

# Propaganda, Dream Within A Dream

all that we see or seem  
is but a dream within a dream

take this kiss upon the brow  
and in parting from you now  
this much let me avow  
you are not wrong who deemed  
that my days have been a dream  
yet if hope has flown away  
in a night, in a day, in a vision, or a memory  
is it therefore the less gone?  
all that we see or seem  
is but a dream within a dream

I stand amid the roar  
of the surf tormented shore  
and I hold within my hands  
grains of golden sand  
how few yet how they creep  
through my fingers to the deep  
while I weep, while I weep  
oh god can I not grasp them with a tighter clasp  
oh god can I not save one from the pitiless wave  
is all that we see or seem  
but a dream within a dream