

## Chris De Burgh "Mirror Of The Soul"

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Brother, there's a man at the gate, he has something in  
his hand;  
He says it fell down from the sky, should I let him in?  
Maybe it's an omen, maybe it will take away our sin, our  
sin.....

'Tis a diamond that he has, the biggest one I've ever  
seen,  
And when he holds it in his hand, it's shining like the  
sun,  
He says it's from another world, he calls it the mirror of  
the soul;

We must place it on the altar high, send the Devil to the  
fire,  
Power over men we'll have when they see it shine, when  
they see it shine;

Brother, fetch the Abbot now, tell him of this wondrous  
thing,  
Tell him that we'll have control of all the riches it will  
bring;  
When people come to see it, for money we will purify  
their souls, their souls;

With my knife I'll kill this man, I'll send him to the  
Promised Land,  
And when we take the diamond, we will have the future  
in our hands,  
In our hands;

When we place it on the altar high, send the Devil to the  
fire,  
Power over men we'll have when they see it shine, when  
they see it shine!

That's how it started, that whole new religion, and  
people everywhere,  
Had to give up all their possessions at the AbbÃ©f© St.  
Pierre,  
But with their gold they could buy a redemption, and

the promise of  
Eternal life,  
And the centre of it all was a diamond divine,  
It was up there on the altar high but for the monks it  
would not shine,  
So with subterfuge they used the light of the sun,  
fooling everyone;

It was late at night when a young boy was in there with  
his friends,  
And they dared him up to the altar, to touch the famous  
gem,  
And when he did, the whole place exploded with a  
great and wonderful light,  
And people came from everywhere to see it,  
When he took it from the altar high, everyone could  
make it shine,  
Except the Abbot and his men, for them, no light,  
They could not make it shine.

And in the end, many heard the brothers, making  
confession of the  
Things they had done,  
And the Abbot led that sad procession, as they went  
through the  
Gate past the place where it had begun;

And all their dreams of glory, all their schemes and  
stories,  
Would come to nothing after all,  
Because a power greater from the world's creator  
Gave us love to light the mirror of the soul,  
Only love can light the mirror of the soul;

All through the world, there are many others, who  
always follow  
Everything they are told,  
By men with rules and regulations, using old  
superstitions and  
Tales to assume control;

But all their dreams of glory, all their schemes and  
stories,  
Will come to nothing after all,  
Because a power greater from the world's creator  
Gave us love to light the mirror of the soul,  
Only love can light the mirror of the soul;

They come to nothing after all;  
Because a power greater from the world's creator  
Gave us love to light the mirror of the soul,

Only love can light the mirror of the soul.

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