No Reflection

Born Gold

Crushing, cheating, changing
Am I deaf or dead?
Is this constricting construction
Or just streets with rusty signs
Of something violent coming?
This will hurt you worse than me
I'm weak, seven days a week
Don't run from me, I won't
Bother counting one, two, three...
I don't know which me that I love
I've got no reflection
I don't know which me that I love
I've got no reflection
Show myself how to make a noose
A gun is cliche, and a razor too
I'm not a deathshare vacation, vacant station
Made of scars and filled with my old wounds
This will hurt you worse than me.

I'm weak, seven days a week
Don't run for me, I won't
Bother counting one, two, three...
I don't know which me that I love
I've got no reflection
I don't know which me that I love
I've got no reflection
You - you don't even want to know
What I'm gonna do to you
You don't even want to know what I'm gonna do to you
You don't even want to know what I'm gonna do to you
You don't even want to know what I'm gonna do to you
I don't know which me that I love
I've got no reflection
I don't know which me that I love
I've got no reflection
No reflection; no reflection
I've got no reflection

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