

Arriving As The Dark

Excalion

How different are the doors and walkways when it's dark outside

The sounds and memories appear to twist and turn the mind
The rainy days have gone on far too long to be recalled
I crossed a line
And now it's time
For another night

Looking for me
Behind the windowpane
The phantom face
Words seem to be in vain
Looking for me
Arriving as the dark
The shadowy
Dream-thing who bears a scarred mark

How different are the minds and mind-
plays when it's dark inside
I get the strongest boards to block all of my windows tight
The walls around me rise as ramparts, make me safe and sound
And still I'm far
Further from home
Than ever before