

Where Nightmares Come

Of crippled heart and
crooked mind.
A violent mist of
thoughts unkind.

Of a lack of virtues,
no taste for life.
Of endless sorrow
and a fury's might.

In darkened nights
a soul must dwell.
And lie within
that silent hell.

Tormented through
thoughts own deeds.
Where nightmares come
and on souls feed.

Consume oh Ravens
flesh from bone
and strip these thoughts
as cold as stone.

Feast on fear, on pity
and on pride.
Whilst under blankets
my soul does hide.