

# Reflections

## Everon

Tell me how do you think about what I do  
About the story you have heard  
Tell me why does that man in the mirror not look like me  
It all seems so absurd  
I only tried to find out  
What is wrong with me  
Now I stare into these eyes  
Of that man in the mirror that once was me  
And I cannot believe  
That it is real what I see  
A broken heart lies on the floor and no one cares about  
A man caught behind prison walls is trying to break out  
But what I have to know is, if this is all I could expect  
Because after all these years I thought you'd owe me some respect  
At the end of each day, there is a hole in my heart  
That reminds me of you  
At the end of each day, there is a hole in my heart  
Tell me what to do  
Won't someone tell me what I can do  
Ain't no explanation  
I don't want to put the blame on you  
I am not here to try  
To turn false into true  
I don't want to argue  
I don't want to apologise  
I am here to testify  
And that is what I say  
At the end of each day, there is a hole in my heart  
That reminds me of you  
At the end of each day, there is a hole in my heart  
Tell me what to do  
Won't someone tell me what I can do  
When my castle collapses to sand  
When the treasures I hold  
Slip right through my hands  
Do you know how that feels  
I know I should stop to struggle with myself  
To ponder and pore over things I cannot change  
Whatever you say, whatever you will do  
Somehow I am still yours  
Although you are acting strange  
No miracle cure, no magic boxes  
To save me from drowning to rescue me  
But I can't deny that while I stand here  
The boat that I am on is sinking into the sea  
A broken heart lies on the floor and no one cares about

A man caught behind prison walls is trying to break out  
But what I have to know is, if this is all I could expect  
Because after all these years I thought you'd owe me some respect  
At the end of each day, there is a hole in my  
heart  
That reminds me of you  
At the end of each day, there is a hole in my heart  
Tell me what to do  
Won't someone tell me what I can do  
And so I lay my defences down  
When I listen to my heart  
I hear the sound of a cold machine  
That fills an empty space  
Like a clockwork ticking  
This is all that I can feel

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