

The Art Of Dreaming

Dawn Golden

Empty is the world that's known to you
I left it behind, to eternity I broke through
Thousand times I dreamt and woke up in my bed
One time in another dream, on earth I was dead

I know of seven gates of dreaming
That one can enter into a separate reality
Not in ordinary dreams, they are not as they seem
Nothing real, the dreamer's fantasy

But if the dreamer starts to get control
Entities of other dimensions cross his way
His dreambody awakes and the wings of his soul
But woe to those not strong enough, a deadly price they pay