



*the
man
in the
mirror*



The Man In The Mirror

They took everything away from me
Left to fend for myself on baron land.
I was in a state beneath survival mode
With nothing but my wit to figure it all out

Was it not the coldness of loneliness that kept me company?
Or might it have been the small doses of hunger,
The itching and scratching that kept me up nights?
Either way, lessons learnt were tough & unbending to my will

It was at this moment that it all became clear;
Only when the body is empty is it susceptible to change.
Reborn I was to a new light, a version of myself I never knew.
For when the chips were down,
The man in the mirror was the only constant

