

Xymox, Real

You sit in a garden
Locked away from the world
Find no reason to see your friends
Everything you need is here
But your eyes are open
Enough to see you said
All I read are memories
With a black line of love

You make me feel
Real

See the hand in front of your face
And see what is real and what is make believe
Would you run away to catch the ocean if it called you name ?
Everybody is looking for heaven on earth
And you believe to be bling
Your mind is the watchman at the gate
Faith is all you need

You make me feel
Real
Real