

# They Feed On Our Fear

Communic

Deep under the mountain in the darkest of the forest  
In the shadows that falls from the trees  
Deep in the black lake don't dare to go near  
Don't you dare to go near

Behind the door to the closet  
Reflections in the mirror  
Every sounds you hear at night  
If you look outside you'll see their pounding eyes  
You'll see their eyes as light that glows in the night  
Hiding under your bed

They feed on our fear

Created in our dreams at night when we are asleep  
Where all the creatures of the underworld lives

Never out in the light  
Afraid to die in the morning light  
To dust they crumble of they're touched by the daylight

She have always been there since the first tall tale was told by the fire  
To their children before they tuck them into bed at night  
Tale of a Dream weaver

Stories about a beautiful siren  
With a song that fool's every man to follow

She lives deep in the lake  
Raving along in the full moons light  
Watching her children play  
Fooling around in the dead of night

Be home by dawn  
Walk in the obscure  
In the silence of the night  
Don't wake the sleeping child  
A window of glory light  
From deep within our dream

From dusk till dawn, we can hear them ponder  
In the night they come, from deep within  
Frozen to stone, while asleep at night  
The night awakens our fear  
But were always saved by the morning light

They feed on our fear

I have seen their eyes  
As lights that glows in the night  
Hiding under my bed  
Dream weaver...