

The Draining (remix)

Ancient

How deep is your sleep? That I may not interrupt your turbulent dreams?

Disrupting the sanity of slumber, the vile and wretched creature from the Astral realm stands right before you.

Purple mist slips through window

Chovering above your miserable shape.

"What turmoil spoils my evening Bliss?"

A turmoil savor permeates your nostrils.

Fright upon awakening your frigid cast paralyzed and spellbound

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Fiery eyes piercing through your alarmed soul, as ethereal tentacles

Penetrate the energy shield. It's the Draining, It's the draining,

Draining, drainingóó..

How does it feel to be drained so feverishly? Fear carries a rather

Exquisite taste. I only take as much to leave you terrified. My victims

Shall become my bounded disciples.

"As the satiated vapor disappears from sight, know that I may come again

Some other dreary night."