

## Au4 "Of Dreams"

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The stories she told me of long ago,  
Started with love and ended in sorrow.  
The peaks of the mountains disappear,  
Eroded by heartbreak and all her tears.

It started one Sunday afternoon,  
Intoxicated by flowers bloom.  
I fell asleep by the big maple tree.  
That's where she said she saw me.

Spirits recognize from previous lives,  
The love we share; the passion we refuse to hide.

We made love in the subtlest of ways.  
Rain clouds so very far away.  
Time as abundant as the blue sky.  
I'd live forever she was the reason...

... Why count the days when tomorrow will only be the  
Same pure heaven, Oh your lovin',  
Paves the roads with solid gold.  
Never makes me want to return...

... Home is of a different world. Lucid dreams are  
flooding me.  
Fantasy and earthquake.  
There's only so much one can take,  
Before they slip and then begin to...

... Break. I don't want to fall away from here. So full of  
fear,  
But gravity pulls me back to reality.  
Nothing's ever as it seems,  
When our minds are full of dreams.

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