

# 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  
Book of Black Dreams  
Things are not what they seem  
'Cause every nightmare the ??  
Is playing back in your eternity

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