

Twilightning, The Escapist

Caught in the cryptic frontiers of mind
Just having fun, this weird old guy
In a haven rather hard to find
For those who do not dare to fly

The gates of bedlam open wide
As he explores his hidden side

Deeper, deeper into the fathomless abyss
To rule the kingdom of his own
That's for no-one else to be shown
Dreamer, seeker of the grim reaper, they say
But the escapist knows the way
En route to Elysium, never have to feel lonesome

Hanging around with Morpheus at night
Taking a nice nocturnal jaunt
Drinking wine with this immortal wight
All the way until the day has dawned

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