

Oneiroid Psychosis, October

OCTOBER

I'm running through dark twisted trees
You're laughing and one step behind me
But this game has begun to scare me
A cold wind rushes through me
And I sense your presence in me
You're breathing through me,
breathing through me
I close my eyes and I let go
As I feel you tugging at my soul
But am I dreaming? Am I dreaming?