They Feed On Our Fear

Communic

Deep under the mountain
In the darkest of the forest
In the shadows that falls from the trees
Deep in the black lake
Don't dare to go near
Don't you dare to go nearBehind the door to the closet
Reflections in the mirror
Every sounds you hear at night
If you look outside
You'll see their pounding eyes
You'll see their eyes
As light that glows in the night
Hiding under your bedThey feed on our fear
Created in our dreams
At night when we are asleep
Where all the creatures of the underworld livesNever out in the light
Afraid to die in the morning light
To dust they crumble if
They're touched by the daylightShe's always been there
Since the first tall tale
Was told by the fire
To their children before
They tuck them into bed at night
Tale of a dream weaverStories about a beautiful siren
With a song that fool's every man to follow
She lives deep in the lake
Raving along in the full moon's light
Watching her children play
Fooling around in the dead of nightBe home by dawn, walk in the obscure
In the silence of the night
Don't wake the sleeping child
A window of glory light
From deep within our dreamFrom dusk till dawn, we can hear them ponder
In the night time they come from deep within
Frozen to stone while asleep at night
The night awakens our fear
But were always saved by the morning lightThey feed on our fear
I have seen their eyes
As lights that glows in the night

Hiding under my bed, dream weaver

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