

Pavor Nocturnus

Evoken

Thoughts migrate nowhere, sullen birds of prey
Swallowed by jet black dreams of death in foul slumber
A world beyond affliction;
When the calling lulls us into our infinite beds
And the droning pulse of nihilism mocks us
From across lightless fissures of consciousness.
Writhing...Burning
Alive only to host the Stygian torment
Pitied we are
When deep sleep falls upon mankind.
Hopeless we fall
Into the fathomless depths of this virulent dream.

And from the haunted arms of Morpheus,
We arise to a different despair.