The Undead Keep Dreaming

Septic Flesh

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Dreaming...

In 1981 when I was but a child,
I had the strangest dream...
Something that still is haunting me.
Dreaming...
A ray escaped my window blinds,
A carrier of the morning light.
I opened my eyes.
My clock was keeping time.
It was another normal day
I thought I was awake.
Dreaming...

The Undead keep dreaming

My face! When I looked at the mirror,
I felt somesthing was wrong.
A strange thought in my head "Am I really awake?"

The Undead keep dreaming

I found myself again in bed confused by what occured
And everything as usual just seemed to be in place.
But when I questioned what I felt, in front the mirror Black,
The comfort of the morning light was stolen from my heart.

In agony I tried to leave this dream and just awake,
But on and on I found myself returning in my bed.
I lost the count of times I tried and failed to reach the Day
And even now I am not sure if I am here awake.

The Undead keep dreaming...
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