

Dreamtime

Ayreon

A cry in the silence
A shine in the dark
Like a rising star
The dream is coming
Images of violence
A flight through time and pace
It's such a lonely place
The dream has started

The smoke is rising
The vision's getting clearer
And words become a song
In the dreamtime

I've lost control
Marooned and cold
I suffer the fears
Of a future untold
I cannot change
The shape of things to come

The smoke is rising
The vision's getting clearer
The hands of time are whirling around
I'm realising
The future's getting nearer
And words become a song
In the dreamtime

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