

# Nyktalgia, Pavor Nocturnus

This nameless, tedious Agony I feel  
A depressing Darkness Tragedy  
The walls stare empty and cold  
A Rush of mischievous thoughts so old  
Stare into a lost Souls space  
Whispering Curses - Insomnias Face  
Pain decelerates Times  
Burn in Sleep the fears of mine  
A Nightmare of brooding and Apprehension  
The Shroud of Self-Contemplation  
Breast full of burdensome Sadness  
Shrinking Existence - Resignation Madness  
Profound anxiety, miserable me  
Forlorn in time and burning alive  
Shrill at your life for cursing thee  
At last in dark oblivion you dive  
Upon the weary eyes and wasted brain;  
And all sad scenes and thoughts and feelings vanish  
In that sweet sleep no power can ever banish,  
That one best sleep which never wakes again.  
Aequo animo excipe necessaria...