

# Reflection

## Tool

I have come curiously close to the end, down  
Beneath my self-indulgent pitiful hole,  
Defeated, I concede and  
Move closer  
I may find comfort here  
I may find peace within the emptiness  
How pitiful

It's calling me

And in my darkest moment, fetal and weeping  
The moon tells me a secret, my confidant  
As full and bright as I am  
This light is not my own and  
A million light reflections pass over me

Its source is bright and endless  
She resuscitates the hopeless  
Without her, we are lifeless satellites drifting

And as I pull my head out I am without one doubt  
Don't want to be down here feeding my narcissism.  
I must crucify the ego before it's far too late  
I pray the light lifts me out  
Before I pine away.

So crucify the ego, before it's far too late  
To leave behind this place so negative and blind and cynical,  
And you will come to find that we are all one mind  
Capable of all that's imagined and all conceivable.  
Just let the light touch you  
And let the words spill through  
And let them pass right through  
Bringing out our hope and reason  
Before we pine away.

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