

Dark Suns "Daydream"

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F a l l a s l e e p :

Night resonance recedes
(I regret that I have not really
Understood any thing, not a single
Object and that no man ever can,
The fascinating waltz of nature here
In sight of the sea taking advantage
Of me to dart upon me and sting me,
Because I've dared to open my mouth
To sing at all)
I nearly die of all the beauty

S l e e p : a f a l l

Fragments tearing asunder,
Elements of my mind
Echoes lost in purple smoke
Like visions in eclipse
Elements tearing asunder,
Fragments of my mind
Visions lost in purple smoke
Like echoes in eclipse
Sleep took me by the brow and laid me
Back. then, down in a flood of remembrance
I remembered her sea-reflecting eyes,
The eyes-reflecting sea and all the
Resounding things in between.
I tried to listen in awe but...
For a moment, like a wavering spark,
BLOOD
Her face laid there before my breast,
Pale love lost in the winds of september
Guarded by glittering tears and lips apart
With dumb cries...
TEARS
A supreme moment, like an indolent sigh,
A memorized experience of tomorrow?
Or just a dark figment of my imagination?
I'm unsure.
... sane, but in a way dimorphously risking
Absurdity I looked into the mirrors, again
And again, caught as in a nightmare,
Or did they look on me?

I don't know but that's rather ominous,
Something happened...
In her looking-glass my lips part as though
I wanted to speak
A strange labyrinth, ways on all sides,
But how shall I turn?
Seasons changed with my confidence...
... a fine wind blew the new direction of time
Time, that is watching from the shadows
SHADOWS
I wonder who I am.
I don't know and swoon away with consternation
Clatter in my ears and a face in my mind
That puts a blame on me
I don't understand, loosing myself again
Nevertheless I can't let this fall into oblivion...
A deep breath and that vast hunger for
Everything beyond us
Help me to follow you, a phantom still
I walk on, as if out of my own young life,
As if escaping into another dream,
Another life, another me
I seem to drift away like the waters
And I don't know what I am going to be)

Do what we will
Our hasty minutes fly
And while we sleep
What do we else but die
All these joys
How short their day
They creep on towards us
But fly away

I wake to what is real and not a dream
I dream of what is real and
Wake to what's no dream
I wake to what is dream and
What's not real
I dream of what is real and
Wake to what is dream

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