

Eisley, Dream For Me

Night falls...am I dreaming?
The fears are toying with my head
And I'm swept away by the wind
And I can't fight them anymore...
Anymore.

Frantically, I run for my life
Oh, I'm faint with fear
Chase me down with your knife
And I don't want to die
Chase me down with your knife

Tears of pain and salt
Fall once again
Your twisted schemes
Scrape my mind with your hand
And I don't want to die
Chase me down with your knife
And I don't want to die
Chase me down with your knife
And I don't want to die
Chase me down with your knife

Sleep my little child and rest in me...
Sleep my little child and rest in me...
Sleep my little child and rest in me...