

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 seen 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