

From sleeping visions
Daily were torn
In waking hours
Hopes our forlorn.
Is all we do and all we dream
Doomed to drown in a hopeless stream?

Wishing life were made of lasting visions
In eternal sleep
And if that rest were filled with sorrow
Still we'd sleep.

In the madness of a silent eternity
We'd find solace in
False visions that protect us
From reality.

Enter ivory gates through midnight skies
Daylight dreamers in private parades
Perform before perpetual dawn
As dusk engulfs the gate of horn.

Ivory towers appear beyond the gate
Invisible fortresses of escape
Traversed by ramparts made of hopes and fears
Impervious to reality.