

Metallica, Room of Mirrors

In a mirrored room
All alone I stand
Strip away the phantom fame
Exposing all sides to see
The good and bad in me

In a mirrored room
All alone I stand
Seeing past the flesh and bone
The shame and the fear I hide
Could I show you what's inside?

Would you
Criticize, scrutinize
Stigmatize my pain?
Would you
Summarize, patronize
Classify insane?

So I stand here
Before you
You might judge
You might just bury me

Or you might set me free

In a mirrored room
Talking to myself
And the voices pushing back
I'll let them inside my heart
But they'll tear it all apart

In a mirrored room
Just a simple man
Naked, broken, beat, and scarred
What do I really know?
That fear of letting go

Would you
Criticize, scrutinize
Analyze my pain?
Would you
Summarize, patronize
Classify insane?

So I stand here
Before you
You might judge
You might just bury me

Or you might set me
Or you might set me free

Would you
Criticize, scrutinize
Ostracize my pain?
Would you
Summarize, patronize
Classify insane?

So I stand here
Before you
You might judge
You might just bury me

Or you might set me
Oh, please won't you set me free