

Faction

"Dark Room"

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Sleep does not exist at all, my efforts are in vain
I strike a match to light a smoke, a whisper speaks my
name
Moonlight penetrates the shade, there's an image up
on the wall
What has entered by blackened world, a whisper
makes its call
When you finally wake up, your memory won't recall
What's about to happen in this dark room, you will arise
and that is all
Thinking that it was just a thought, a trick I played on
me
I laugh aloud but to myself, I could have sworn that I
just screamed my head off

Desperation gets me out, I gotta get some sleep
Food, the late show never help, you don't even bother
counting sheep
Back into my dark room where my thoughts all reign
supreme
After my fourth cigarette that whisper's getting mean
Dead weight lies beside me, so I turn the other way
"Your bed holds not security"
I heard the whisper say.

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