



Graveyard of Reality

For a long time
There was only an empty field
Till you began to fill it with pictures
Of golden times, of life and love
But every day, more and more
They were fading back into grey

**Whatever you touch
Is turned to dust
Whatever you hear
Is drowned by silence**

So you created real life
Out of your pictures
You saw them growing up
They began to exist
Then they crumbled down
And something pulled them deep into the grave of reality

**Whatever you touch
Is turned to dust
Whatever you hear
Is drowned by silence**

*„Stay with us!“ - You hear them scream
„Don't give us up!“ - Their dying whispers out of their graves
You took the dust and formed it like clay
And silence began to be your very own symphony*

**Whatever you touch
Is turned to dust
Whatever you hear
Is drowned...**

**Whatever you touch
Is turned to dust
Whatever you hear
Is drowned by silence**