

Fill in the gaps

It was the night before
When all through the world
No words, no dreams then one day
A writer by a fire
Imagined all of Gaia
Took a journey into a childless heart
A painter on the shore
Imagined all the world
Within the snowflake on his palm
A dream of poetry
I'll tell is over
Cutting in (1) (2) in to the
stars
I am the voice of never, (3) land
The (4) of dreams from every man
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky
Every chimney, (5) (6) sight
I am the story that will read you real
Every memory that you hold dear
I am the journey
I am the destination
I am the whole mad tale that grieves you
Away to taste the night
Free and loose we fly!
Follow the madness

How do you know what's real?



- 1. falling
- 2. back
- 3. never
- 4. innocence
- 5. every
- 6. moonlit
- 7. against
- 8. read
- 9. grave
- 10. moonlit

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