

The Stuff That Dreams Are Made Of

Beardfish

This is the stuff that dreams are made of
What do you say about that?
Why would you care about that?
This is the love that claims your life
Though you say your heart can't cry
Why can't your broken heart cry?

I met with death and she told me your name
she whispered it in my ear
Guided me home through
the long and dark night
she said you would meet me here

she is so calm
It's almost as if they were nowhere around
to be seen
she tells me things I missed while I was gone
Those days in between
The gravel is stained red where she stands
she must be a ghost, her face is white
Though I can't really recall her complexion
Before she passed on

Are we as children, naive,
in the presence of the great void?
I am amazed by it all,
what our ignorance destroy
And so now forever I fall

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It's almost as if they were nowhere around
to be seen
she tells me things I missed while I was gone
Those days in between

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Why do you care about that?
Why would you care about that?
This is the love that claims your life
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Have we moved on to a
safer place perhaps?
This death seem so easy
so tender and warm
It embraces me with open arms
Maybe this is where I belong

The stark reality
of missing you hits me so hard
struck down by an open palm,
I can't stand my ground
And so now forever I fall