

## Dreamtime

- a. Dreamtime
- b. Shadows of a City
- c. Subterraneans
- d. Life in the bush

- e. Mulkurul (instrumental)
- f. Dreamtime (reprise)
- g. Dream on (instrumental)

### a. Dreamtime

Catching moments  
in the fading light  
watching ships sail  
into the night

You create worlds  
with your broken toys  
you destroy worlds  
by pure neglect

Dreamtime  
we're living in  
someone elses  
dream

Dreamtime  
we're following  
someone elses  
scheme

Watching people  
run around like ants  
got so much to do  
organizer freaks

Thoughts are scattered  
like birds in a tree  
storms are gathering  
just to clear the air

Dreamtime  
we're living in  
someone elses  
dream

Dreamtime  
we're following  
someone elses  
scheme

b. Shadows of a City

We hide in caves  
we sit for days  
starring in the dark  
walking in the park

Shadows of a city  
blood of the creature  
never going to sleep  
show me your features

We work this maze  
we know it's ways  
following a trace  
deep inside this haze

Shadows of a city  
blood of the creature  
never going to sleep  
show me your features

Shadows of a city  
blood of the creature  
never going to sleep  
show me your features

c. Subterraneans

Descending times,  
descending minds  
we live in the sewer  
they call us scum,  
they call us none  
we're subterraneans

The music's high,  
we seem to fly  
we live in our dream world  
they will not see,  
they cannot be  
we're subterraneans

we're subterraneans  
we're subterraneans  
we're subterraneans  
we're subterraneans

d. Life in the bush

When the darkness fall  
you can hear the call  
the stars are falling  
and life is sprawling

Life in the bush  
so rich and lush  
it never shows  
but you never know

But we're not ashamed  
and we'll rise to fame  
the stars are shining  
and we'll be reigning

Life in the bush  
so rich and lush  
it never shows  
but you never know

e. Mulkurul (instrumental)

f. Dreamtime (reprise)

Nightfall vision  
on the stairs of hope  
dying heroes  
sighs in despair

Marble eyed popes  
cursing in the silence  
hanging by a rope  
like the sea and wind

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g. Dream on (instrumental)