

# Strangeland

## A Canorous Quintet

And as I reach my hand out for the smiling moon, which reflects  
our sanity, our journey begins to the other world.  
We see the image of someone we know.  
Our thoughts projects visions of insanity that lies in our subconscious.  
We're in the dreamland as we know, or is it the journey of our souls.  
Despair and happiness, joy and sorrow, we discover in the strangeland we all have inside of us.  
A window to another world opens as we close our eyes and fly away.  
But as the window close, our visions seems gone with the wind.  
Maybe never to be seen again.  
I open my eyes and say goodbye.  
As my memories pass away with the light of day.