

Corey Cyr's Sicilian Dream

[Corey Cyr](#)

I dreamt of Sicily. It came to me like the symphony of a child.
It was unknown if I was close to home where the Romans once went wild.
Was perceived to be a democracy for me to have and hold.
Across the sea, in Italy, you'll see me write stories told.
And I dream, dream, away. If I only knew, if I had a clue, as to how I'd gotten here
But I had no care, found anywhere, no care or no fear.
For in the land of new, come to you, from the view of the sea.
That amazing grace took hold of my face; this place was the place for me.
And I dream, dream, away. Out in the blue, a ship or two, were coming through the wire.
We had to run, and get our guns, waited for someone to fire.
The battle blazed, right through the day, and into the haze of night.
There were pools of blood, turning dirt to mud, one should've known this just ain't right.
And I dream, dream, away. Fell to my knees, asked the men of peace, to beseech me the question why
That anyone, with or without a gun, should be strung up and hung to die.
Wish we'd find the time we resigned our finds for those of lesser needs.
Stead of living in dread, amongst the dead, due to the thicker greeds.
And I dream, dream, away.

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