

Philosophers' Dreams

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On a plane across the ocean
Philosophers' dreams don't fly at home
You get caught by those who know you
Mystery sinks like a stone

We all work for common wages
Of our most secret heart
Life goes on and some will see it
Maybe heed the craft or art

But if you care they treat you like a fool
Like you're not wise to all of the games known
And you seek towards a vision
Maybe more than bread alone

Here's to those who keep the lamp lit
Trying to find some other truth
And here's to all the ones in garrets
Who pass them on to me and you

When we move on some music may remain here
Something of use perhaps may be revealed
On giant shoulders we are standing
Now Titan hearts must take the field

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Now Titan hearts must take the field