

Suddenly awake
My mind goes back to images revived in half-slumber
Vague memories - flashbacks to strangely familiar lands I was n
ever in
A world of superstition, kings and queens in parlours of grande
ur
The lute playing softly while jesters dance

Back in my own world now
Everything looks more distant than real
Through wind and through fire I still pursue the dream
From this outlandish world I'm in

Science, o science
How would we have fared without thee?
Confronted with an alien world thet never felt ours
You offered us deliverance from strange powers
You cured our superstitions and made us who we are

But if some alien race was to hold a mirror before us
Would we look at something different from what we used to be?
So through wind and through fire I still recall the dream
From this disenchanted world I'm in