

Fantasies

Mechanical Poet

Electric storms, enormous worms...
The death in many violent forms.

The freezing nights, the boiling days.
A perfect hell in every way.

You're used to see just vultures around you and hear that you've
nowhere to hide.

You're used to see the same dream every night, in which you dare
to raise your eyes to the sky, and...

All your fantasies become so close, become so real.

Yes, it hurts, of course it hurts.
It's always hard to find your own way.

With every day it's getting worse.
The others try to make you do what they say.

They say you have just vultures around you.
They say that you've nowhere to hide.

They say it's not a dream in your mind, because you've already
dared to raise your eyes to the sky, and...