

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 into 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 (1)\_\_\_\_\_ in to the stars... I am the voice of never, (2)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (3)\_\_\_\_\_ you real Every memory that you hold dear I am the journey I am the destination I am the whole mad tale that grieves you Away to taste the night Free and loose we fly! Follow the madness How do you know what's real?

## Fill in the gaps

Imaginarium, a dream emporium! Caress the tales and they will read you real A storyteller's game Inside he flicks the gate The calling heart is a limitless chest of tales... I am the (4)\_\_\_\_\_ 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, (5)\_\_\_\_ \_\_ sky Every chimney, every moonlit sight I am the (6)\_\_\_\_\_ that will read you real Every memory that you hold dear ... I am the (7)\_\_\_\_\_ of never, never land The innocence of (8)\_\_\_\_\_ from every man Searching heavens for another earth... I am the voice of never, never land

The innocence of dreams from every man

I am the empty grave of Peter Pan

A (9)\_\_\_\_\_ kite against the blue, blue sky

Every chimney, every moonlit sight

I am the story that will read you real

Every memory that you hold dear

...



- 1. back
- 2. never
- 3. read
- 4. voice
- 5. blue
- 6. story
- 7. voice
- 8. dreams
- 9. soaring

## Fill in the gaps