

## Dead Souls Dreaming

Diary of Dreams

And with these words you ask for justice?  
And do your deeds make you feel better?  
The sound of voices echoes deep into the touch  
Of my fingers, fragile, asking questions

You seemed like yourself  
Until you slaughtered,  
Until you raped these feelings,  
Until you couldn't tell apart,  
What true and what false is in your life,  
What dream or what reality is in your sleep.

And then you see them rising  
Born into your sleep  
Rising towards your horizon  
Feel these  
Dead souls dreaming  
In your sleep

Last night I heard you speaking,  
Whisper in your sleep  
You were talking about strangers,  
Longing for your dreams