

# Rush, 2112. Oracle: The Dream

... &quot;I guess it was a dream, but even now it all seems so vivid to me. Clearly yet I see the beco  
... &quot;I see still the incredible beauty of the sculptured cities and the pure spirit of man revealed  
I wandered home though the silent streets  
And fell into a fitful sleep  
Escape to realms beyond the night  
Dream can't you show me the light?  
I stand atop a spiral stair  
An oracle confronts me there  
He leads me on light years away  
Through astral nights, galactic days  
I see the works of gifted hands  
That grace this strange and wondrous land  
I see the hand of man arise  
With hungry mind and open eyes  
They left the planet long ago  
The elder race still learn and grow  
Their power grows with purpose strong  
To claim the home where they belong  
Home to tear the Temples down...  
Home to change!