

# Diary Of Dreams, Eyesolation

Raindrops fall to cleanse my soul  
The song of whales tear me apart  
My eyes still stray along this shore  
A seagulls' plaint adoring mine

My tongue too weak to speak a word  
O' was I born to be misunderstood  
Fingers touch, but do not feel  
O' tired seem my restless eyes

So tired is my smile  
In my endless depth of guilt  
A cripple of my fear  
And the needle serves me well

Memories now wash ashore  
I feel remains of sympathy  
Imagine the ability  
To gather roses in winter....

Somebody  
Something  
Welcomed me  
On the other side

Dank and gentle  
Moist and soft  
Almost like lone

The needle serves me well

But whom have I to blame ?  
Just the cripple of my fear  
Just call my disguise  
The needle serves me well

The needle serves me well  
But whom have I to blame ?  
So tired is my smile

Was I born to astray  
In my endless depth of guilt ?  
Just a cripple of my fear

Just call my disguise  
Just almost like love  
And the needle serves me well....