

# The Libertine's Dream

Marc Almond

On a bed of silken sheets he lay his head  
The pillow edged in gold and red  
A palace in his prison walls  
A feast for all, there's really only bread  
Those walls shut out the world  
Leaving him to conjure up his own instead  
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams  
And dreams  
A fantasy of sumptuous sensuality  
His reality  
Where only straw the more his mind hallucinates  
Creates desire and fire  
His thoughts pour out upon the page  
His thirst is never quenched, never tired  
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams  
And dreams  
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams  
And dreams  
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams  
And dreams  
And dreams  
He builds himself a fortress  
Fills it with the lusty, beautiful and wise  
Fantasy to fantasy  
His kingdom is a playground for desire  
And he the king within his walls  
Deliberately locks the world outside  
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams  
And dreams  
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams  
And dreams  
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams  
And dreams  
And dreams  
All the mind divine  
A cornucopia of pleasure in his mind  
But just a little sad for all these things he had  
He waits and serves his time  
With a wicked gleam he tastes his freedom  
And sets out to realise  
His dreams, his dreams, his dreams, his dreams  
His dreams  
(repeat to fade)