

Wyrd, They

Things are different at night
They are waiting just out of sight
Faces in the window of an empty house
Whispers echoing through silent halls

Alone
Never alone
Alone
Never again
Alone
They'll never leave me
Alone
They'll never let me be

Things are different at night
They are waiting outside the light
Reflection in the mirror. Not mine
Thoughts inside my head. Not mine