## 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