Reason

T.89

As I look into this old mirror
I see my reflection staring back at me
And who is this man I see before me?
And why am I so afraid of what I see?
Please give me reason to love
Please give me reason to breathe, oh, breathe, oh
A dead man walking, a dead man talking, I am
Full of imperfection and full of sin
How did I become like, like this?
Maybe, just maybe it always has been
Please give me reason to love
Please give me reason to breathe, oh, a reason
Please give me reason to love
Please give me reason to breathe, oh, a reason
Please give me reason to love
Please give me reason to breathe, a reason
Please give me reason to love
Please give me reason to breathe, oh, reason
Reason

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