

Sandman

From millions of sand grains
He rises with a veritable presence
With a gesture of his hand
The sandman weaves his magic
The winds stop and the waves retreat
And the castles rise in all their glory
Leaving the audience spellbound
And drawn to his evil innocence
He finally thinks he has a purpose
And it puts him out of his misery
But soon his newfangled creation
Succumbs to destruction
His castles are after all made of sand
The test of time they cannot stand
The sandman doesn't care about this fall
For those few moments of misconstrued reality
He does it all

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