

# Mirror Of Me

Andre Matos

I never thought I feel a whim  
slipping through my hands  
the morning light comes breaking in  
as the blackness fades

No bad reflections can resist  
the beginning of an age  
a sentence for a crownless king  
whose kingdom was a cage

Wonder again why  
why should we miss the burning of the flame  
wait for another sign of rising disorder  
till the blade relieves the pain

Inside your eyes I see a mirror  
you mesmerize and there's no error  
myself in you to be continued  
Inside your eyes I see a mirror of me!

I kept a token of my pleas  
carved them into stone  
but after sailing open seas  
two became one

Wonder again why  
why should we cease the spreading of the stain  
wait for another sign of rising disorder  
till the light 'cause again

Inside your eyes I see a mirror  
you mesmerize and there's no error  
myself in you to be continued  
Inside your eyes I see a mirror of me!