

A Ghost From The Past

Illusion Suite

The 13th each month he appears.
I lie in my bed, I can sense him.
The ghost from my past brings
A wind from the cold well of souls.

Lost in the midnight of illusion,
An entity's intrusion;
Peculiar, undefined.

Scarred of these eerie visits,
A bestial advertise.
Now you know there is no turning back
Are the ghost whispering words from the past.

I've traveled for thousands of years.
I'm hoping you finally will bring me home.
Break puzzles of spells
And these trespassing nights reach the end!

Lost in the midnight of illusion,
An entity's intrusion;
Peculiar, undefined.

If you see me don't turn away&
Do identify me with your own soul!
In this conundrum you have the parts.
You have to dare the puzzle through.

I will explain
Why I remain.
I will search the night
Until your final denial's over

Scarred of these eerie visits,
A bestial advertise.
Now you know there is no turning back
Are the ghost whispering words from the past.