

Project Pitchfork, Nightmares

Nightmares

This town
A dark town
No pleasure
No peace
Just hate and violence

The rats gnaw at dead corpses
Which are adorn the quarters
They're now the masters

This is a nightmare
You wake up ahivering
A sweat-sea under your bed
You're frightened
And you look around
It seems like you smell still the decay□

Wake up look around
Wake up again sink in your bed
Wake up again is this reality?
Wake up again there is nothing but you
Wake up again you're not sure
But you go to work
You're going to work

Next night you go to bed
You don't know what to await
Again and again you got these dreams
You've had enough
You will end it up
This time it's a graveyard
You don't want it anymore
This time it's so realistic
Zombies hite you

Wake up look around
Wake up again sink in your bed
Wake up again is this reality?
Wake up again there is nothing but you
Wake up again you are not sure
But you go to work

This is a nightmare