

James "Dream Thrum"

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She dreamt the scene the night before
She cast you in her mind
She made your face of clay and straw
Precious stones for your eyes
We cut the cord that brought you here
We left you on your own
We filled your head with wild ideas
Our beliefs led you on
We leave a trail that's always changed
To keep your hopes alive
This surface may seem calm enough, but underneath

But underneath
We made you feel the way you are is wrong
We made you what you are
You are afraid
If you don't play the game we'll make you change
Ohhh I'll change (X7)
I'll change
I'll change

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