

# Quasi, Goblins And Trolls

Goblins of memory, creeping through the door -  
Trolls of anxiety, crouching on the floor...  
& every one was there to haunt me in my fear.  
But now that you're near, I can make them disappear  
Back to their lair 'til the time when you're not there.  
It all spirals wrong when you lie awake 'til dawn:  
A meaningless existence & a worthless little song.  
Counting sheep never helped me get to sleep,  
But sleep comes deep when you're with me in the sheets.  
Oh, my dear, make the devils disappear.