

# Oneiroid Psychosis, Galatea

You're my little girl  
Your little dress  
Your little curls  
I place your hand  
On my beating heart  
I whisper to you  
We must never part  
You look at me  
With your big blue eyes  
Always hiding behind  
A synthetic disguise

With your porcelan skin  
And your plastic hair  
Conversation can not be shared  
Your lips never move  
And your heart does not beat  
But I'll still hold you  
Close to me

In my dreams I hear you speak  
The light in your eyes  
In days you would sleep  
No one else would ever believe  
But I know you know  
I know you sleep