

Pluton Svea

"In The Presence Of Mirrors"

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(that's dope...)

In the presence of mirrors I come face to face with you
In the presence of mirrors I come face to face with you
In the presence of mirrors I come face to face with you
Which is me, which is me, which is me....

Impossible to tell whether he was there,
I can count his days in confusion
He went for a trip inside and he liked it there
I wonder if he'll ever be back
(will he ever come back?)

Impossible sets the world for a man to commute
But from his point of view, it's untrue (so untrue)
A likely story I heard before so I'll paint it black
I read it but it's about as black as white (black as white)
(face to face)

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My first trip inside I met someone I never met before
I enjoyed his company so everyday I'd stop to say hello
One day I took him with me and inside we had a ball
So I asked him if he'd like to come here everyday
(just to come with me, baby)

The next day I just couldn't find him and I didn't
wonder why
Till almost recently I didn't understand
Yesterday waves goodbye but she also likes to stare
Till I passed a mirror I couldn't figure out why
(oh why oh why oh why? no.....)

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So outside one of us built a window to the other side
Now the flowers get upset when I take the shortway
Holyness he holds on to with the holdest tightest love
So I wonder how he gets to ride my butterfly
(butterfly)

But even if he wanted to, as sad as the wind,
So I wonder why his smile is upside down all the time
See horses make me laugh at times as does the wind
But none of them get to see me anymore
(no oh no no no...)

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