

Nyktalgia "Pavor Nocturnus"

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This nameless, tedious Agony I feel
A depressing Darkness Tragedy
The walls stare empty and cold
A Rush of mischievous thoughts so old

Stare into a lost Souls space
Whispering Curses - Insomnias Face
Pain decelerates Times
Burn in Sleep the fears of mine

A Nightmare of brooding and Apprehension
The Shroud of Self-Contemplation
Breast full of burdensome Sadness
Shrinking Existence - Resignation Madness

Profound anxiety, miserable me
Forlorn in time and burning alive
Shrill at your life for cursing thee
At last in dark oblivion you dive

Upon the weary eyes and wasted brain;
And all sad scenes and thoughts and feelings vanish
In that sweet sleep no power can ever banish,
That one best sleep which never wakes again.

Aequo animo excipe necessaria...

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