

A Million Things

Clan of Xymox

Words won't occur to me
At half past three
My reason dies
Why couldn't you make that choice
And I keep dreaming of
A million things
And I keep dreaming of
A million things
They have wings
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 laid down my sleeping head
Time burns away
Let the living creature lie
Midnight visions awfully die
And I keep dreaming of
A million things
And I keep dreaming of
A million things