Transition

mind.in.a.box

After weeks of searching,
I had arrived
where my journey had begun.

I knew that behind those doors
had been all the answers.
But now they were shut tight,
and the place deserted.

Where was the music?
Where were all the people?
Where was the music?
Where were all the people?
Where was the music?
Where were all the people?

My search for the Dreamweb
had brought me here,
but I still had to find the Sleepwalkers.
My search for the Dreamweb
had brought me here,
but I still had to find the Sleepwalkers.

And then I could hear it.
The music. That singular music.
In the dead silence, in this dark alley,
it was still in my head.

And then I knew what I had to do.

Where was the music?
Where were all the people?
Where was the music?
Where were all the people?
Where was the music?
Where were all the people?

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