

# Dream On, Dreamer, In August

(The pitter-patter of tiny feet on the glass of our eyes  
Making things so hard to see  
Wipe the pain away, and then you see that the sun does shine  
As you walk you notice you don't walk alone, this army is full of people  
People who've lost the will to live  
Can you help us now)

We have been watching the clocks collapse.  
A bridge that folds together and no longer lasts.  
With opened eyes I no longer see.  
Never forgot how things used to be.  
Pouring down a sky of insecurity.  
A dream of destination and the thoughts of being free.  
Hopeless dreams in a dying day I never felt I would return in grey.  
Wind back those times, When our children learned to smile.  
I can't wait no longer. I cannot hold my breath for any longer.  
When will this ever fucking end?  
I'm just a silent man on his way to neverland.  
Never thought I would mean so much , so much without a simple touch.  
To me you are still weak or is it me who is trained not to breathe.  
Trained to carry you , carry you away on these ships.

(The pitter-patter of tiny feet on the glass of our eyes  
Making things so hard to see  
Wipe the pain away, can you help us now?)

This will never be the same again.  
Pictures that never seemed to end.