

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 seeA 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 respectAt 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 doAin'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 sayAt 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 doWhen my castle collapses to sand

 When the treasures I hold

 Slip right through my hands

 Do you know how that feelsI 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 strangeNo 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 seaA 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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