

*Mirror, mirror on the wall...
Tell me everything. Tell me all...
Tell me what reflection you see...
And I will tell you what it really means...*

I can see a beautiful place,
Built by the human race.
Full of hope, but full of disgrace.
Built by dedication
and robbed by our politicians.
Established for religious differences.
False persecution labeled them to be witches.

Buildings so high they could touch the sky.
People so poor you would not believe your eyes.
Battle to protect her name.
But robbed, beaten and killed
in her streets in vain.
Freedom of speech to hear what they say.
Censorship to make them go away.

Once you finally wipe away the tears,
scandal, rape, murder and harassment,
to ruin your career.
Nuclear missiles to blow up the earth
and return us back to dirt.
Turning over a new leaf,
can only lead to my last belief
Our land of the free
and our home of the brave,
is just another piece of dirt.....

to dig our grave

*you could make a rainy day dry
you could turn water into wine
you are the light at the end of the road
you could spool silk into gold
you could turn a frown into a smile
you could keep the world entertained for a while
you could turn boredom into a thrill
and warm the coldest chill
because it's you
like the story that needs a teller
it's you
like the air that carries the feather
it has to be you
and everything you do
you can take the bad and make it good
you can turn every wrong into a right
you would give the world if you could
or make every darkness shine bright
you can change winter into summer
freeze the bullet fired by the hunter
you can stop the endless
or start the powerless
you can understand the meaningless
you can cure any illness
you can be the one I desire
or the match that starts the fire
because it's you
that shines through the darkest night
it's you
never too weak to give up a fight
it has to be you
and everything you do*