

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...