

Dali's Dilemma, Miracles In Yesteryear

Heavenly skies of fate
Restore the silver gleam
To this rusted lot that borrows gloom

Let the sun fill our eyes with gold again
As we age among the towers

Carry me away
To familiar places
Raise my spirits high
So I'm strong with change

Miracles
We will remember
Miracles
We will remember

Taken away the pace that longs to be forgotten
The glass ponds feed the morrow
So take me back to the place I call home

Carry me away
To familiar places
Raise my spirits high
So I'm strong with change

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