

Lost Reflection

Crimson Glory

Locked in this attic been here so many years
Shanna won't set me free
She says I'm evil but then she doesn't know
I'm not pretending, ooh, no, not me
Full moon's reflecting a face in the mirror
Twisted and bleeding, no, you can't be real
No you're all in my mind
Shades of insanity, you're not me, you're not me
Life in the attic I like my rocking chair
Staring in shadows crouched in the corner
Waiting for something, laughing at nothing
No one there
And on and on I wonder is there more
What is life beyond the attic door?
The full moon in my eyes, is all that's real
The mirror's lost reflection is in me
Life in the attic
Life in the attic
Life in the attic, I want to leave
Cobwebs and dusty dreams
Sharp knives and hollow screams
Wide eyes of terror clawing the attic door
Can't take it anymore, you better go away
You're lyin', hurry
Who's there? No one there
You're not me

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