

Diorama, Photo

The dream flew down
Down from heaven's patience
To hope with us for miracles

Exorcise our strong beliefs
Give motives to our murders
And steal with us our miracles

Photo-sensitized
We're in a daze of glory
And smiling bravely through our tears

In our gleaming eyes we feel now
From what we are distracted
And start to change our miracles

Where are the suns
The violent storms we pray for
We all are out there
As we embrace our exile

We all are statues
And cannot turn to stone
We all are out there
Our little islands we call home

We are the suns
The violent storms we pray for
We all are out there
As we embrace our exile

Relieve our minds
Carry on to save our angels
As we indulge our glowing pride

Create our lives
Direct us all again to paradise
And let us sleep in cooling winds

In our closing eyes we see now
From what we were rejected
And start to dream of miracles