

Wuthering Heights, Dreamwalker

He is walking in dreams
Not knowing reality's name
Still - is not real the fantasy
When believed in?

Through the shadows of what some call life
He is lighting his way
Not knowing if to kill or to cry

Pictures of unicorns on a hill
Pictures of rats in a street
Taking emotions to the extreme
Not knowing if to live or to die

Walking in dreams; not knowing reality's name
Not clearsighted; still a winner in his own game

Walking in dreams
Asleep but still awake
Walking in dreams
Will he die when morning breaks

As he talks to the clouds you name him; crazy
But wouldn't you like to know what he sees
He may not understand what you say to him
But he understands the whispers in the trees

He has created a kingdom of his own
While you're created nothing
Nowhere to call home

How are you to decide if wrong or right
Is his world and the treasures there his finds
When there he finds peace like you will never see
'Cause when you lose your dreams you lose your mind

Walking in dreams
Asleep but still awake
Walking in dreams
Will he die when morning breaks

The diversity of reality is humanity not insanity

Holy are the crazy for they dream with open eyes
In this world where on the altar of logic
Our dreams we sacrifice

Walking in dreams
Asleep but still awake
Walking in dreams
Will he die when morning breaks

So pray for the dreamwalker
That he will make it though
He is the future; he is the future
For me and for you