

# Mirror

Thom Yorke

This is where we came in  
So we're going back again  
Slack-jawed  
Good?  
Barring our anatomy  
It was just a fracture?  
Time is cyclical  
Touch of? Both our wings  
Butterfly fluttering  
What was once separate  
Can be joined again  
Near a bend  
Memory caving in

What was once opaque  
Is now mercury  
Thick fog  
Your face filling my heady dreams

Show your face  
Reveal yourself  
Reveal yourself  
No more games  
Reveal yourself  
Reveal yourself  
Show your face  
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