

Forgotten Dead

Dying Wish

I feel I have been left alone
Surrounded by nothing but gloom
I'm dancing on the stage of chaos
Wearing the velvet gown of doom.

But wait and don't haste
Find the long lost peace inside me.
Stop looking for the end
Row back from the other side.

I can't understand the voices
Shouting in my weary head.
I fall to my knees before them
I've become a living dead.

Perhaps when the ferryman
Takes me to the other side
The dreams will be the same again
Like that of a newborn child.

(Where all the colours are still vivid
And life is like precious stones.
Imagination and reality,
I feel them both in my bones.)

[chorus]