

## (ver)Gift(et)?

### Diary of Dreams

Das Gift des Messias  
Rainbow's End  
The new Messiah  
Das Gift wartet auf uns am anderen Ende des  
Regenbogen

Thankful as I stumble into future  
I fall asleep in this god-given Gift  
Kind of weird your absolution  
Father, make them go!

Your hand touches my face  
As if it glides through water  
A kiss on lifeless flesh  
You should have practiced what you preach!

First you asked for darkness  
And now you want the sun  
It's been so long since someone cared

A hostage just to have a friend  
How thoughtful and how kind  
Drown my head in water  
Slice me into halves

You really think I'd care?

Legenden werden geboren und in kleinen  
gepolsterten Zimmern aufbewahrt.  
Einsam lernst Du das zu lieben was Du nie  
beruhren wirst

It is rather indefinable whether a dream can response to reality,  
or if it is possibly more likely that the knowledge  
of the existence of our subconscious being,  
which sincerely rejects what is not in our definate(range of) accepta  
nce,  
can survive much longer...

However our decision may turn out,  
the magic of its inspirative influence issurely the best proof  
to what research has made me accept...

Metablic, schizoid indeed, s-care-ful-  
d we may tremble towards our future,  
but still always being aware of nothing else more anxiously,  
but of our dreams.