

# A Million Things

Clan of Xymox

Words won't occur to me  
At half past three  
My reason dies  
Why couldn't you make that choice  
And I keep dreaming of  
A million things  
And I keep dreaming of  
A million things  
They have wings  
Noise of life begins too soon  
I closed my eyes  
How could you be so cruel  
Sweet vision of mine  
And I keep dreaming of  
A million things  
And I keep dreaming of  
A million things  
They have wings  
I laid down my sleeping head  
Time burns away  
Let the living creature lie  
Midnight visions awfully die  
And I keep dreaming of  
A million things  
And I keep dreaming of  
A million things