

Dream On, Dreamer, Planted Somewhere Hidden

Another day passed by
What made it different to all the others?
Yesterday's light was just as bright as the night.
Swallow all the things that cause your world to fall apart.

(Staring at the sky with no direction on your mind.)

With closed eyes we see how everything is dying inside.

(When you would be there then no one would stay aimless.)

Falling from a sky where only darkest clouds survive.

(We were once tall men and now we shiver at the sight of such stature)

When our heroes die away and our dreams begin to fade away.
Where are we meant to be? Nowhere but here.
This is the voice that you seem to hear when your mind is getting weaker.
All you can see is the breath of the night
Its time to capture the light.
Welcome to a world that's not even worth dying for
In a world where a king no longer needs a queen anymore.
Don't pretend you don't listen me.
I say "pick up what you have thrown away."