

# D4

## Unbroken

swallow my lies. as I obscure my emotions.  
why must I contest myself.  
always against myself. embody another likeness.  
death of true spirit. reflection brings question.  
search for another.  
I'm sorry. if I can't feel. I'm sorry I'm not real.  
pour myself into a mold of you.  
grasped to fast. lost my reflection.  
why must I contest myself.  
always against myself.  
imitation gets so far. but it kills from within.  
I'm sorry if I can't feel. I'm sorry I'm not real.  
every time I think I'm right. I come out wrong.  
every time I think to myself. I'm against my self.

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