

A thousand times too many times I've fallen back out of place from a dream.  
The bright sunlight a rude awakening like I'm seeing the colors leave the brush for the wall.  
That's when, into: I reach into memories I long to re-live those times those younger days.  
If only time would stop stand still maybe I could see myself.  
What I've become it's sickening this isn't me.  
No turning around no turning back now.  
I'm disappearing into my dreams I'm vanishing into the air.  
Liberation I'm free from all of this.  
Now I must go dissipate into the light.