

# Via Mistica, Under My Eyelids

Under my eyelids  
In the shade of eyelashes  
There is the land  
Of my acrid hopes

There is a place where  
I'm deceiving myself  
I cherish illusions  
I retreat myself

My patience has run out  
I can't stand reality  
I'm able to daydream and never  
Wake up from a sound sleep

And only a dream  
Can cause that  
I'll find myself  
In silence and peace  
I'm shutting my eyes  
The world is opening  
And I don't want  
Leave it anymore

Don't wake me up  
Don't cut this rope  
The day is a butcher  
Allot every hour