

don't look down upon the atmosphere  
wings of stealth are broken dreams  
don't look back upon your learned years  
you seem blind to what you've seen  
now i see how far the ground  
has fallen down and round and round

time is a river and life flows away  
into the valley of dreams you've made  
soon i'll be surfing that cold astral plane  
where the dreams and the nightmares are one and the same

don't look now upon your history  
dead end streets of futures spurned  
don't look up to all you wish to be  
winding path of your sojourn  
can you see how far the ground  
has fallen down and round and round

time is a river and life flows away  
into the valley of dreams you've made  
soon i'll be surfing that cold astral plane  
where the dreams and the nightmares are one and the same