

Old Mans Child, The Dream Ghost

A face so pale by fear I know you dream of me human
I am watching you I make thoughts come true
Trapped in a night so young in a place where the sun is gone,
your mind is in my realms your life is in my hands
I am the dream maker the sprirt of evil creat
or lord of endless nightmares the beast of twilight despairs
So strange, can you feel the pain or are you just going insane
welcome to an unknowned sphere a state of mind so absurd
Take my hand and walk with me far within your own fantasy
fall into your deepest mind and a place behind you will find