

Wall Of Sleep, Inside Garden

Walking down the footpath backwards Lead by closed eyes view
Reaching for the memories' leaves I get the things I knew
Voices from the inside garden are flowing to my mind
Pale eyes of the old days' dreams can't stand the new days' light
Leaves of wonder on trees of pain
Words of my garden spoken by long time lost days
Walking down the footpath backwards Lead by closed eyes view
Whispers of the inside All I meet the sounds I knew
Voices from the inside garden are covering my mind 'cause pale eyes of the old days' dreams
Can't stand the new days' light