

Sleepy Silver Door

Dead Meadow

When I was young I travelled to distant lands
A castle arises from a sea of sand
Its towers shimmer in the heat of the sun
Shining down shadow for everyone
Swinging on swings that hang from great trees
Lulled to sleep by the breath of the breeze
My forgotten thoughts drip down to the sea
So I lived a life, which was my dream
Can't find a key to the sleepy silver door
I'm washed up on the shore of reality