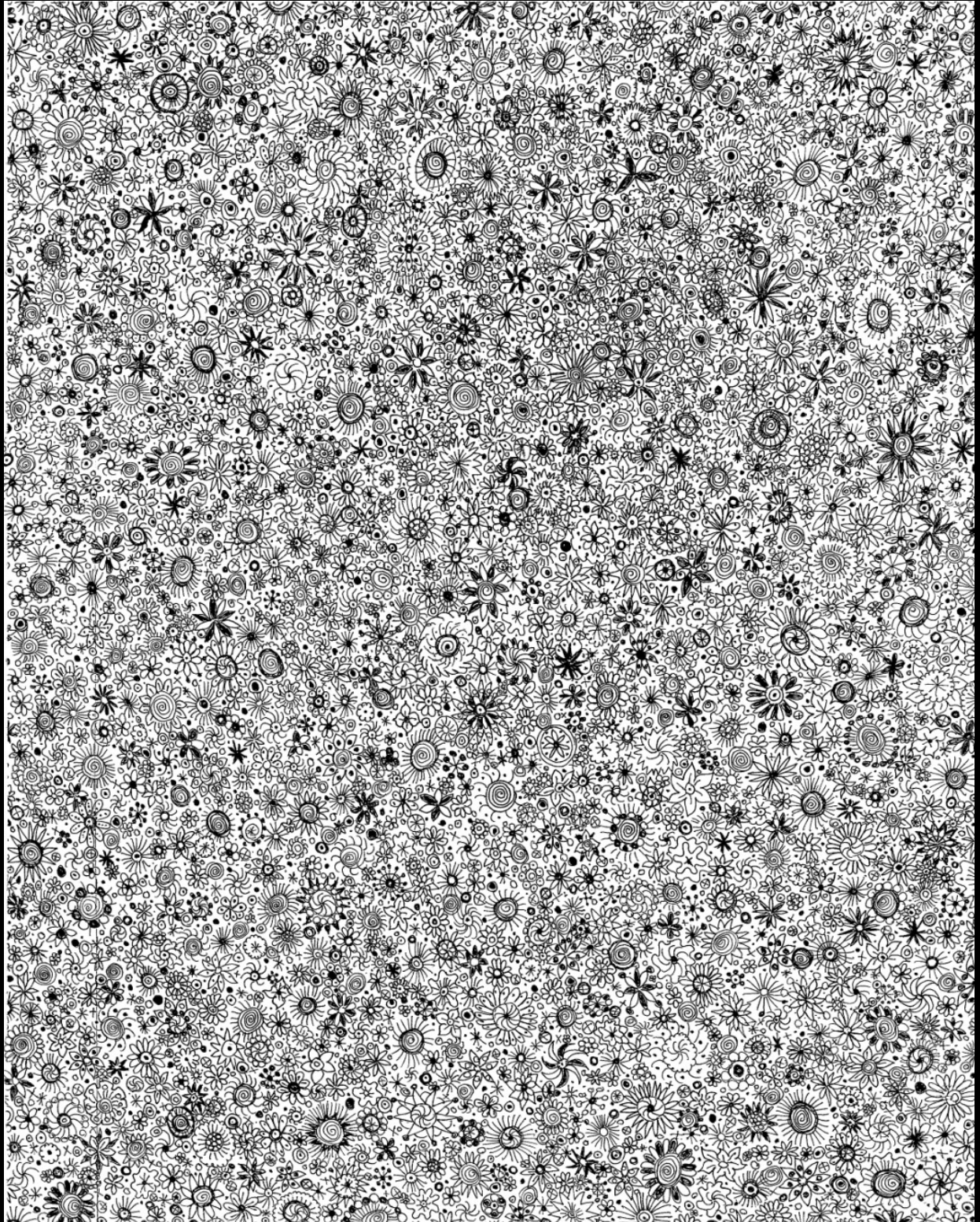


DESERT OF DREAMS



CJT

INVA

HARVEST



AS FLOWERS FELL FROM THE MASK
SO DID BEAUTY
FADE WITH THEM

PIECES OF ITS FACE
CRACKED AND BREAKING
MAGICK MIRAGE WITHIN
FLORAL FANTASY AWAKENED

IN A DEAD MEADOW
BARREN REMNANTS OF HEAVEN
LAY TAKEN BY SAND
