

# Diary Of Dreams, Remedy Child

You are the chosen one  
Maybe not the only one  
You say you hold your breath  
until you feel alive again

Your hair is grey, your childhood gone  
You dance around and sing along  
The tune you hear inside your head  
A theme like this must be your own

Dear friend I have no illusions  
You owe me a pretty apology  
I'm facing the last necessity  
of leaving it all behind

My home is where my heart died  
Don't listen to what they say  
I may not be your best friend  
and I know you feel the same