

(ver)Gift(et)?

Diary of Dreams

Das Gift des Messias
Rainbow's End
The new Messiah
Das Gift wartet auf uns am anderen Ende des
Regenbogen

Thankful as I stumble into future
I fall asleep in this god-given Gift
Kind of weird your absolution
Father, make them go!

Your hand touches my face
As if it glides through water
A kiss on lifeless flesh
You should have practiced what you preach!

First you asked for darkness
And now you want the sun
It's been so long since someone cared

A hostage just to have a friend
How thoughtful and how kind
Drown my head in water
Slice me into halves

You really think I'd care?

Legenden werden geboren und in kleinen
gepolsterten Zimmern aufbewahrt.
Einsam lernst Du das zu lieben was Du nie
beruhren wirst

It is rather indefinable whether a dream can response to reality,
or if it is possibly more likely that the knowledge
of the existence of our subconscious being,
which sincerely rejects what is not in our definate(range of) accepta
nce,
can survive much longer...

However our decision may turn out,
the magic of its inspirative influence issurely the best proof
to what research has made me accept...

Metablic, schizoid indeed, s-care-ful-
d we may tremble towards our future,
but still always being aware of nothing else more anxiously,
but of our dreams.