

Lost Memories

Tin Cetic

Dreams are our forbidden reality,
They make no sense and they do not have to,
They're a strange world of no morality,
Some lost memories come back to you,

They become so unspeakably changed thus,
There is no control over dreams to keep,
But it is rather they that control us,
So command is not in our minds which sleep,

We wonder why all of these dreams begin,
Because most cannot be explained in mind,
For dreams lie before, ahead, or within,
The mind or heart cannot make this refined,

These secrets of our dreams should stay unknown,
And kept in our souls to be left alone