

Turbo, Dream(ang. wersja Sen)

Round there a thick fog
Dream under an eyelid far from a day
Around me the void
People strange, people odd
A state of unconsciousness
Full of unwelcome guests
Things secret, things eerie
About those faces I still have a query
Yes, its only a dream
Artificial reality
Joy and despair are slipping through my fingers
Voices weird, phantoms white
Delusions cast a blight
Yes, its only a dream