

# Faction, Dark Room

Sleep does not exist at all, my efforts are in vain  
I strike a match to light a smoke, a whisper speaks my name  
Moonlight penetrates the shade, there's an image up on the wall  
What has entered by blackened world, a whisper makes its call  
When you finally wake up, your memory won't recall  
What's about to happen in this dark room, you will arise and that is all  
Thinking that it was just a thought, a trick I played on me  
I laugh aloud but to myself, I could have sworn that I just screamed my head off  
Desperation gets me out, I gotta get some sleep  
Food, the late show never help, you don't even bother counting sheep  
Back into my dark room where my thoughts all reign supreme  
After my fourth cigarette that whisper's getting mean  
Dead weight lies beside me, so I turn the other way  
"Your bed holds not security"  
I heard the whisper say.