

Dreams Of Sanity

"Komodia Ii. The Dream"

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The evening

As the night fell down across the land, a man comes to his house.

A lonely house for no one waits - no children cry, no children's cries.

He takes off his clothes and goes to bed, his mind's so numb - his mind's so dumb.

As he closes his eyes he wishes to die (to) die in his peaceful sleep - in his sleep.

The dream

The fugitive:

Embedded in a velvet heart of jasmine roses in the dark.

The light of sunrise kissing minds to wake the sleeper in the night.

"Wake up you (- you) dazzled troll - for you enface a bleeding hour,

where all your sins in pain will leave the veils of mind to set you free"

The birth of a king:

I dropped my mask on to the ground of deserted wasteness in the sand.

But where it fell a flower bloomed she smiled at me - we were alone.

But as the spring to summer fell of april's healing, blessing rain,

the desert round me gave its life to plenty colors full of light.

So where I went the flowers bloomed, the birds they sang a lovely tune.

the children looked and smiled at me "This man was born a king to be"

The virgins with their herbal spice, they kissed my face to say goodnight.

The holy mother bowed her head mumbling:

"Do not forget this could be life and not a dream"

The return:

The mother raised the dagger high, and blessed by the
wells in her eyes,
I opened my chest to heart my lies to accept the
judgement of her knife.

The morning

And so the lonely man with no will to stay wakes up in
the morning.
Hi mind is gray the fog will stay forever in his head.
He puts on his clothes, he tries to forget his boring life -
his boring life.
He can't remember the dream he just had - no one will
remember his life!

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