

A flying sheep in a landscape of thoughts
Supposed to be out with a deed
Doesn't look for anything but the reason it is here
Looking until it's eyes stand to bleed
Invites the wolf and opens the door
Sits down on the plate and gives him the fork
Insane are the ones that opened their eyes
Most dreams are liquid like glue
Horizon describes a wall built by red and green
Dividing our world in two
A swimming sheep in the ethereal winds of time
Greets the fish with teeth sharp as ice
Freezes in that liquid massive mind
Turns his back and wonders where the pain comes from
A wandering sheep in an ocean of minds
Supposed to be out with a deed
Insane are the ones that opened their eyes
Most dreams are liquid like glue
Horizon describes a wall build by red and green
Divides our world in two