

Vivid Dream

The Ghost Of Paul Revere

The color bleeds through centuries
It seems we never had enough
A vivid dream of heirloom seeds
Covered by the dust kicked up

The growth it goes, and comes again
With verdant variances of green
The paper white in your machine
And a thousand lines in between

It's a mystery, it's the depths, it's the dark
It's a riddle as a reason for it all
So write your fiction as you want it heard
Yeah I hope my name is one of the words
That you use

The patterned pleats, bend at the seams
The threads of time changing their mind
I think you saved us in all the chaos
Capturing the colors with mine

It's a mystery, it's the depths, it's the dark
It's a riddle as a reason for it all
So write your fiction as you want it heard
Yeah I hope my name is one of the words
That you use

A new morning, an open canvas
A gift for remembering right
I place mine with yours
And I'll see you when the sun hits the ice

It's a mystery, it's the depths, it's the dark
It's a riddle as a reason for it all

It's a mystery at the end
What we know
Who we are
What's in your heart
Or in your hand
Could hold us
Through it all

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