

Untitled:

March 12th, 2010

Do not fear them they are sleeping

Lets try to fall asleep
be where we dream
before we think about what haunts our life

What had meaning to be said for a long time
I tried to wait for you to fall asleep again before I cried

Like a sorrowful dream I thought would come back to
haunt me in a awaking time
I knew you were out there on the street
walking back from where you came from
it must have been a dream memory
for your lying here next to me in my bed

I know you are leaving tomorrow and I will feel the way I
felt there on the street
It won't be so in between real and fake tomorrow

You will rise
I know you're not running from me-
but you are running to someplace
I can not compete with that which I do not know
I can't compete with you
wake up - tell me what your dreams are made of