

Circus Dawn

"The Perfect"

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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 atlas 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 atlus 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 atlus it's the posion we drink

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