

# Miracles in Yesteryear

## Dali's Dilemma

Heavenly skies of fate  
Restore the silver gleam  
To this rusted lot that borrows gloom  
Let the sun fill our eyes with gold again  
As we age among the towers  
Carry me away  
To familiar places  
Raise my spirits high  
So I'm strong with change  
Miracles  
We will remember  
Miracles  
We will remember  
Taken away the pace that longs to be forgotten  
The glass ponds feed the morrow  
So take me back to the place I call home  
Carry me away  
To familiar places  
Raise my spirits high  
So I'm strong with change  
Miracles  
We will remember  
Miracles  
We will remember  
Let the sun fill our eyes with gold again  
As we age among the towers  
Carry me away  
To familiar places  
Raise my spirits high  
So I'm strong with change  
Miracles  
We will remember  
Miracles  
We will remember

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