

Sleep is too quiet
dreams are too painful
truth is the bed of this ocean of lies.
Sinking through layers of untouched oblivion
soaking from spirits but still far too dry.
Losing all barbed fences Lucid - no defenses
"Where is my mother?" the child asked the soldier.
The soldier was watching them both fade away.
Nine words create an oblivion ocean:
"Dad tell me, will I be dead very long?"
Losing all I lived for. Losing all I fought for.

Oh god if you save them I swear I'll always hold them in my hand!
Oh god if you save them I'd take them west
we'd start again in the promised land.

When life is wearing thin we pray: the gods are close at hand when man is
astray. But when it all is said and done - is he to thank the gods for just
taking his son?

Sleep is too quiet, dreams are too painful
truth is the bed of this ocean of lies.
Words can create an oblivion ocean:
"dad tell me, will I be dead very long?"
Losing all I lived for. Losing all I fought for.

Oh god if you save them I swear I'll always hold them in my hand.
Oh god if you save them I'd take them west
we'd start again (then) in the promised land.