

The Nightmare Warrior

There lies within each conscious mind
A realm of dark and light combined,
where battle lines are drawn with thought
Here good and evil ways are fought.

To some these battles leave a scar
And scatter sanity afar,
It is, to this dark brooding hell
Where sanity is forced to dwell.

It's here, within your darkest thoughts,
That the battle will be fought,
And there upon this darkened land
The nightmare warrior commands.

He holds your eyes and will to scenes
Performed by you, within your dreams.
The nightmare side of fantasy
Is played for only you to see.

You gaze tormented, seek to kill,
The darkened scenes that hold you still,
And somewhere, lurking close at hand,
The nightmare warrior bids you stand.

You shake at such depravity,
Cry and scream for sanity,
But the ceaseless dreams go on,
The dreams are yours and yours alone.

You stand the hell, till finally,
There comes a scene you dare not see,
And fighting madly with the spell

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You stop the scene and face the hell.

There silently, outraged, you stand,
Within this dark and timeless land.
Sick with fear you rage within
And turn upon this savage twin.

With angry eyes you seek to find
A sword of reason, in your mind.
And then with hope, you turn to face,
This nightmare, cause, of your disgrace.

Armed with reason as your sword
You beat down on this shadowed lord,
Slashing at this devil king
You feel the sword of reason sing.

Onward, onward through the dark
You force away this gliding shark,
Stabbing, thrusting for the right,
To stand again within the light.

You fight until at reasons door,
This nightmare king, is no more,
And in thankful prayer, You smite,
The door between the dark and light.

Here, before reality,
You step out into sanity.
And through the innocence of tears,
You drive away the insane years.

You look upon the coming dawn
And hope that you are now reborn,
And pray that you will never see,
That dark, dark land, insanity.