Louis XIV, Hall Of Mirrors

I'm taking a walk through the chapel royal
I'm here every day as far as I can tell
It's here where I come alive, the mirrors won't tell a lie
I'm lookin' back at me, I'm lookin' back at me

I look at the wall and the others the same
When I ask, "Who is God?" something echoes my name
So beautiful, chauvenistic, and vain
I call it true love, but you call me insane

The Hall of Mirrors
Hall of Mirrors, I come alive

I question the architect, Houdin Mansart
I this hall is torn down, it will tear me apart
He said, "We'll add more mirrors."
I said, "That's a good start, uh-huh."

I look at my reflection and the others the same
When I ask, "Who is God?" something echoes my name
So elegent, chauvenistic, and vain
I call it self-adored, but you still call me insane

Hall of Mirrors
Hall of Mirrors

La la la la la
La la la la
La la la la la
La la la la