

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