



THE MIRROR OF THE SOUL

From Album The Storyman . By Chris de Burgh . Written by Chris de Burgh

The Mirror Of the Soul Part I

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!

The Mirror Of the Soul Part II

That's how it started, that whole new religion, and people everywhere,
Had to give up all their possessions at the Abbé 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.



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The Mirror Of The Soul Part III

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.