

# Wuthering Heights, Dreamwalker

He is walking in dreams  
Not knowing reality's name  
Still - is not real the fantasy  
When believed in?

Through the shadows of what some call life  
He is lighting his way  
Not knowing if to kill or to cry

Pictures of unicorns on a hill  
Pictures of rats in a street  
Taking emotions to the extreme  
Not knowing if to live or to die

Walking in dreams; not knowing reality's name  
Not clear sighted; still a winner in his own game

Walking in dreams  
Asleep but still awake  
Walking in dreams  
Will he die when morning breaks

As he talks to the clouds you name him; crazy  
But wouldn't you like to know what he sees  
He may not understand what you say to him  
But he understands the whispers in the trees

He has created a kingdom of his own  
While you're created nothing  
Nowhere to call home

How are you to decide if wrong or right  
Is his world and the treasures there his finds  
When there he finds peace like you will never see  
'Cause when you lose your dreams you lose your mind

Walking in dreams  
Asleep but still awake  
Walking in dreams  
Will he die when morning breaks

The diversity of reality is humanity not insanity

Holy are the crazy for they dream with open eyes  
In this world where on the altar of logic  
Our dreams we sacrifice

Walking in dreams  
Asleep but still awake  
Walking in dreams  
Will he die when morning breaks

So pray for the dreamwalker  
That he will make it though  
He is the future; he is the future  
For me and for you