

# 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

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