

# A Million Things

## Clan of Xymox

Words won't occur to me  
At half past three  
My reason die  
Why couldn't you make that choice Noise of life begins too soon  
I closed my eyes  
How could you be so cruel  
Sweet vision of mine And I keep dreaming of  
A million things  
And I keep dreaming of  
A million things  
They have wings I layed down my sleeping head  
Time burns away  
Let the living creatures lie  
Midnight visions awfully die

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