

# Metallica, Room of Mirrors

In a mirrored room  
All alone I stand  
Strip away the phantom fame  
Exposing all sides to see  
The good and bad in me

In a mirrored room  
All alone I stand  
Seeing past the flesh and bone  
The shame and the fear I hide  
Could I show you what's inside?

Would you  
Criticize, scrutinize  
Stigmatize my pain?  
Would you  
Summarize, patronize  
Classify insane?

So I stand here  
Before you  
You might judge  
You might just bury me

Or you might set me free

In a mirrored room  
Talking to myself  
And the voices pushing back  
I'll let them inside my heart  
But they'll tear it all apart

In a mirrored room  
Just a simple man  
Naked, broken, beat, and scarred  
What do I really know?  
That fear of letting go

Would you  
Criticize, scrutinize  
Analyze my pain?  
Would you  
Summarize, patronize  
Classify insane?

So I stand here  
Before you  
You might judge  
You might just bury me

Or you might set me  
Or you might set me free

Would you  
Criticize, scrutinize  
Ostracize my pain?  
Would you  
Summarize, patronize  
Classify insane?

So I stand here  
Before you  
You might judge  
You might just bury me

Or you might set me  
Oh, please won't you set me free