

Kim Mitchell, Dream Thieves

A round of drinks
I'm a man again
I live my life
I'm locked inside the days
To survive I frown and go to face
The friction each morning
The songs I sing that salve the pain

We're the ones they sold today
And you're the ones that saving grace ate
The silver lining slowly drained off
Listen to them spin their stories
Hear the voices selling you rain
Once you let go
They'll pounce and drain you dry

Out in that spin dry no fly zone
Those dreamthieves bleed you to the bone

At home alone I saw all the waste on the vines
I talked to them that felt and loved
The sun and the rain
Cathedrals built on mounds of earthly gains and
Then I sang this song that sounds aloud the pain

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And you're the ones that saving grace ate
The silver lining slowly drained off
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So we live on ailing
I can't hear the sun
So my life rots as I wait in line
Listen to them spin their stories
Hear the voices selling you rain
Once you let go
They'll pounce and drain you dry

Out in that spin dry no fly zone
Those dreamthives bleed you to the bone
Those dreamthives bleed you to the bone