BELOW THE RISING HOLLOW

TWO WORLDS STOOD
THE DESERT OF DREAD
AND THE DEAD DREAM

WHAT WAS ONCE WHOLE
NOW HALVED AND TORN
SHATTERED DELIGHT
WORN LIKE A HOLE



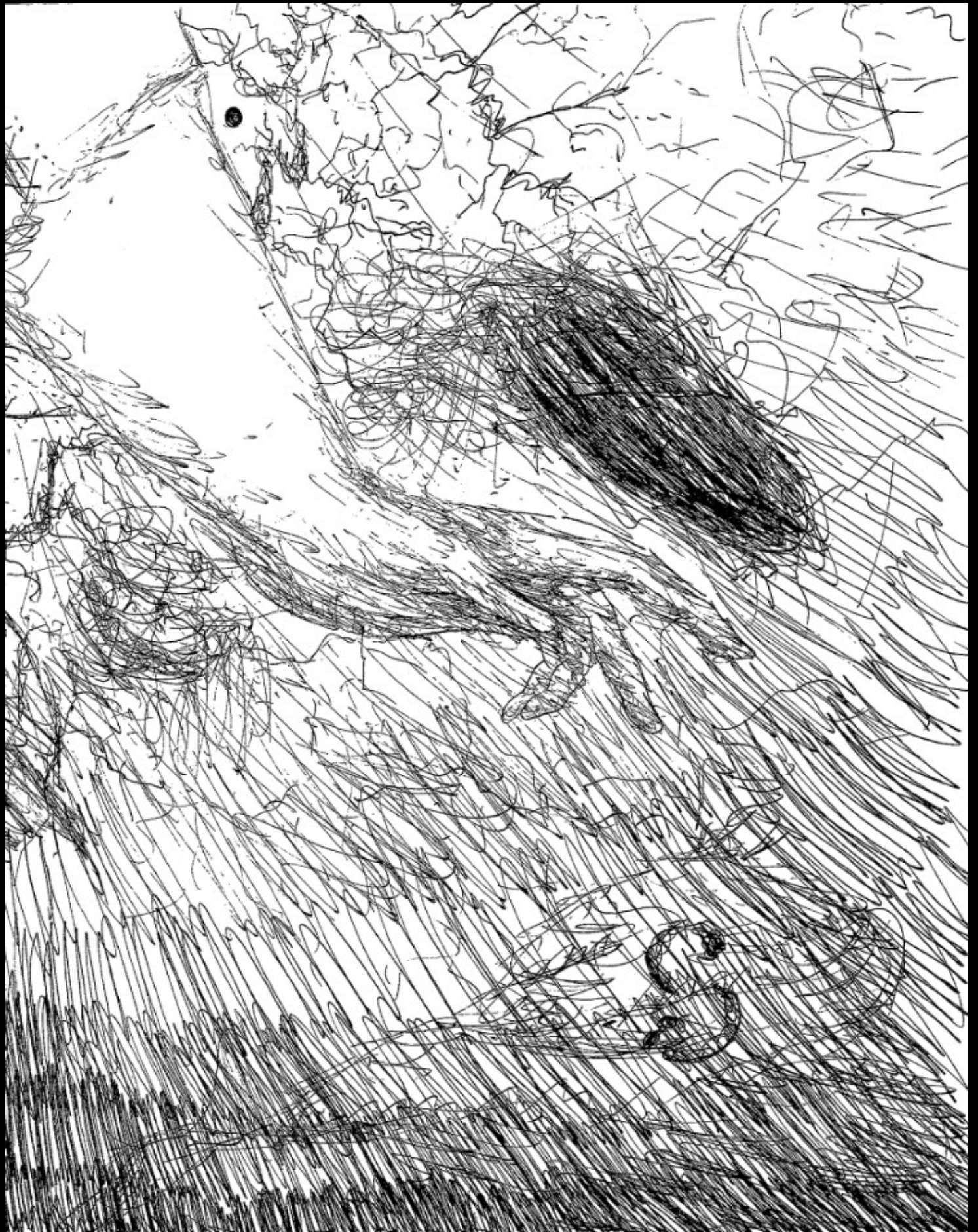


DIGGING WITHIN THE VOID
A SEARCH FOR ANY REVERIE
OF THAT BELOVED LIFE LOST

