

What shall we do with the dreams
Who see a world we can never know
Who have found a place of wonder
Where only children dare to go

What shall we do with the dreams
Whose world has no room for hate
Whose vision of tomorrows promise
Is so far removed from our fate

For they dream of a thousand tomorrows
Each one better than the one before
A future filled with compassion
For the tired, the weak, the hungry and the poor

What shall we do with the dreamers
Who no longer answer when we ask why
Who work to make their world better
And are unafraid to try

What shall we say to the dreamers
Whose lives make ours seem so bare
Who make us feel so empty
Because they dare to care

For they dream not of thing done before
But of the miracles which lie ahead
Of the needy who can be assisted
And the famished who can be fed

What shall we make of the dreamers
When they choose not to live as we
When they say our world has no meaning
As long as others are still not free

What shall we think of the dreamers
When they no longer listen to what we say
When their silence leaves us uneasy
And they refuse to go away

For they dream of fanciful figures
Poised in mid flight
Angels with wings of grace
Floating on the light

Messengers from the next world
So unfamiliar but yet not strange
Bringing word of the new world
The beginning of the change