

Youth Group "In My Dreams"

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Happy again for the precious time I steal.
For a minute there I thought my dream was real.

Sometimes you come to me as a flock of birds.
Sometimes you come dressed as Allen Ginsberg.

Until the morning light,
The same dream every night.

In my dreams you are alive and breathing.
Standing at my door like St Steven.
I just can't break this it seems.
In my dreams, In my dreams.

Sometimes a bolt of light comes through the sadness,
That there is a reason for the madness.
And somehow it stirs a joy within me.
And I understand that the root of pain is beauty.

Grief has favoured me with 1, 000 sittings.
A series of portraits that go on and on.
On and on and on.

In my dreams you are alive and breathing.
Standing at my door, not speaking.
I just can't face this is seems.
In my dreams, in my dreams.

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