

Dreamers On Trial

Crystal Eyes

Desert plains are always waiting
beyond your wasted doors
There's a place for all our yearning
but no one dare to go

Through the eye of the storm
where the cold winds blow the sails
Like an eternal caravan of broken souls
we're damned to roam the dark

It's a fight for the criminals of the night
on the desolate road of time
Always heading for those golden eyes
It's the prize for the criminals of the night
in the lottery of their lives
But they'll never find those golden eyes

Painted smiles on hollow mirrors
betray your empty mind
Innocence's a grand illusion
A vision for the blind

Through the fire we go
on the oceans of decay
Like an eternal caravan of broken souls
we're damned to roam the dark

The jury's gone blind
to dreamers on trial

There is a line in the court of dreams
where those who wait for eternity
can only hope to be guilty to die

The jury's gone blind
The jury's gone blind
to dreamers on trial