

# Flotsam And Jetsam, Dream Scrape

Living in dreams, day dreaming  
Not in good shape for a life  
Can't remember, why I like this feeling  
Falling, falling on knives

Words can boost, words can break  
Smiling sins can do no wrong  
Say something good, if you speak  
Good news never last too long

Forget the time too often  
And I don't care to get some sleep  
It's the skull I aim to soften  
From there inside of you I'll creep

What did I expect to find  
Dreams are not the same as life  
More than the world inside my mind  
Dreams empty into my life

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Heavy lids closing my eyes  
Dreaming of falling asleep again  
Blacken my visions of my  
Life coming to a bitter end

Now surrounded all by strangers  
Strangers I call friends  
Help the species help to endanger  
Darkness falling to play pretend

Forget the time too often  
Inside your skull I aim to creep

See the soft spot in the skull

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Dreaming of falling asleep again  
Blacken my visions of my  
Life coming to a bitter end

Heavy lids killing my eyes  
Dreaming of death in my sleep again  
Blacken my visions of my  
Life coming to an end