

False Sleepwalker

Darzamat

In the dark you head towards the crossroads
where the wind blows without restraint
cold and soulless like a wax figure
at times rising over the clouds
you won't get here in the daytime,
you won't see anything in the light of day
the gale is flapping its iron wing
staring inside with its eyes like two abyssal vaults
The armoured heart won't break, it'll just fall into the gulf of feelings

Hundreds of nights, hundreds of days
All mercilessly sad
All cruelly lonely
All pervaded with gloom
All marked with pain

Over at the sky that never ever dawns
fell clouds of pallid spectres spellbinding shadows bleak
eyes so dark that you need to turn away lest you fall into the void
murk seeps in every night, of blackness made, in coldness carved
a swarm of morbid phantasms is teeming in your thoughts
their deathly hands upon your brow
the sleepless flock pushing at you
leering at you

Hundreds of nights, hundreds of days

Your legs heavy like black tombs
you've been roaming like that for centuries
your eyes quietly fading away like the moon over the sea
caressing like the eternal vastness of black sapphires
the muffled thunder's roaring
sleep's hounding you like a pack of wolves
watching you trapped within the stillness of dead silence