

## J.F.K. (BEFORE THE DAWN)

Ere the break of day tears me out of my dreams lead me home.  
Hold your hand over me before the dawn.  
Cannot be true the last in line is me to find my way  
and finally perceive that I see through different eyes.  
It seems the lucky man, that I have been, he is gone.  
Still there's a chance on him returning here.  
Cannot be true the last in line is me to find my way  
and finally perceive that I see through different eyes.

There's been J.F.K. and the C.I.A.;  
there's TV - war and Mercedes - Benz.  
There's cyberspace and the entire human race.  
It's up to whom to make the choice?  
Each move starts inside a mind.  
Like switching a knob or pulling a trigger to breakdown.  
Pictures change permanently. God help me to see  
and give me a dream in the meantime.  
Some kill, some flee and some watch life on TV.  
Sheets made of wood can buy the whole world.  
Some people own far more they'll ever know.  
While others die for hunger in pain.

Can't see if it's real or a fake ; they can animate  
a picture of you, that is moving.  
In virtual reality is it you I see?  
Give me back the Earth I was made of.  
Ere the break of dawn my dreams belong to me.

1994  
(06.03.)