

Fantasy

The Psychedelic Ensemble

Madman:

Doctor, I have seen tears falling from on high

And this vision was painted in the sky

Then inside a light I suddenly could hear

The resounding of a music loud and clearDoctor:

Your perception, speaking strictly clinically,

Seems a kind of twisted abnormality

All the things that you say you see and feel

Are imagined, just a dream that isn't real

Just a symptom of your strong proclivity

for inventing inside creativity

You must hear what I say

Please don't slip far away

Into your dreams

So far awayMadman:

My creations are as real as they can be

There is more than one world,

Doctor, can't you see?

Though you question all my

Dreams and fantasies

Yours is not the same as my realityI can't hear what you say

I have slipped far away

Into a dream

So far away

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