

Mirrors and Fevers

Bright Eyes

I was cold in a dream
Somewhere close to the surface
Between the ice and the stream
There is three inches of air

So I swam towards the light
I let my breath get there first
When I opened my eyes
I saw myself in the mirror

And I knew I would do like my father has done
Yes, we will never break from these chains
Your life's gonna course like a history book
Don't be frightened of turning the page
'Cause it's all the same, it will always be the same