

Of the Dream

Steel Prophet

I waked in a mist
the landscape changing in vision
is it I who watches this
or is it some other mind
is this a dream I cannot tell
or some lost station of hell
the dampness clings to my hair
a ring I see round the moon
am I waiting to die
in the dream

my mind swims through the vapors
I can't tell what is real
swim through the underground rivers
my escape has been sealed
all by myself in the hometown
but no one here can recall
look the shadows are closer
how much more can I run
tell my mind to wake up
the thought does me no good
look to the ground for a weapon
to face the danger I flee
a rock is all that I see
I reach down and grab the stone
the beast is now upon me
I fight the thing with my strength
but I can't bring it down
lord please let me fight

hurtling thru the skies
this can't be real
I see his face
god is revealed

this is no dream
I see it's real
past and future lie unconcealed