

Dad Dreams

Impetigo

Someone's always following me
Someone's always in my dreams
Scary men with butcher knives
Assume reality to take my life
Why can't they bug someone else?
Why can't they just leave me be?
Little men with twenty arms
Always f**kin f**kin me!
I lay awake to calm my mind
Hoping nightmares not to find
Creeping crawling through the night
Fill my fragile mind with fright...
Hacked to pieces in my head
Mayby I will wake up dead
Too many times I swim in sweat
Horrible things I can't forget
Piece by piece I slip away
My violent brain is held at bay
By ugly men with purple eyes
I wake up dead and realize
How can my mind conjure these things?
I wish that I would not have dreams
'Tis a better thing to have a heatthy mind.
That to dream in hate, forever behind?