

*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*