

StrommoussHeld

"Faust's Dream (in The Theatre Of Dejavous)"

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I can not sleep in my flying bed
Hallucinations come by dreams
I fear my solitude subconscious-
-the place where is a desert of mine

Everywhere are plots hidden in my own mind
Hallucinations come by dreams
We'll drink our sweet poison
To fly away - to the desert of ours

I am the evil (one) who always denies
Because what was born here
Only worthy is to die
And better to born nothing in this world
I am the evil (one) who always wants wrong
But only good deeds are made through my wounds
Following me is the following dreams
Welcome to my theatre of dejavous

Sleeping in the fragile golden wings
I perceive the world of imagination
I'm looking for the way to my virtual world of dreams

...a morning of my waking is coming,
but it must be a strange feeling,
when my blood is colouring the snow
white snow...

All furious thoughts, all pleasant sounds
All fallen flights and small boundaries
This is my microcosmos, my Home Sweet Home...

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