

Darlene Zschech**"Dreams"**

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From my past life a vision comes;
A girl is falling
There she awaits me, calls me on
And she cries;

"Help me to release my soul
trapped inside with no control"

As She awaits me, my dream unfolds
I try to reach out
And still She sees me through mist and cold
And still She cries;
"Take me home to your world
Free me from this demon's hold"

A girl from the land of control
Waiting for release from this hold

Memories burn no control
Visions unfocused cannot hold

I start to recall just where she's from
A distant memory
Into the dream She calls me on
Calls me with the sweetest song
"Is this the place where I belong?"

I think I'm falling (in love) but something's wrong
Reveal the memory
The vision calling, just where it's from
Start to visualise what's true
A demon is inside of you

Tempt me onwards, but I know you
You are a memory
And a morbid vision dressed up in gold
Help me to release my soul
Trapped inside with no control

A girl from the land of control
Waiting for release from this hol

Shining demon, all but true
Forging visions
Which gather memories from my past
Deadly pictures will not last
Must escape Succubus' grasp

A girl from the land of control
She waits for me under stars that we seek
Through dank mists and smouldering cold
"What art thou witch
Doth this vex bring thee bliss?
Or art thou cowering in these tides of time?
Arroint thee dark mistress
Flee these dreams I protest
Such that I might incense
And die in throes of thine..."

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