

## Dream Thrum

James

She dreamt the scene the night before  
She cast you in her mind  
She made your face from clay and straw  
Precious stones for your eyes

We cut the cord that brought you here  
We left you on your own  
We filled your head with wild ideas  
Our beliefs led you on

We leave a trail that's always changed  
You keep your hopes alive  
This surface may seem calm enough  
But underneath, underneath

We made you feel the way you are is wrong  
We made you what you are  
You are afraid  
If you don't play the game, we'll make you change  
Oh, I've changed