

Nixons, Dream

Some poor soul is crying
For reasons few may come to find
But soon the picture is clearer
They see what we are hiding behind
We're all a part of the dream
If you hide behind your face
You will never be seen
If you fall apart in this dream
You'll be ripped and you will never find the seam
My soul was crawling up the stairs
To the bedroom of life understand
Pray to Jesus
Of night for the children disappear
We're all a part of the dream
If you hide behind your face
You will never be seen
If you fall apart in this dream
You'll be ripped and never find the seam
The hour glass... was twisted
You know what you think of is the time
The river... our last chance to die
The light is our only hope for life
We're all a part of the dream
If you hide behind your face
You will never be seen
If you find your way through this dream
You'll live forever
You'll find out what I mean