

It was the night before,  
When all through the world,  
No words, no dreams  
Then one day,  
A writer by a fire  
Imagined all of Gaia  
Took a journey into a child-man's heart...

A painter on the shore  
Imagined all the world  
Within a snowflake on his palm  
Unframed by poetry  
A canvas of awe  
Planet Earth falling back into the stars

I am the voice of Never, Never Land  
The innocence, the dreams of every man  
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan,  
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky,  
Every chimney, every moonlit sight  
I am the story that will read you real,  
Every memory that you hold dear

I am the journey,  
I am the destination,  
I am the home  
The tale that reads you  
A way to taste the night,  
The elusive high  
Follow the madness,  
Alice you know once did

Imaginarium, a dream emporium!  
Caress the tales  
And they will dream you real  
A storyteller's game,  
Lips that intoxicate  
The core of all life  
Is a limitless chest of tales...

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The innocence, the dreams of every man  
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan,  
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I am the story that will read you real,  
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I am the voice of Never, Never Land  
The innocence, the dreams of every man  
Searching heavens for another earth...

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The innocence, the dreams of every man  
I am the empty crib of Peter Pan,  
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky,  
Every chimney, every moonlit sight

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