

# Amberian Dawn, Incubus

Preacher:

"It's not a dream, and it is not your imagination."

I'm lying in my bedroom restless at nights  
and feeling someone's lying next to my side.  
I hear a heavy breathing  
someone's next to me and watching me!

Incubus: Sweet dreams now come to me, your flesh is weak!

I sense and know its prescence yet I'm asleep!  
Someone is preying upon my sleeping mind!  
Whispering, calling, desiring  
and squeezing with all its might  
it's trying to take over me and choke me!

A Nightmare seizes me in a freezing grip  
I feel cold fingers running, taking a grip.  
This spirit's lurking in my sleep  
and giving in I'll sleep for ever more!

Incubus: Sweet dreams now come to me, your flesh is weak!

I sense and know its prescence yet I'm asleep!  
Someone is preying upon my sleeping mind!  
Whispering, calling, desiring  
and squeezing with all its might  
it's trying to take over me and choke me!

Preacher: The flesh is weak!

Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh!

I sense and know its prescence yet I'm asleep!  
Someone is preying upon my sleeping mind!  
Whispering, calling, desiring  
and squeezing with all its might  
it's trying to take over me and choke me!