

# Ricochet, A New Day Is Rising

will I stop to complain 'cause -  
these scenes won't sustain  
deep inside me feeling so sad  
i hear the last call, the curtain will fall  
and the mirror reflects what is left...

will I ever feel it  
do I want to feel it  
the night will embrace the days last sad gaze  
so its creatures keep drifting within...

will I ever see it again

deep inside me feeling so cold  
the dreams of this kind are buried  
somewhere back in time  
but the spirit's still there...

so I've faced the abyss, saw sentiments in black  
my love lies slowly bleeding, there ain't no turning back  
no spear will hit me likely to rebound  
execute yourself the cost you have to count  
should have broke the curfew that night to rescue her  
straining at the leash she died - straight-faced life has died

welcome to our real world it's your own  
director's cut of life  
where your point of view keeps hard to state -  
see objections rise  
spinning around in treadmills until you're consciousnessless  
in time resignation substitutes belief

your guide is lost what still remains  
is trusting in yourself  
take the chance to climb this ladder high -  
the tide is rising  
expectations can't be too great than to be fulfilled  
reality just bites but doesn't kill

light up a light into the night  
try to set the past on fire  
light up a light into the night  
and burn what you find there

throw up a spark into the dark  
make the flames go rising higher  
throw up a spark into the dark  
before the spirit's lost

and give me back my dreams  
whatever it will take me  
give me back my dreams whatever it will take me  
whatever it will take me - what it takes...