

Book of Black Dreams

Deadsy

Late night in the sheets
As your body starts to sweat and seethe
There comes a fright, a secret breeze
There comes an evil from an ancient tree
Floating pride with numbered leaves
You're reminded of the things behind you

It's everytime you feel you're getting by
It's anytime that the oceans will run dry
It's everytime you think you're going to die
Your mind's in misery

(Some way) on a distant sea
You keep track of a way to keep track of me
Somewhere through the thick debris
Up the back in the Book of the Black Dreams

Inside the future gleams
And now your mind begins a desperate plea
(But no time to/the noose tight, you) look and see
You've been blinded by the things that unwind you

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Now turn the back page
Gonna keep what you might bring
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Things are not what they seem
'Cause every nightmare the ??
Is playing back in your eternity

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