

Three Ghosts

Vanden Plas

Cold the night - cold
December cold
When it's coming over me
Cold as ice - painting crystals of my ghosts
On the ceiling of my dream
Every night they're falling
From somewhere out of time
Underneath the surface of my mind

One by one like from a distant sun
From an outer wasteland
One by one they speak a different tongue
The three lunatic spacemen

Cold the night - cold
December cold
Every night they come again
I close my eyes
But wide awoken as they climb up the stairs
Into my sleep
Every night they're waiting
Underneath my bed
Is it real or just inside my head

One by one like from a distant sun
From a foreign graceland
One by one they speak a different tongue
The three lunatic spacemen

And my phantoms rising there beside my bed
Like a fragrance vaporizing in my head
Mighty strong and scary like an incubus
First they are eating souls and then the rest of us
Now they know my hideaway
And they know my face
Unearthly whispering "Gideon Grace"
Number One is "Breather"
Two "Life-eater"
Three "The Fright"
May death cut the final threat
Of my speech here tonight - here tonight

One by one like from a distant sun
Here they come and find me
One by one they speak a different tongue
The three lunatic spacemen
One by one by one by one
One by one by one by one