throw down the cast of the world on the ground  
The broken mirror before me, the jagged glass at my feet  
Ten thousand faces of uncertainty lay in the bed of defeat  
Destroy the mask, destroy the mask  
Destroy the mask, destroy the mask, remove the mask  
I am who I am without my reflection  
I am who I am without a mirror