

Sons Of A Dream

Warlord

We are the pen, we are the mind, we are keepers of the light,
We are the fools, we are the free, we are Sons of a Dream.

I dream about a season
I sleep inside a place where I am free - and wandering.
I roam the deepest canyons
I soar the highest skies that I might see - my fantasies.

I am the seed of a vision
I am the one who forsees
I pray the world will remember, some day the world will believe
. . .

I live inside your reason
I breathe your thoughts, I speak what's not to be - reality.
I'm free, yet I'm in prison
I'm tame but cannot fly with broken wings - my fate will be.

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