

Legion

Werkraum

Enveloped in a sentiment
A sound that rushes over me
Engage an impulse to pretend
I have a faith as pure Not forgetting what it means to dream
Indulging everything
Entertaining thoughts that I've the strength
Of those I yearn to be Cheers and tribute greet the saviors
Reckless thoughts survive
Anachronistic and impulsive And what will happen?
Will I dream?
I am too scared to close my eyes
For a second please hold me None can change in me
These things that I believe
But I don't know what happens now
I am too scared to close my eyes

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