

Yesterworld

Dark Tranquillity

Over the moor of mist and through valleys of fate
I fly on my voyage through this moonlit landscape
of re-emerged figments of imagination
I am aroused in sleep....aroused in sleep

Far beyond the gate which reflects in the closed eye
reveal that a dreamscape lies therein
A yearning for a world
where the everlost find their peace
In the pearly gates of dawn
on the astral feed of minds
- envenomed to the bone
forever cleansed from all called wrath
as slumber sneaks upon
and steals the thought of man
all ridden from inner aggression...
A voyage beyond this world
In this paralell to real life
- access lies in dreams
Unveil hidden secrets in our sleep
- the key to what's beyond

In the wake of man we see
essential dreams unfulfilled
Enhance the value of life
engraved words on the page of man

In the presence of the moon
an owl awakes and calls a name
tells a story of a world
accessible only at night...

"This ain't no dream..."

Legend tells of a yesterworld
a dreamscape of strange light
"It's your dream coming true"
Transcendance of the soul
All by the sign of the moon

I am eaten away in mouthfuls by flames
that burn in the errors of our ways
In a night when the sky floats blue
as touquoise, and the stars of silver are twinkling
in their outmost pride

Now from dimensions fallen from the skies
- like the flow of a stream
From my sleep I continue onward
- sleep is just a shape of destiny

Weak sunlight of dawns to come,
dancing swiftly in the shadows
Shimmering, shining in a landscape of dreams

...landscape of my dreams
Dim reflections of the pale

a shade of grey in mind

In the presence of the moon
an owl awakes and calls a name
tells a story of a world
accessible only at night...

"It's your reality..."

Legend tells of a yesterworld
a dreamscape of strange light
"It's much more than a dream"
Transcendence of the soul
All by the sign of the moon

Soon these worlds will be one
and mankind feasts on the sights of it all
I yearn for things to come

Still wrapped in the thrall of slumber
as the mist slips away to reveal...
And the wind tears a scream from my lips
- I am there....

In the dreamscape I adore
(a moonclad reflection)