

# Who Is This?

*by Battle of Lissa*

A question I repeatedly ask my mirror.

## Who Is This?

*Chapter 1 of 1*

A question I repeatedly ask my mirror.

Why does life sometimes make you want to turn your back and hide,  
From everyone, everything,  
A fire burns deep down inside.  
No matter how fast you run,  
You scream, you cry,  
There is no escape from the hole within.  
My energy spent all day and night,  
I live my life to deny.  
I live too much in fear of the Creator,  
To choose to die.  
I love my family far too much,  
So I lie.  
You see me, and I am happy,  
I am perfect, I glow inside.  
Every step I take is a small,  
Insignificant preparation for the life I will truly live.  
Does that make me, as a whole, insignificant in itself?

You are as your actions dictate,

You feel what you allow yourself to see.

I see far too many bad decisions that I did not make,

Yet they affect me.

As much as I don't want to run,

From the problems in my life.

As much as I try not to deny, to hide,

To push everything inside.

I look at you, my love,

And I tell another lie.