THE SWEET MEMORY VAST
BURIED DEEP BETWEEN
SEEMED ETERNAL
JUST OUT OF REACH

GRASPING AROUND
ALONG EMPTY CHASM
FEELING THE LINER
AT LONG LAST
A RELIC INSIDE

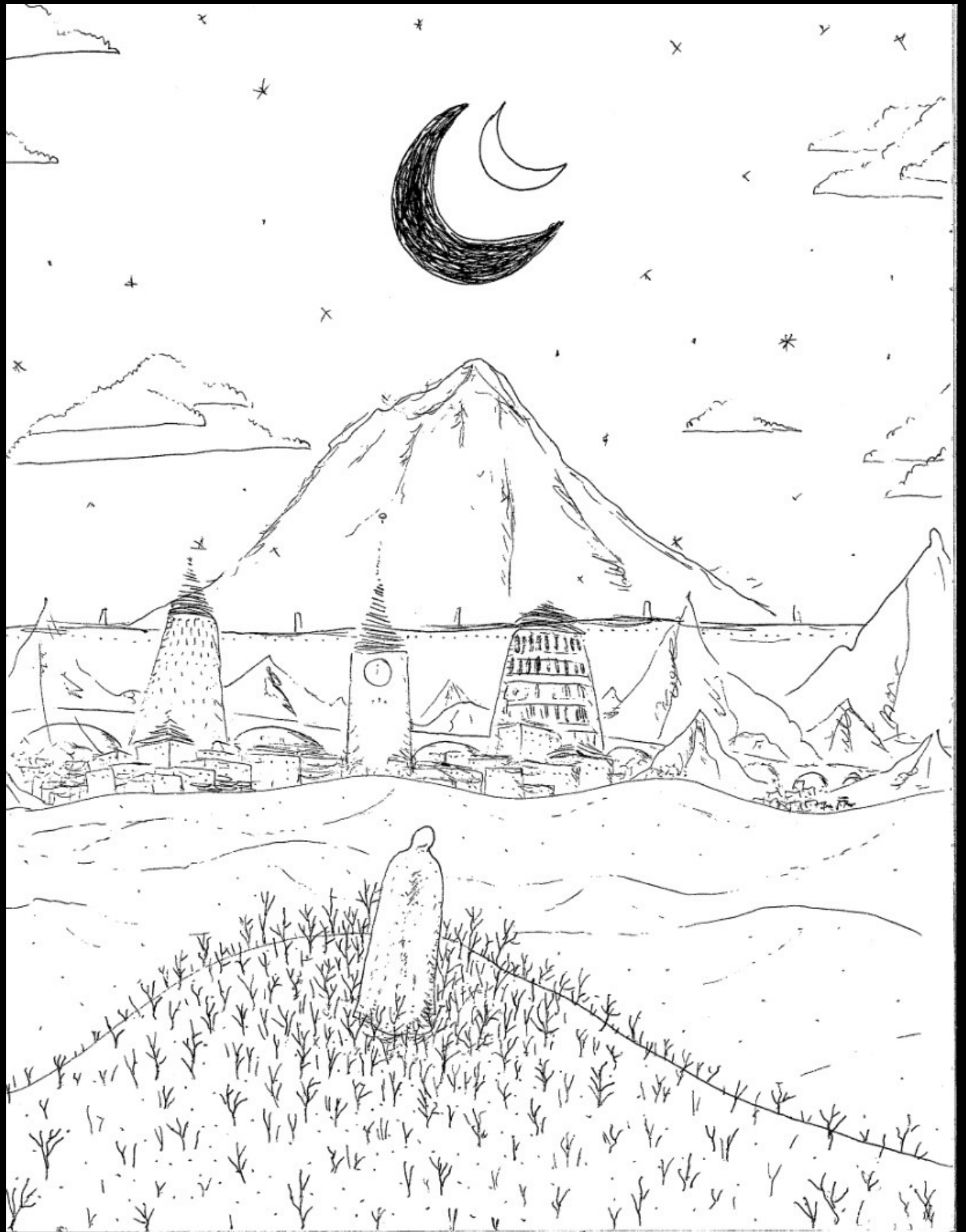








ALAS THE OLD BAG
OF ONCE HEALTHY SEED
WAS FULL OF SAND

