

Primary Fear

Arachnes

The eyes of a child,
A white hand in my soul;
Black ocean, hate and love,
And an old fear in my mind.
But I must go on,
And I need a new star,
I need to feel all the strength
Of the History, tonight.

WITHOUT A DEAR FRIEND,
WITHOUT A DREAM,
I'M LIKE A WARRIOR,
A WARRIOR WITHOUT SWORD.
PRIMARY FEAR, IN MIND,
AND ON ALL THE SKIN,
I'M FEELING ALL THAT, NOW,
THE PRIMARY FEAR.

But I know my dark side,
And I know the pain;
And the shadow of my madness
Is a friend with a scorner smile.