

Bright Eyes, Mirrors And Fevers

I was cold in a dream
somewhere close to the surface
Between the ice and the stream
there is three inches of air
So I swam towards the light
I let my breath get there first
When I opened my eyes
I saw myself in the mirror
And I knew I would do like my father has done
Yes, we will never break from these chains
Your life is gonna course like a history book
Don't be frightened of turning the page
Cause it's is all the same
It will always be the same