

Kinds Of Solitude At Night

Quidam

When dreams into nightmares fall
I close the door to shadows' land
visions haunt my heart and soul
sweet smell of all the memories in the air
yearning to be carried away
falling to their charm
numb throughout the day
counting hours
pining for a change
desire to escape
all my thoughts is automatic
trying to fight them I wish that I could feel so
calm when the night is falling
calm when the night is in the air
calm when the night is close
come with the darkest night