

# 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 glow Oh, look at me  
Oh, look at me They tell you to hold on and say  
That one day you'll understand  
Well, I'm still waiting  
Yeah, I'm still here I want something more  
Something gained  
Something pure Oh, she was a little jealous  
Of him I should know  
And he was little backwards  
Now with nothing much to show Well, 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 word We pass it down, it keeps repeating  
We break and run, we keep deceiving I 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 gun I want something more  
Something gained  
Something pure

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