

The Crinn

"Mr. Sandman, Bring Me A Gun"

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You say goodnight. I say goodbye.

Will you define "definition" with anything but your opinion.

I've held hands with ignorance, tell me tell me what bliss is.

I disagree to agree to disagree; I've realized my ignorance.

I will not remain content with bliss.

Mr. Sandman bring me a dream

Anything but nightmares disguised with

Beautiful faces. My subconscious is trying to speak

I'm left screaming.

Dreaming of how things should be

Then I awake and cross-reference reality

(Misinterpreted identity)

Sandman, save me

Put me out of my misery

Sandman, save me!

Mr. Sandman bring me a gun

Dear sub-conscious, please tell me!

Is confusion your remedy?

If so why is this confusing.

I'm not one to think logically

Re-occurring dreams are all too familiar to me

It feels so real I can taste the sweat of my own

immorality

My dreams perception has lost perspective (a false personality)

Please God, damn this false identity.

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