

Preface to a Dream Play

Chelsea Wolfe

Preface to a dream play
Time and space do not exist here
And everything is possible
Throw a spear into the unknown
The clock hands begin to melt away
Replaced by the marching of your army

You were right
You were right

Those were the days
When your hair was wild and long
Those were the days
When we could do no harm
You gave it away and all you can say is
You gave it away and all you can say is

You were right
You were right
Ingmar
You were right

Hell is on Earth
Hell is on Earth
Hell is on Earth
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