

# Deicide, Enchanted Nightmare

When you're asleep where you hide from the truth,  
Deep in you're dreams of the mental abuse.  
Standing in fire of blasphemies name, imaging me killing you,  
Stabbing like pain, drive you insane, you have been cursed and the curse will remain.  
I wont forget and will haunt you to death, dance on your grave when you die.

Stifle your screams, me and my stare, over the edge into cries of despair,  
Eyes are upon you, I wait you expose,  
Then only then will my evil let go,  
Yours for the asking has brought you ill will,  
Enchanted nightmare I dream of you killed.

Curse you with evil and bad luck and death  
Master of black arts inside of your head  
Enchanted nightmare, you'll never know peace till you die,  
When you're asleep which I don't think you can,  
I am the conscious that's driving you mad,  
Ever forever relentless and vain, suicide thought will be I.  
Wanting your dead is all that I dream, for all the years that you ruined for me.  
In every breath I will wish on you pain, your guilt will be your demise.

Lost in the scheme, storybook dream, still empty handed I promise to the,  
Slowly it kills you, and without a sound, evil upon you forever and on,  
Consensual victim of your own free will.  
Enchanted nightmare my blood has been spilled.  
Curse you with evil and bad luck and death  
Master of black arts inside of your head  
Enchanted nightmare, you'll never know peace till you die.