

# 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?  
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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