

Dream Theater, Lines In The Sand

Sometimes, for a moment of bliss
And the passion, we're craving
There's a message we miss
Sometimes when the spirits left alone
We must believe in something
To find if we've grown

Tragic reflex, shattered calm
Static progress, senses gone
Numb awareness, final psalm

Swept away with the tide
Through the holes in my hands
Crown of thorns
At my side drawing lines in the sand

Sometimes, if you're perfectly still
You can hear the virgin weeping
For the savior of your will
Sometimes, your castles in the air
And the fantasies you're seeking

Are the crosses you bear

Sacred conflict, blessed prize
Weeping crosses, stainless eyes
Desperate addict, faith disguised

Swept away with the tide
Through the holes in my hands
Crown of thorns
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We fabricate our demons
Invite them into our homes
Have supper with the aliens
And fight the war alone
We conjure up our skeletons
Enlist the den of thieves
Frightened from our closets
Then sewn upon our sleeves

In the stream of consciousness
There is a river crying
Living comes much easier

Once we admit
We're dying

Sometimes, in the wreckage of our wake
There's a bitterness we harbor
And hate for hatred's sake
Sometime we dig an early grave
And crucify our instincts
For the hope we couldn't save

Sometimes a view from sinless eyes
Centers our perspective
And pacifies our cries
Sometimes the anguish we survive
And the mysteries we nurture
Are the fabrics of our lives

Swept away with the tide

Through the holes in my hands
Crown of thorns
At my side drawing lines in the sand