MyChildren MyBride, Close Your Eyes

Close your eyes
And begin to sleep
Dream of something closer to reality

Your whole life
I've got a story to tell
Look in the mirror
And what do you see
Your whole life
Trying to impress your friends
But after death
What's next?
Money, Power, Fame
A cool job nice clothes
But after death
Where will all that go?
Trying to impress your friends
Your whole life

This generation waiting on for the fruits,
Of our labor to ferment you've worked in vain,
They've matured long enough,
You'll be drunk with them,
Pry your eyes open I fear to dream

Close your eyes
And begin to sleep