

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!