

Now,
now when the time has come,
the shape of the past has begun,
to form an emotion of sight and sound.

The tune still lingers in your head,
Its with you when you go to bed.
The dream made you feel wide awake yesterday.
The vision enough to a lie,
While waiting for the truth to arrive,
you know what the doctor perscribed was sleep.

I drawn out the pictures of hell,
since I told all the fortunes to tell,
I believe that its the time to withdraw,
and stand my ground.

Time is old and twisted now,
Trying to get through somehow,
making up the pattern,
almost drew the shape of you.

It's me you dream of when you're scared,
and I know that its the strangest thing,
assuming that its all plain and simple,
the stars that twinkle.
They twinkle light.

So now,
that your on your own,
the season to cry has begun,
yet still your the one who is perfectly calm,
you walk in the garden you know,
your hands alone have planted this earth,
They nurtured the seeds that have grown to life!

Never beneath the nor above em',
when the surface is you that is grown,
know the love that you carry is above any world.

Now, the room full of something to light,
all the darkness that you have to fight.
It kills you and lets you revive each night.