

Nyctophobia

Asia

Don't blow the candle out, just leave it by my bed
With all these ghosts and visions, trolls inside my head
Just when the wolf will howl, the dogs begin to bark
This is for real, I have a fear of the dark
And as the endless nights will overturn the days
Intellectual logic seems to vanish in a haze

Paranoia has the measure of me
Hallucinations now dictate reality
I'm hearing voices now, I wish that I could see
I look around, I know there's no-one here but me
The mirror shimmers there's an angel here at last
Always demons looking back, and laughing through the glass

Nyctophobia, fear of the dark

I am confused, I really don't know what to think
Maybe Mr. Allen does 'cause he's a Harley shrink
He asks me how I feel, I mumble "just okay"
He says "ok's not a feeling, Jack, we need to peel away
The layers of your onion, your emotional disease
Blow all these candles out, I want you on your knees"

It's way too dark in here, it's silent as the grave
It's cold and clammy, like I'm sealed into a cave
There is no air in here, I'm drowning in my fear
And if I close my eyes, the ground will disappear
I have a chronic phobia, and up until this day
There is no guarantee that it will go away

Nyctophobia, fear of the dark