

Atomic Opera, FeverDream

The flowers in your hair have all withered
The tears dried in your eyes and filled with sand
The toys we built for play have overcome us
It doesn't seem like a world without end
I try to stir from the slumber and the vision
I try to rise from the poison of the dream
I try to hold on to the things I should believe in
I try to remember the things that I believe
The freedom in the air is polluted
And free love is a never ending need
I hear people praying for the future
But it sounds like like they're talking in their sleep
I try to run from the anger and the reason
I try to figure out what's wrong ...
It looks like a fever to me
Makes people do crazy things
It's got to be a fever dream