

Right Dream

Kaskade

Glossed over a likeness
Of heavy, shaded empty spaces
Blushed pink straight through
An unfinished mood
As she waits to
Hopefully one day,

Dream the right dream
Between evening and morning and she
Prays for nice dreams
To over coat her eyes sleeping at least

Painted over the sidewalk
As the rain from portrait eyes falls
And they shine right through
The canvas to you
As she waits till
Quietly one day,

This is the right dream
Between surface and oil and now she
Has a nice dream
That softly paints her eyes
Slumbering sweet