

Pandora's Box, I've Been Dreaming Up A Storm Lately

Ah, come on, come on, let me tell you all about it.

We've got all the time in the world.

That's good,

That's nice...

I've been dreaming up a storm lately

Over and over again

And now I can't stop, can't stop...

Been dreaming about mirrors. Millions of mirrors.

An endless army of mirrors out of control, reflecting people to death.

To blindness and then death.

Oh and the mirrors kept getting larger.

They kept growing... swelling...

They kept spreading out And now I can't seem to stop them.

They're still growing and I can't seem to stop them.

I have to keep filling them up,

I have to keep feeding them

And they're still getting larger! And larger!!!

The mirrors have become vast and beautiful

And very, very hungry.

Hungrier than I've ever been.

Too hungry.

I no longer have any control over what they show me or what they see.

They decide themselves what they would like to reflect.

They won't obey me!!!

They create a reflection and then I have to go out and find the real thing that matches it.

And almost always when I put the real thing in front of the mirrors

It's not nearly as beautiful as the reflection that came first.

And at that point I have to destroy the real thing

And go out looking again until finally

I find another real thing, A thing that does match what's inside the mirror

and which is truly worthy of the beautiful reflection that came first.

But I almost never find it.

And the mirrors get even hungrier.

Pretty soon now they're going to devour me.

They're going to swallow me up Piece by piece, Bit by bit, shiver by shiver, tremble by tremble, Sliver

But you can help me, please.

They want you, please.

They've given me your image.

Before I ever saw you they gave me your image.

Please. I'd like to make you one of my reflections

And feed you to the mirrors.

Please.

They only need one more to fill them up

And if it were you I feel that they would be satisfied. As I would.

Please. You have such a beautiful reflection...

Don't ever waste it.

Now....

YOUR PLACE OR MINE ?