

The Libertine's Dream

Marc Almond

On a bed of silken sheets he lay his head
The pillow edged in gold and red
A palace in his prison walls
A feast for all, there's really only bread
Those walls shut out the world
Leaving him to conjure up his own instead
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams
And dreams
A fantasy of sumptuous sensuality
His reality
Where only straw the more his mind hallucinates
Creates desire and fire
His thoughts pour out upon the page
His thirst is never quenched, never tired
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams
And dreams
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams
And dreams
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams
And dreams
And dreams
He builds himself a fortress
Fills it with the lusty, beautiful and wise
Fantasy to fantasy
His kingdom is a playground for desire
And he the king within his walls
Deliberately locks the world outside
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams
And dreams
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams
And dreams
He dreams, he dreams, he dreams, he dreams
And dreams
And dreams
All the mind divine
A cornucopia of pleasure in his mind
But just a little sad for all these things he had
He waits and serves his time
With a wicked gleam he tastes his freedom
And sets out to realise
His dreams, his dreams, his dreams, his dreams
His dreams
(repeat to fade)