

Diary Of Dreams, Charma Sleeper

Strangers ask for souvenirs
Give pride to those without my fears
Rejected child finds peace in mind
Remember you are one of my kind

Don't call, don't call
The Charma Sleeper
Don't say, don't say
Your faith goes deeper

Angels speak of lullabies
Adorning you when sleepers mind
All hate that sleeps reborn in you
All lies you spread becoming true

Noble men with noble words
Ladies wrapped in tainted lies
I scream at you, but you don't answer
It's you my dear, I really fear

My hate in rage I wish I dared...
My anger burns in every pore
But still my temper way too scared
I know you never really cared