

# When Your Dream Dies

Music and Lyrics: Gary McGath, Copyright 1999

I dreamed a great dream for humanity,  
Where justice was lasting and worlds were free.  
The price would be high and the battle hard,  
And some would not gather the reward.  
But now I have looked on the enemy;  
I've seen what she was, what she came to be.  
There's nowhere to hide from what I now see—  
What do you do when your dream dies?

I thought I could turn evil means for right,  
To wield as a sword in a noble fight.  
For five hundred light years, three thousand years,  
I held to the dream despite my fears.  
Now who dares to tell me the price is too high,  
And how dare he tell me I've dreamed a lie.  
How dare he be right! Now let me die—  
What do you do when your dream dies?

The choice was to kill or to lose it all,  
But she too had fought, and was now a thrall.  
They made her a tool, shaped to serve their aim—  
And what's worse, I would have done the same.  
The goal which I fought for cannot be so.  
Now I must protect my most deadly foe.  
But can I buy justice with slavery? No.  
What do you do when your dream dies?