

# Eloy, Behind The Walls Of Imagination

a garden wild, yet warm and delightful  
a paradise of comforting peace  
sound and clear, a gentle touching atmosphere  
an open air, serene and refreshing  
and nature pure, as it was created  
sound and clear, a gentle touching atmosphere  
sedative ringing sounds surprise the sole intruding man  
he, who's used to the sound of lies  
and often changing stands  
the sacrifice of brother's hand, deceit with dubious plans  
a world that has gone to extremes and has failed  
people surround me, peacefully, I can tell  
I see in wonder, how our links and bonds fit well  
their voices sing colourful and true  
an honesty I have never used  
ambiguity never does appear  
and barriers of speech are not feared  
a power strikes me, so positive and real  
it hits like lightning, this influence I feel  
harmonious singing  
celestial bells I hear  
from all those people I have nothing to fear