

The Sanctity of Dreams

Live

Paint a moustache on the Mona Lisa
Ride a Harley through the heart of danger
Pick up a pen and fight a war for the right to dream
I was seventeen

Give up my house, sleep for nights on concrete
Meditate with all the bums on Vine Street
No more running, no more hiding in the house of the dead
I think I'll grow some dreads

I believe in the sanctity of dreams
No more running from these masqueraders
I believe that society will never dream like me

I dream of loving, of the empty graveyard
I dream of Vegas and the transcendental wildcard
A place where noone waits to die before they go into the light
And just the blind have sight

I follow nothing but the compass of my instinct
No matter where it leads, I know it will take me to the brink
And leave me there by myself and all alone with my dreams
Can you hear my scream?

I believe in the sanctity of dreams
No more running from these masqueraders
I believe that society will never dream like me
Never dream like me
Society will never dream like me
Never dream like me
Ooh ooh ooh

I believe in the sanctity of dreams
No more running from these masqueraders
I believe that society will never dream like me
Oh-oh

I believe in the sanctity of dreams
No more running from these masqueraders
I believe that society will never dream like me
Never dream like me
Society
Society will never dream like me
Society
Society
Society will never dream like me