

The Festival

Reverend Bizarre

I carry on, I can hear the eastern sea.

Under the hill the city sleeps in silent wintertime.

How many times have I walked this bridge across the stream?

Yet in my mind I know I never walked this road before
Deep in my dreams lies horror to the books that should
not be.

There is no-one to keep those dreams locked deep inside of me.

How can this be? My father did not mention any tunnels.

Descending slowly, with creatures that should crawl instead of walking.
Oh Lord, have mercy on my soul!

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