

# A Dream Within A Dream

## Dreadzone

For my own part  
I have never had a thought  
Which I could not set down in words  
With even more distinctness  
Than that with which I conceived it  
There is however a class of fancies  
Of exquisite delicacy, which are not thoughts  
And to which as yet I have found it  
Absolutely impossible to adapt to language  
These fancies arise in the soul  
Alas how rarely, only at epochs  
Of most intense tranquility  
When the bodily and mental  
Health are in perfection  
And at those weird points of time  
Where the confines of the waking world  
Blend with the world of dreams  
And so I captured this fancy  
Where all that we see or seem  
Is but a dream within a dream

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