

Xymox, A Million Things

Words won't occur to me
At half past three
My reason die
Why couldn't you make that choice

Noise of life begins too soon
I closed my eyes
How could you be so cruel
Sweet vision of mine

And I keep dreaming of
A million things

And I keep dreaming of
A million things
They have wings

I layed down my sleeping head
Time burns away
Let the living creatures lie
Midnight visions awfully die

And I keep dreaming of
A million things
And I keep dreaming of
A million things