

# Yesterworld

## Dark Tranquillity

Over the moor of mist and through valleys of fate  
I fly on my voyage through this moonlit landscape  
of re-emerged figments of imagination  
I am aroused in sleep....aroused in sleep

Far beyond the gate which reflects in the closed eye  
reveal that a dreamscape lies therein  
A yearning for a world  
where the everlost find their peace  
In the pearly gates of dawn  
on the astral feed of minds  
- envenomed to the bone  
forever cleansed from all called wrath  
as slumber sneaks upon  
and steals the thought of man  
all ridden from inner aggression...  
A voyage beyond this world  
In this paralell to real life  
- access lies in dreams  
Unveil hidden secrets in our sleep  
- the key to what's beyond

In the wake of man we see  
essential dreams unfulfilled  
Enhance the value of life  
engraved words on the page of man

In the presence of the moon  
an owl awakes and calls a name  
tells a story of a world  
accessible only at night...

"This ain't no dream..."

Legend tells of a yesterworld  
a dreamscape of strange light  
"It's your dream coming true"  
Transcendence of the soul  
All by the sign of the moon

I am eaten away in mouthfuls by flames  
that burn in the errors of our ways  
In a night when the sky floats blue  
as touquoise, and the stars of silver are twinkling  
in their outmost pride

Now from dimensions fallen from the skies  
- like the flow of a stream  
From my sleep I continue onward  
- sleep is just a shape of destiny

Weak sunlight of dawns to come,  
dancing swiftly in the shadows  
Shimmering, shining in a landscape of dreams

...landscape of my dreams  
Dim reflections of the pale

a shade of grey in mind

In the presence of the moon  
an owl awakes and calls a name  
tells a story of a world  
accessable only at night...

"It's your reality..."

Legend tells of a yesterworld  
a dreamscape of strange light  
"It's much more than a dream"  
Transcendance of the soul  
All by the sign of the moon

Soon these worlds will be one  
and mankind feasts on the sights of it all  
I yearn for things to come

Still wrapped in the thrall of slumber  
as the mist slippes away to reveal...  
And the wind tears a scream from my lips  
- I am there....

In the dreamscape I adore  
(a moonclad reflection)