

## True Coming Dream

Pale Saints

Are you still here  
rushes on  
And you think it's wrong  
They're only in your head  
Things you create  
Just the empty shells  
Of yesterdays

So you never breathe a word  
Selfish with yourself  
Until you break in two  
all you want to do  
Until your dreams come true

Drugged sensibilities  
Sketches I have made  
all you want to do  
Until your dreams come true