

Via Mistica, Under My Eyelids

Under my eyelids
In the shade of eyelashes
There is the land
Of my acrid hopes

There is a place where
I'm deceiving myself
I cherish illusions
I retreat myself

My patience has run out
I can't stand reality
I'm able to daydream and never
Wake up from a sound sleep

And only a dream
Can cause that
I'll find myself
In silence and peace
I'm shutting my eyes
The world is opening
And I don't want
Leave it anymore

Don't wake me up
Don't cut this rope
The day is a butcher
Allot every hour