

Diary Of Dreams, Reality Of Mine

Questions don't spare with thoughts
Give birth to a new world
Curiosity dies in echoes
Till your thirst is quenched

Mortal remains
Motionless silence
I bear this war
Reality takes shape
Child, thy will be done

This is me
It's me and my
Reality of mine

My veil in growing fear
To burst apart
Declare the war
But harmony preserved
Eyes are closed
But still see many things
So sentimental
Like a child

Scared to death
Without a single word
Reduced to the essential
Reality takes shape
Child, thy will be done

Reality takes shape
Child, thy will be done

This is me
It's me and my
Reality of mine