

## Because I Dream

Because I dream,  
I am a should have been.  
These are the very times  
where no bells have chimes,  
the green palace is a haunted house,  
and the yellow brick road is but gravel.

Flying monkeys  
And a wretched witch  
Sing off pitch.  
They drive me to reality.  
They turn insomnia so appealing  
in the factory of lullabies of sweet lies.

Somewhere over a stream of colors  
is where I reside;  
in a rabbit hole is where I hide  
with my dear friend Alice.  
There is no wizard and my feet are bare  
because I dream.