

Paul Stanley**"Dream In"**

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[Chorus]

Dreams! things aren't all that they seem
Dreams! life's not all about cream
Dreams! please say it all was a dream
'cause the fight for real life's
like a horrible scene

[Verse]

(Virt wake up!)
the enemy's here
they trying ta' take us
let 'em see how the weaponry
makes their frame break up
it seems threads of life
make up our stitch in time
after the bomb dropped
dawn got a different shine
I find that it burns
like a fire on the hearth
I learned this day would come
they were liars from the start
my pride is in my heart
so you'll never know
how far Miguel will go
until they digging up your skeletal
remains I see change
on the horizon
or is it just the next bomber as it flies in
wise men once let me know
if it's not worth it then let it go
or pop first and dead your foe
now it seems like the options are dropping
there's no more talking
smart bombs are locked in
and more often than not
innocent people gotta get dropped
for their leaders horrible plot
while the one calling the shots
fly free as a bird
words they speak are absurd
though they're frequently heard

'cause they control the radio
it's crazy though
the dj's won't play me though
unless I line their bank account
with crazy dough
and even corporate labels
deep into debt, through spending in deficit
bootlegging and internet
meet the new me see a brain that's been cloned
silicone flesh meshed with titanium bones
I'm aiming my poems, at dictators
reigning on thrones
who raised their seeds cold
in a cradle of stone
then cast them in the street
never gave them a home
the ones who shun the path
that our saviors have shown
we stole all of the crops
that the natives have grown
we must stick together
no one made it alone
'cause radiation give you cancer
in your face from your phone
or your throat from the smoke
when you blazing a bone
when you don't agree with leaders
and behavior they've shown
speak out there's no effect
if your state is unknown I got sick of talking
and caught aids in my poem
now I spit from a coffin
and a grave is my dome
I grown by own body
from dirt and grime
it blows my damn mind
like my brain was a landmine
and I can't find
a path out this nightmare
does it end right here
or extend for light years?!

[Chorus repeat]
dreams...etc.

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