

## 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