What You Became

Anacrusis

You've grown into this faceless mask and empty shell
And like a ghost of your indulgence, you wear them well
Still haunting something, by your own hand, lost and you shiver
With the chilling sense, you've saved nothing for yourselfThe lies, the games, devoid of guilt or shame
Now you resent what you became
And the reality of only you to blameYou wander through each desperate hour and numbered day
And long to hold each wasted moment spent in vain
Still missing something you've slain so wrecklessly and ignored it
Through shortsightedness, the thought that someday you might careThe lies, the games, devoid of guilt or shame
Now you resent what you became
And the reality of only you to blameNow you resent what you became
And the reality of only you to blameYou've grown into this faceless mask and empty shell
And like a ghost of indulgence, you wear them well
Still haunting something, by your own hand, lost and you shiver
With the chilling sense, you've saved nothing, nothing for yourselfNow you resent what you became
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