

There's really nothing here to see.
Even darkness glows if you compare to what's inside.
So hold your horses for a while.
I see a light, the other side.

Pinch me, pinch me. I must be dreaming.

A cry for help, but no reply.
Just an echo repeating itself all over again.
It withers and it fades away, and falls into oblivion.

Pinch me, pinch me. I must be dreaming.

Vacuum fills the empty space inside your head,
And replaces what's left to use.
When wisdom rears it's ugly face, you're far away.
You're not even close.

Pinch me, pinch me. I must be dreaming.