

Fill in the gaps

It was the night before
When all through the world
No words, no dreams then one day
A writer by a fire
Imagined all of Gaia
Took a journey (1) a childless heart
A painter on the shore
Imagined all the world
Within the snowflake on his palm
A dream of poetry
I'll tell is over
Cutting in falling back in to the stars
I am the voice of never, never land
The 'entropy of decrees (0)
The innocence of dreams (2) every man
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (3) sky
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (3) sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (3) sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story (4) will read you real
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (3) sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story (4) will read you real Every memory that you hold dear
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (3) sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story (4) will read you real Every memory that you hold dear I am the journey
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (3) sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story (4) will read you real Every memory that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (3) sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story (4) will read you real Every memory that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination I am the whole mad (5) that grieves you
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan A soaring kite against the blue, (3) sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the story (4) will read you real Every memory that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination I am the whole mad (5) that grieves you Away to taste the night

Imaginarium, a dream emporium!	
Caress the tales and they will read you real	
A storyteller's game	
Inside he flicks the gate	
The calling (6) is a limitless chest of tales	
I am the voice of never, never land	
The innocence of dreams from every man	
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan	
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky	
Every chimney, (7) moonlit sight	
I am the story that will read you real	
Every memory that you hold dear	
I am the voice of never, never land	
The innocence of (8) from every man	
Searching heavens for another earth	
I am the voice of never, (9) land	
The innocence of dreams from every man	
I am the empty grave of Peter Pan	
A soaring kite against the blue, blue sky	
Every chimney, every moonlit sight	
I am the story that will read you real	
Every memory (10) you hold dear	



- 1. into
- 2. from
- 3. blue
- 4. that
- 5. tale
- 6. heart
- 7. every
- 8. dreams
- 9. never
- 10. that

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