

# Swans, Patchworks

I have healed the broken wings of fallen angels and laid the wildest storms  
to rest  
I have tamed the fury of a thousand oceans  
All I've done is to fall asleep  
A tribute to the dreaming  
A hymn to the delusions that sometimes really feel like they're real  
In the deepest slumber  
Reality is blended with fantasies and things I have repressed  
When I awake all the stories remain inside my head  
Memories forgotten always reappear in the wicked sceneries  
Characters that once fell into oblivion united with my recent past  
Tribute to my dreaming  
Hymn to the delusions that I sometimes really wish were for real  
In the deepest slumber reality is twisted and staggered across the halls of  
my head  
When I awake I can remember it still and it is nothing that my scenes can  
kill  
And I fall through the passage of time  
Then there's the nightmares  
That never seem to leave my mind  
I can't escape it  
They're even stronger when I close my eyes  
How to forget and how to erase all the wicked scenes in here  
How to make them disappear and burn this patchwork of fear  
How to delete  
How do I stop all the sickening things I see in this spurious diary that  
wasn't made by me how to replace my artificial memories