

# Axamenta, Deciphering Darkness

I should have known they came in disguise;  
I had no idea of the horrors in stored for me in them...  
Why do things happen as they appear in dreams?  
And when I dream, I dream of memories....  
Dreams or memories of reality....  
I cannot tell what are my own...  
And the dreams always return,  
and all the terror and the evil that came with these memories were born  
within my dreams...  
What was left of my sanity told me not to indulge myself to them....  
but as I was lured into them that voice was nothing more than a whisper...  
And now I am losing everything that is left of my humanity...