Gary Numan, Deadliner

So I close my eyes and drift into sleep,
But something is here,
In the dark, in the dream.
Like a cruel wind clutching my heart,
I feel more than I see,
Like a clue to a nightmare that I can't believe.
Then it touches me and I try to scream,
And a thought tears me inside.
And I will do anything,
Anything, you understand?
Just to wake up.

Sometimes it almost makes me cry.
Sometimes it seems to call my name out loud.
Sometimes it feels like I'm alone
And then it comes for me again.

I'm told it's called the un-reality dream.
I'm told it's called the great American lie.
I'm told that this is like the vengeance of God.
I can't believe that God would do this to me.

I've known fear many times, but nothing like this.
I'm so scared I can't breathe.
I know I'm asleep, but I know this is real,
And no one can help me here.
I'm deep inside something, and I may never come back,
And then it was gone,
And then I realised that the rush brought it in,
And I will never sleep alone again.

Sometimes it almost breaks my heart.
Sometimes I swear I hear it laugh at me.
Sometimes it feels like I could die
And then it leaves my dreams again.

Feels like I'm fighting the possession of my soul.
I'm told that this is called the sickness of need.
I've got to cut the sex connection and slide
A word of warning to the weary and wise.