

Arriving As the Dark

Excalion

How different are the doors and walkways when it's dark outside

The sounds and memories appear to twist and turn the mind

The rainy days have gone on far too long to be recalled

I crossed a line

And now it's time

For another night Looking for me

Behind the windowpane

The phantom face

Words seem to be in vain

Looking for me

Arriving as the dark

The shadowy

Dream-thing who bears a scarred mark How different are the minds and mind-plays when it's dark inside

I get the strongest boards to block all of my windows tight

The walls around me rise as ramparts, make me safe and sound

And still I'm far

Further from home

Than ever before

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