

Sleep is too quiet, dreams are too painful
truth is the bed of this ocean of lies
Sinking through layers of untouched oblivion
soaking from spirits but still far too dry

Losing all barbed fences Lucid - no defences

"Where is my mother?" the child asked the soldier.
The soldier was watching them both fade away.
Nine words create an oblivion ocean:
"Dad tell me, will I be dead very long?"

Losing all I lived for. Losing all I fought for.

Oh god if you save them
I swear I'll always hold them in my hand!
Oh god if you save them I'd take them west
We'd start again in the promised land.

When life is wearing thin we pray:
The gods are close at hand when man is astray.
But when it all is said and done - is he to thank the gods
For just taking his son?

Sleep... is too quiet, dreams are too painful
truth is the bed of this ocean of lies.
Words can create an oblivion ocean:
"dad tell me, will I be dead very long?"

Losing all I lived for. Losing all I fought for.

Oh god if you save them
I swear I'll always hold them in my hand
Oh god if you save them I'd take them west
we'd start again then

Oh god if you save them I swear:
I'll always hold them in my hand
Oh god if you save them I'd take them west
we'd start again in...
...the promised land.