

## False Sleepwalker

Darzamat

In the dark you head towards the crossroads  
where the wind blows without restraint  
cold and soulless like a wax figure  
at times rising over the clouds  
you won't get here in the daytime,  
you won't see anything in the light of day  
the gale is flapping its iron wing  
staring inside with its eyes like two abyssal vaults  
The armoured heart won't break, it'll just fall into the gulf of feelings

Hundreds of nights, hundreds of days  
All mercilessly sad  
All cruelly lonely  
All pervaded with gloom  
All marked with pain

Over at the sky that never ever dawns  
fell clouds of pallid spectres spellbinding shadows bleak  
eyes so dark that you need to turn away lest you fall into the void  
murk seeps in every night, of blackness made, in coldness carved  
a swarm of morbid phantasms is teeming in your thoughts  
their deathly hands upon your brow  
the sleepless flock pushing at you  
leering at you

Hundreds of nights, hundreds of days

Your legs heavy like black tombs  
you've been roaming like that for centuries  
your eyes quietly fading away like the moon over the sea  
caressing like the eternal vastness of black sapphires  
the muffled thunder's roaring  
sleep's hounding you like a pack of wolves  
watching you trapped within the stillness of dead silence