

# Hall Of Mirrors

Louis XIV

I'm taking a walk through the chapel royal  
I'm here every day as far as I can tell  
It's here where I come alive, the mirrors won't tell a lie  
I'm lookin' back at me, I'm lookin' back at me

I look at the wall and the others the same  
When I ask, "Who is God?" something echoes my name  
So beautiful, chauvenistic, and vain  
I call it true love, but you call me insane

The Hall of Mirrors  
Hall of Mirrors, I come alive

I question the architect, Houdin Mansart  
I this hall is torn down, it will tear me apart  
He said, "We'll add more mirrors."  
I said, "That's a good start, uh-huh."

I look at my reflection and the others the same  
When I ask, "Who is God?" something echoes my name  
So elegant, chauvenistic, and vain  
I call it self-adored, but you still call me insane

Hall of Mirrors  
Hall of Mirrors

La la la la la  
La la la la  
La la la la la  
La la la la