The Reflection

The Haunted

Oh, she was a little girl
And I was only just learning to cry
I would call her name
To see her beautiful eyes glowOh, look at me
Oh, look at meThey tell you to hold on and say
That one day you'll understand
Well, I'm still waiting
Yeah, I'm still hereI want something more
Something gained
Something pureOh, she was a little jealous
Of him I should know
And he was little backwards
Now with nothing much to showWell, everything she said will leave me cold
And everything you give leads to nowhere
It all amounts to this, it all amounts to this
All this time, I never knew of your very wordWe pass it down, it keeps repeating
We break and run, we keep deceivingI am becoming, I have become
I am becoming of your word
I am reflection, I am the sun
I am the shadow, I am the gunI want something more
Something gained
Something pure

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