

# Lemon Demon, Somnolence

Miraculous in its own way,  
Borrowing time from space.  
The color scheme is familiar,  
Maybe it's painted that way.

A shadow dances in your memory,  
It happens while you sleep.  
Do you remember why it's there?  
Is it a subset of reality?  
A scepter in a shell?  
Or is it the other way around?

Welcome to Somnolence.  
Oneiric Somnolence.  
Approaching Somnolence.  
Oneiric Somnolence.

Cascading into your mind's eye,  
Shaping your night, shaping your life.  
The color scheme is familiar,  
Maybe it's painted red,  
But it's in your head forever.

We are Pandoras when we fall asleep.  
Our memories are locked  
Inside a box inside a mind.  
They roll to the deep end from the shallow end.  
It happens while you sleep.  
And you are dreaming all the way.

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