## Tristania, Shadowman

At night - asleep Nightmares - not dreams Drag me through the dirt There is no place to run - nor hide

He's in my blood I try to keep him out He rules the pain He makes up the ugly thoughts The rotten words He distracts my nerves

His claws His poisoned laughter twists the knife His long sharp teeth Motionless silence Sullen muttering

He holds the blame He's in my veins

He holds the blame
I try to keep him out
He rules the pain inside
He makes up the ugly thoughts
The rotten words
He distracts my nerves

I've never seen his face
But I have felt his breath so many times
Soaked in sweat
Sleepingpills and cigarettes
But when the day
chases the night away