

## **Circus Dawn**

### **"The Perfect (In A Minor)"**

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A dream is never worth the dream of being known  
Inside dreams never come true 'til the day he dies  
Victimizes himself, cries for lord for the lucid love.  
It's gotta be many secrets, he's blessed with the plague  
and singing a song  
It's all about giving and moving along  
Now it's love what is this?

The dream is never worth the dream of being known  
Inside it'll never come true 'til the day he dies  
Victimizes himself, cries for lord for the lucid love...

Yeah... Yeah, Yeah

The Perfect, the beautiful  
With breath like the sky, has a moon for the heart  
And it's well known that he's too late  
Like the burnen of atlus it's the posion we drink

For he's living a in a world  
For doing it for the reason why  
Charles denise exchange  
The thread were grasped far he made

This dream is not what  
The dream since he knows  
Inside Dreams never come true, till the day he dies  
That I feel so loved  
Dreams of eyes and jelouse stare

The dream is never worth the dream of being known  
Inside it will never come true til the day he dies  
Victimizes himself, cries for lord for the lucid love.

The Perfect, the beautiful,  
With breath like the sky has a moon for the heart  
And it's well known that he's too late  
Like the burnen of atlus it's the posion we dri(nk)...

The Perfect, the beautiful,  
With breath like the sky has a moon for the heart  
And it's well known that he's too late

Like the burnen of atlas it's the posion we drink

The Perfect, the beautiful,  
Breath like the sky has a moon for the heart  
And it's well known that he's too late  
Like the burnen of atlas it's the posion we drink

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