

# 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

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