

# Liquid View

## Trail of Tears

Deeply sown and never known  
The mirror bleeds the truth  
Deeply sown and never known  
Your presence is fading As I fill my glass and watch my own reflection  
then I know that I'll be gone  
As I raise my hand, try to comprehend what  
I've been missing, I feel distracted In the mist of my own perception  
I bow before myself  
The pressure is not withdrawn, I fall again  
I catch a glimpse of my downright pretending self As I take a step and fake my own conception  
then I know that I'll be gone  
As I raise my grin, show the world my sin  
of being tempted, I feel distracted

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