

I hear the voice of six billion or more
There must be something more than this
Dysthymic and low, numb to it all
There must be something more

A plane where the skies are tamarind
My Eden

From my dreamsigns I have been given a brand new day
Ready and willing to build away
In my nightlives I have been given an endless fuse
So I can burn my nights with you

In my waking world, I can't walk through these walls
Or feed my hands to each other
Eye-to-eye with my watch face,
To me it's flickering...
Lucidly I forge my nebulae!

From my dreamsigns I have been given a brand new day
Ready and willing to build away
In my nightlives I have been given an endless fuse
So I can burn my nights with you

I imagined hell to be like this, except with a little more fire

Nightlives

From my dreamsigns I have been given a brand new day
Ready and willing to build away
In my nightlives I have been given an endless fuse
So I can burn my nights with you

Finally I am now awake
Yet my eyes are closed
Still my dreamsigns guide me on
to the otherworld