

# Dark Man Of My Dreams

Mike Scott

The dark man of dreams  
the figure without any face  
is taunting me  
is haunting me  
from his hidden place

The dark man of my dreams  
killer of the hoping heart  
is choking me  
has broken me  
since we did part

And until my awakening  
I never felt  
a single thing  
But as winter turns to spring  
I sense his loss  
in everything

The dark man of my dreams  
sentry at the slit of my soul  
If I dare to ask  
will you let me pass  
or eat me whole

Dark man of my dreams  
this information you keep  
will it frighten me ?  
enlighten me ?  
or make me weep

Perhaps you feel like stepping in  
don't fool yourself  
you ain't him !  
It's my projection, mine alone  
you've got no business here  
Go home !

The dark man of my dreams  
I'm told I'm a lot like you  
and if that means  
what I think it means  
I must be in your dreams too