

# Into Your Dream

## Foreign Born

The snow comes falling down, like your last tears of blood,  
before the moment of faith.  
All I see is black as I drown into the flood of my thoughts.

Why can't it be, so I would have.  
The trust of a child, so blind.  
So I could go on, living, still believing,  
that everything has a meaning.

I struggle onwards in this storm.  
I sink into the cold ground.  
I sojourn around for the last time.  
Before I take my scythe and strike it into my heart.

Close your eyes.  
Just take me into to your world of dreams.  
Don't think of this world. See thru the mirror.  
Where are you?. Image of my life.  
Frame in my memory?  
At least I still have the scars...

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. Just take me into to your world of dreams.  
Don't think of this world. See thru the mirror.  
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