

Hurricane #1, Faces In A Dream

Faces in a dream we are
bodies found in a stolen car
whispers from behind the wall
a picture in a crystal ball
as the incense slowly burns
cold and still as daylight turns
from the night where we tried to hide
to reach out to the other side
All my memories fade so fast
almost before the time has passed
step off the number 22
with the beat and a rhyme for you
it's a feeling with no name
helpless faces play the game
from the night when we tried to hide
to reach out to the other side
and on the other side of night
we carried on without the strength to fight
soon we'll fade away, you'll see
to a face that calls like
faces in a dream
faces in a dream