

Wilful Dream

"Labels"

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Drive the fools,
Make them tools,
Into the rules.

Take the chain,
Fix the pain,
Keeping you faint.

An awful whirl in my mind
Keeps me from flying,
The curse of mankind:
Sleepin' instead of cryin'

Caught in the vain race
Of desperate search,
Shine your face
Or ensue their church.

You hold those labels in your hand,
I always have more blood to sell,
My mind is elsewhere but here we stand,
This belfry got a too bigger bell.

Untie your lust, satisfy your whim.
The cursed raft that you will reach
When you're no longer able to swim
Will please your life but it ain't the beach.

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