

Nightmares

Josh Ritter

I know where the nightmares sleep
On what fodder do they feed
For two long weeks I stayed awake
Until I saw one cross your face

I knew that you had been untrue
I didn't know how but I knew
The who you spoke to in your dreams
Was never how you spoke to me
I know where the nightmares sleep
On what fodder do they feed
I followed them back down to hell
And I spent some time down there myself.

Nightmares have their dreams, as well.
And when they sleep they go to hell
And they drink their fill on lakes of blood
Canter 'cross the skull-paved
And nurse their little colts on flies
Their coltish teeth like kitchen knives
And look down from abysmal cliffs
Their dead hair by the lead wind ruffed
On denizens too deep to see
Whose own dreams nightmares' nightmares be.
I know where the nightmares sleep
On what fodder do they feed
I'd been awake so long by then
They thought that I was one of them.

Nightmares cannot be ribcaged
Midnight's just a steeplechase
Down silver needles half will go
And pin your navel to your soul
The other half will go instead
A'gallop 'cross the kicked-up bed
And find the one who's sleeping sound
And drag him down, oh drag him down
Drag him down, oh drag him down
Drag him down, oh drag him down
Drag him down, oh drag him down

Drag him down where I got took
And through he may not want to look
I'll sift hell for an equal pain.
Shard-born beetles boiling rain
I'll prop his eyes and down them feed
The same hell you both fed to me.
I know where the nightmares sleep
On what fodder do they feed
I followed them back down to hell
And I spent some time down there myself.

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