

Behind The Walls Of Imagination

Eloy

a garden wild, yet warm and delightful:
a paradise of comforting peace.
sound and clear, a gentle touching atmosphere.
an open air, serene and refreshing;
and nature pure as it was created.
sound and clear, a gentle touching atmosphere.
sedative ringing sounds surprise the sole intruding man.
he, who's used to the noise of lies,
and often changing stands;
the sacrifice of brother's hand, deceit with dubious plans.
a world that has gone to extremes and has failed.

people surround me, peacefully, I can tell.
I see in wonder, how our links and bonds fit well.

their voices sing colourful and true;
an honesty I have never used.
ambiguity never does appear;
and barriers of speech are not feared.

harmonious singing - celestial bells I hear.
from all these people I have nothing to fear.

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