

Shortest Straw

Dreamland

Hold on
It passes through me
I know the race is on
One's pearl
One's sunday morning
One feeling in my heart

Defend your own reflections
The strife that fingers on
Shout
Just come and get it
As I seduce the crowd

And everywhere I turn
The crowd is getting wilder

Shut your eyes I'll
Stay behind while you
Let your body fall back to the ground
You're defenseless
Trust your senses
As you're planting the seed for your own destiny

Depend
On others' knowledge
Tonight that's all that counts
More lands
To be discovered
We draw the shortest straw

A lethal combination
Inside an empty sphere
Go on
There are no contenders
Come closer, raise your hands

And everywhere I turn
The crowd is getting wilder