

Someone's always following me  
Someone's always in my dreams  
Scary men with butcher knives  
Assume reality to take my life  
Why can't they bug someone else?  
Why can't they just leave me be?  
Little men with twenty arms  
Always f\*\*kin f\*\*kin me!  
I lay awake to calm my mind  
Hoping nightmares not to find  
Creeping crawling through the night  
Fill my fragile mind with fright...  
Hacked to pieces in my head  
Mayby I will wake up dead  
Too many times I swim in sweat  
Horrible things I can't forget  
Piece by piece I slip away  
My violent brain is held at bay  
By ugly men with purple eyes  
I wake up dead and realize  
How can my mind conjure these things?  
I wish that I would not have dreams  
'Tis a better thing to have a heatthy mind.  
That to dream in hate, forever behind?