The Making Of

Gwen Stacy

The mirror stands in me
It's got more heart than I do, how did I get this way?
How did I get this way?
The mirror stands in meIt's got more heart than I do, how did I get this way?
There has to be, there's got to be more than this
More to life than wasting time and missing outAm I missing out on the afterlife?
My head is too strong and my heart is too weak
I've got tunnel vision and nothing else surrounds meIs this what they meant by abstract?
Torn and thrown together, thrown together
Do I run the other end of these prayers
Or are they just screaming in my head?I swear you can't break me
You're not gaining any ground
I'm not giving anything
The mirror stands in meIt's got more heart than I do, how did I get this way?
There has to be, there's got to be more than this
More to life than wasting time and missing outIs this what they meant by abstract?
Torn and thrown together, thrown togetherAll I'm asking is you look to the sky to find your heart
It's all you have and it's falling
Look to the sky to find your heart
It's all you have and it's fallingEven if you know my face can you really know my heart?
If you want me you'll have to give me breath
And wake this creature from deathYou can't see standing in your own shoes
Why can't you see that you're standing on holy ground?
Try to remember that this meant something
This does exist and they'll never understandLook to the sky to find your heart
Look to the sky to find your heartLook to the sky to find your heart
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