

Casting Crowns

"Cold-Warm Dream"

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Do we hear the moon rise?
No, we see just flies
Shining light of the Eye
Wants you all to die

Lying on the star stream
Do loose an inner scream
Flame across the path
No fear in aftermath

Galaxies being twisted
Planets deeply misted
What is here to investigate?
Who is here to dominate?

No or less speech ability
That is the sound of inevitability
Connected to the brain
The energy in drain

A field of dots in heavens
Reminding group of ravens
Is glowing through your essence
Of stain blooded presence

Warm eliminates
Cold creates
The visions are too soft
For ears do not involved

Swarming flowing mass
Greens all around like grass
A star way leads into the space
Of insane speed is all this race

Arms and legs in whirling shock
Eyebrows still don't even rock
This journey, not everlasting
And your dream is blasting

Fantasy is yet locked up

Wake up! Wake up!

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