

# Nightmare

Gothminister

When I was a child, I used to live across the street  
From here, on those sleepless nights a faint bell and  
A harsh cough filled the air  
Nothing will remain  
He will ease you from your pain  
If you shall reign this world  
Embrace your nightmare

They said he once rose from the earth  
To help people die, to resurrect and join his  
Army of walking undead  
He will release you from your pain  
If you shall get your revenge in the end

He was a lunatic from my worst nightmares  
They said he used to lure sleepless and unaware children  
And in his dark cellar he would end their lives  
Consume their brains,  
and thus reconquer the ability of being creative again  
And to live happily as only a child can,  
in it's pathetic fantasy world

On Sunday nights I often walk pass that old house,  
where I used to live as a child  
Last night, when I passed the house,  
I heard a faint sound of a bell in the wind  
I was wondering if others also could hear it,  
that bell, and my harsh, nagging cough  
that I can't get rid of