Eloy
"The Flash"

I am locked up inside a house of solid glass
Open the every look of ones who pass
Moments of fantasy trade with those of void
Images of repose
Repress worldly toil
I can't tell the difference between what's real and
dream
Is this the land of riches
The path to our source?
Is this the only key to unlock all doors?
Or has my fantasy once again fooled me?
Will these signs I see next fail to free me?
I can't tell the difference between what's real and
dream
It's as if I awake from the deepest sleep
And as if the road to being seems less steep
These glassy walls that have surrounded me
Break and give way for a flow of energy
The freedom I sought
And for which I have paid
Strides over my strongly built barricades
The self I really am
That was once disguised
Evolves to the fullest
Starts it's steady rise
Rids the broken pieces of my shattered past
It overcomes the fear
Weight, I've lost at last
Now there's just space
Endlessly new to me
The flash of light enables me to see
And my view touches horizons as serene
As the source of all that I have ever dreamed