

From sleeping visions  
Daily were torn  
In waking hours  
Hopes our forlorn.  
Is all we do and all we dream  
Doomed to drown in a hopeless stream?

Wishing life were made of lasting visions  
In eternal sleep  
And if that rest were filled with sorrow  
Still we'd sleep.

In the madness of a silent eternity  
We'd find solace in  
False visions that protect us  
From reality.

Enter ivory gates through midnight skies  
Daylight dreamers in private parades  
Perform before perpetual dawn  
As dusk engulfs the gate of horn.

Ivory towers appear beyond the gate  
Invisible fortresses of escape  
Traversed by ramparts made of hopes and fears  
Impervious to reality.