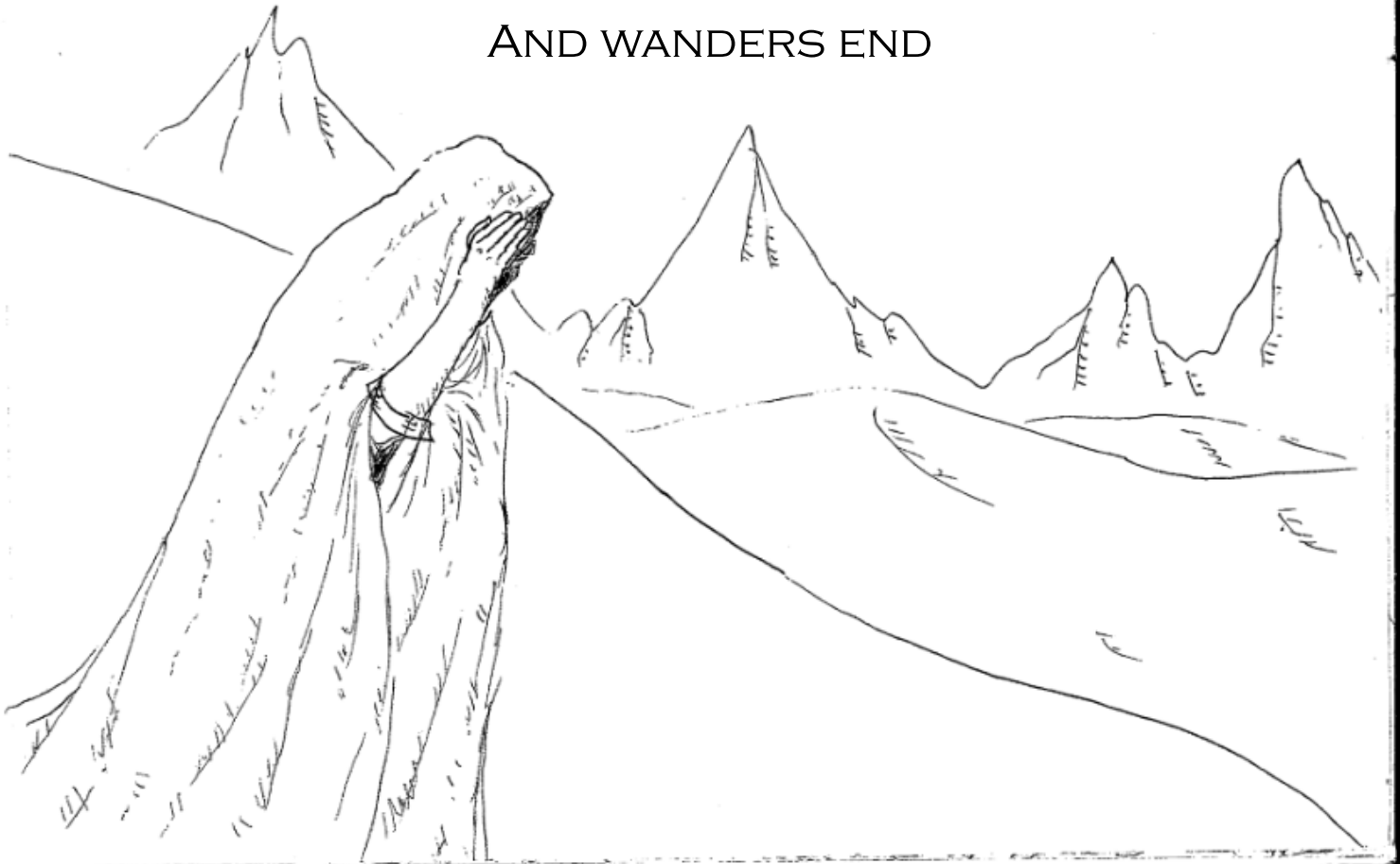


HOWEVER AN EMPTY SACK
WAS BETTER THAN NOTHING

THE VIEW OF THE CITY OF SAINTS
PROVIDED A HOPEFUL GLIMMER
IN A DESOLATE JOURNEY

THE 3 TOWERS OF FATE
COULD GRANT THE WISH

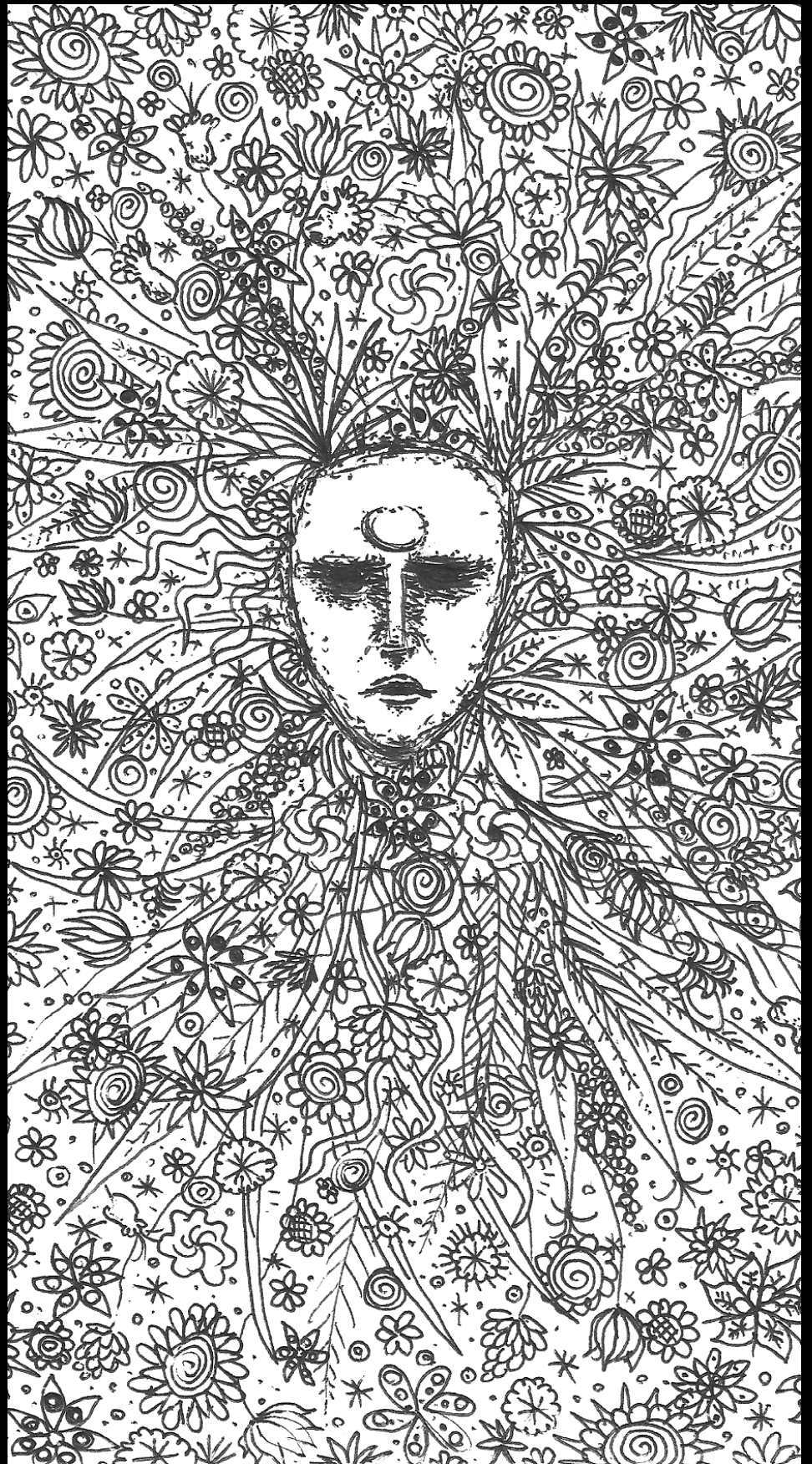
OF WONDERS
AND WANDERS END



ONWARD TOWARDS TOWN
TO AVALON AFAR
THE PROMISED LAND
PARDADISE COMETH
FREEDOM NEAR

WIND CARRY WITH WINGS
FAR FROM HERE
THE WICKED WASTELAND
PLACE OF NO THINGS
DEATHS RETREAT

BRING BACK THE SOUL
STOLEN BY HARVEST
RETURN UNTO THE TOUCH
OF LIGHTS BELONGING
BACK THERE
TO GARDENS HOME



FLOWERS FOREVER