

Paradigma, The Shadow

Every night I feel it behind me
Every night I sense its presence
Every night it's haunting me
As ominous as my dyed conscience

Every night it turns every dream
Into a frowsty nightmare
Every night I want to turn
And finally face this shadow

In a frowsty chill
A mist of fear
The one I do not wish to know
Resides my every dream
The Shadow, my unseen
Beholding captor

Every night I feel it behind me
Every night I want to face its nature
But never this do I dare
For saw I it, surely die would I

Last night, in my dream I turned
To face the faceless peril
How morbid my dreads then seemed
As I saw my own distorted face

In a moisty chill
A dreadlike mist
The one I resist to know
Enshrouds my every dream
The Shadow, my hidden
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