

Neutral

"Sweet Dream... Dead Dreamer..."

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I see my dawn in funny bloody colors
They melt in innocence within my silver skies
One color's love... but pain and death - the others
Like thorns they grow in self-made paradise
I feel the sun that tears my black horizon
No matter how it happens and survives
My self is lost, it's purity's decisive
My soul is freezed and slowly-slowly dies
This dream is sweet... too sweet for me to trust it
It lasts without serenity and grace
It gives awards, but only cold and rusted
And puts a seal of horror to my face
So... guided by distress and fear only
I'm dancing silently to their discordant peel

Oh, love has never been so sad and lonely
And death has never been so easy-real...
So cold, so dark inside... Time slowly dies in ruins,
driven by fear
My wounds are fresh and hurt badly... Can you tell me
the reason for crying?
Can you show me the end of this torture? Let me touch
this black horizon
Let me slide along these polished fields of loneliness
Silver flowers smell death, sweet air smells violence
I_m so scared but I'm free... Free from doubts, free
from joy
From pleasure and mercy, from hope and betrayal
I'm free from silence and from the dream that destroys
the dreamer

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