

# The Shadow

## Paradigma

Every night I feel it behind me  
Every night I sense its presence  
Every night it's haunting me  
As ominous as my dyed conscience  
Every night it turns every dream  
Into a frowsty nightmare  
Every night I want to turn  
And finally face this shadow  
In a frowsty chill  
A mist of fear  
The one I do not wish to know  
Resides my every dream  
The Shadow, my unseen  
Beholding captor  
Every night I feel it behind me  
Every night I want to face its nature  
But never this do I dare  
For saw I it, surely die would I  
Last night, in my dream I turned  
To face the faceless peril  
How morbid my dreads then seemed  
As I saw my own distorted face  
In a moisty chill  
A dreadlike mist  
The one I resist to know  
Enshrouds my every dream  
The Shadow, my hidden  
Second I

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