

Wilful Dream

"Dreamland"

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The tourist stared the unknown,
We're ready to dive into the sun,
Lost in the soft breeze of dawn
We'll start our big run.

And then we need blinders
To face the freedom of our lives,
We need to be God's officers
To choose between forgive an justify.

And the moon we saw,
Messin waves and thoughts
Left us in the dark of our age,
Like flowers dance in the sun's cage.

Another victim, another firing,
Another faint truth to hide.
Another whisper, another hunger,
Another rock lost in the tide.

Another fear, another tear,
Another new faith to hug.
Another story, another glory,
Another psychotropic drug.

That's the end of the morning,
The beginning of the battle.

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