

the mirror to the soul does not lie  
so why is its reflection unrecognizable to me  
a shadow has fallen that prevents me from seeing clearly  
entombing my spirit in darkness

what good is contentment  
when you never realize you've had it all along  
what does it mean to be satisfied  
is there really such a thing

I look at you  
long and hard  
there's a goodness that radiates from within  
it can be mine  
it is mine  
why am I throwing it all away

I made promises to you that I didn't make to myself  
was I only listening with my ears and not my heart

while searching for peace of mind  
I had destroyed any chance of obtaining it  
with you  
peace of mind  
three words that will forever remain unattainable  
always be at arms length  
never within reach

we've built a life together  
stacking each success  
each disappointment  
each joy  
each failure  
one on top of the other  
trying to balance pleasure and sorrow  
testing the fragile equilibrium that binds us to one another

I look in the mirror  
and wonder what it is that blocks my vision  
is there something more that I want  
something lacking  
or is it my inability to be truthful to myself