

The Dreamscape – Part I

by **enneade** © 2006

The awakening

A dim light starts glowing before my eyes
Distant sounds of weary chatter come flowing into my ears
A hospital smell soon tickles my nostrils as
The feel of soft sheets now tickles my fingertips:
« *I am here, I am now, back to reality* »

How I got here
I do not know
As I start to realise where I am
And my blurred mind tries to make sense
From this dim information flow

Elusive sounds and images start spinning through my head
As the recollection starts and the memories get deeper
A vivid pain shakes my body as I realise what I've been through
I can now feel the damage done
The scars so deep, my body so numb
But the horror comes from my bandaged head
And I once more elapse into my weary dreams

Into the City of Dreams

Have you ever walked the streets of the city of dreams ?
Have you ever met its evanescent people ?
Have you ever tried to speak their tongue ?
Have you ever tried to understand ?
Have you ever tried to make them feel ?
Have you ever tried to let them know ?

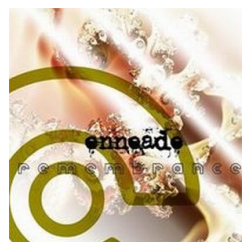
Walk the streets and you will see how empty their hearts can be
Meet their gaze and you will know how empty their eyes still are

Going nowhere
Seeing no-one
They're wandering like the un-dead
They're the ghastly people in the ghost-city

Walk the streets and you will see how empty their hearts can be
Meet their gaze and you will know

On the verge of the waking world

Strange dreams of this unknown world people my sleep
A purple sky over blue - lit mountains, and shapeless buildings beyond grassy valleys
And blemish people staring at me, undaring, as if afraid to meet my gaze
But when the terror overwhelms me, I soon wake up in my hospital bed
Dizzied by those strange visions of a dreamy voyage to a distant world



from LP « [Remembrance](#) » - Enneade ©2006