

# 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