

The Black Dog Syndrome

Coldworker

Canine eyes, submissive mind, this came to shape my life
Stand divided when the black dog is approaching fast
Doubts arise, the leash is bound with straps that never tie
It defies and despair is gaining ground at last

Chased into the highest gear
Tail between legs in fear
Licking my bleeding wounds
Facing this beast alone

Can't outrun
The black hound
Safety distance has decreased
On my own
Severe wounds
Fall prey when it comes unleashed

Devouring every smile
Smelling my fear, mile after mile
Following every lead
The black dog appears, superior breed

Death resides, a lethal struggle where the strong survive
Swallowed pride, falling straight into the blackest hole
On four feet, standing on the bones buried beneath
In conceit, always guarding to retain control

A fight I will never win
Facing its drooling grin
Caught in this burning black
No one to lead me back

Can't outrun
The black hound
Safety distance has decreased
On my own
Severe wounds
Fall prey when it comes unleashed

Devouring every smile
Smelling my fear, mile after mile
Following every lead
The black dog appears, superior breed