

Bob Catley, Fear Of The Dark

As the fog moves in silence
Not a sound disturbs the peace on "middle earth";
And the cold gloom seems timeless
As she waits to fall asleep on "middle earth";

Where do we go to stop remembering?
Where do we go to start again?

Now the full moon is climbing
Through her window like a thief on "middle earth";
To the black room she lies in
As she prays 'my soul to keep' on "middle earth";

Where do we go to find the remedies?
How could we know it never ends?

It's a fear of the dark she's feeding, through the tears as her heart despairs
And it tears her apart revealing, every piece, every part is scared
It's a fear of the dark she's feeding, in her mind it's beyond compare
For there's no turning back, no leaving, while her fear of the dark is there

It's a nightmare, this island
She remains, her world in chains, on "middle earth";
It's a private asylum
Locked away till daylight breaks on "middle earth";

And after all, who can prepare for this?
We're just like candles in the wind

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Daylight is fading
So rest your weary head upon my cheek
For the measure of the day, the light is hours away
Tonight could hold the key to set you free

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