Wuthering Heights "Dreamwalker"

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He is walking in dreams Not knowing reality's name Still - is not real the fantasy When believed in?

Through the shadows of what some call life He is lighting his way Not knowing if to kill or to cry

Pictures of unicorns on a hill Pictures of rats in a street Taking emotions to the extreme Not knowing if to live or to die

Walking in dreams; not knowing reality's name Not clearsighted; still a winner in his own game

Walking in dreams Asleep but still awake Walking in dreams Will he die when morning breaks

As he talks to the clouds you name him; crazy But wouldn't you like to know what he sees He may not understand what you sat to him But he understands the whispers in the trees

He has created a kingdom of his own

While you're created nothing Nowhere to call home

How are you to decide if wrong or right Is his world and the treasures there his finds When there he finds peace like you will never see 'Cause when you lose your dreams you lose your mind

Walking in dreams
Asleep but still awake
Walking in dreams
Will he die when morning breaks

The diversity of reality is humanity not insanity

Holy are the crazy for they dream with open eyes In this world where on the altar of logic Our dreams we sacrifice

Walking in dreams Asleep but still awake Walking in dreams Will he die when morning breaks

So pray for the dreamwalker That he will make it though He is the future; he is the future For me and for you

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