

## Curfew

Anubis Gate

Do you remember who I am?  
A voice of hope, ad nauseam  
I prayed that you would see  
The crooked road you took belonged to me

We only speak when half asleep  
Within your dreams I tend to keep  
Your very soul aside  
From the dreary train of thoughts  
Your brains provide

Time's tight for you  
The longer you wait  
The less your dreams come true  
And I wish that you  
Would make it  
Through these dark December days  
Before curfew

You crawled into my memory  
An extreme extent of wannabe  
You left yourself behind  
To keep the haunting ghost of me in mind  
You can turn back, you can decide  
If your life should still be occupied  
By this long gone friend  
Whose days were suicidal 'till the end

Time's tight for you  
The longer you wait  
The less your dreams come true  
And I wish that you  
Would make it  
Through these dark December days  
Before curfew