

Diary Of Dreams "Reality Of Mine"

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Questions don't spare with thoughts
Give birth to a new world
Curiosity dies in echoes
Till your thirst is quenched
Mortal remains
Motionless silence
I bear this war
Reality takes shape
Child, thy will be done
This is me
It's me and my
Reality of mine
My veil in growing fear
To burst apart
Declare the war
But harmony preserved
Eyes are closed
But still see many things
So sentimental
Like a child
Scared to death
Without a single word
Reduced to the essential
Reality takes shape
Child, thy will be done
Reality takes shape
Child, thy will be done
This is me
It's me and my
Reality of mine

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