

## 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