

# Duncan Sheik, A Mirror In The Heart

There is a swan-white curtain  
Somewhere within the sky  
It's known of every sermon  
Every anguished cry  
The howls of hopeless people  
Frightened and alone  
There is a spotless silver mirror  
That hangs within the moon  
It's witnessed every winter  
The cities charred and ruined  
The herds of homeless people  
Filling all the roads  
Some may pray to their mirrors  
Some may kneel before the sun  
Me, I say there's a mirror  
In the heart of everyone  
Bullets paint the blue distance  
The mirror's stained from every gun  
Still, I say that it glistens  
In the heart of everyone  
And there are golden whispers  
Within the afternoon  
They've held the brothers, sisters  
Felt the mothers' wounds  
The broken-hearted people  
Burying their own  
Some may pray to their mirrors  
Some may kneel before the sun  
Me, I say there's a mirror  
In the heart of everyone  
Strike the bell, and we listen  
Light the candle, and we're shown  
The gods themselves throwing incense  
As all the world begins to glow  
Such a flame, such a mirror  
In the heart of everyone  
Such a flame, such a mirror  
In the heart of everyone