The Mirror

Jesus on Extasy

Is it shame?
Is it greed?
Is it something that I need?
To make me feel so strong to the other ones
Is it real?
Is it true?
All the trouble I go through
Is it just a way, to show
(trying so hard, but still I get nothing)
That I don't have the strength to show
But the mirror will always know
I've got to let go
Is it them?

Is it me?
I'm just too occupied to see
Afraid to look within to the real one
Can it be that I am scared
To share the parts I've never shared?
Or is it just a way, to show
(trying so hard, but still I get nothing)
You won't get inside my head cause I won't let you go
To see that I'm crying out for you to
Know what I want to say
I've got to let you know
That I want to say
I've just got to tell you

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