

Esoteric, A Worthless Dream

So much to live,
Yet the yearning for death,
Perpetual in my mind.
To end the pain.

I wait for time to show me my path,
The continuum or the end?
I see it so clearly it burns my eyes.

Into absolutes I fall.
No time left.
Realisation cuts off all pretence.

My dreams so rarely dreams,
Just messages of pain in my subconscious.
So tired of waking and screaming,
And my mind can only ever say no!

Every day, I watch the morning break,
Before entering into my nightmare of sleep.
I hope one day I may wake and smile.

A fool's hope...
A worthless dream....

[Lyrics-Greg, Summer 1994]
[Music-Greg, Summer/Autumn 1994]