

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