

The Crüxshadows "Monsters"

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Hide the window watching
Give hands that push the faces back
Shiver in the alleys
And dying in the cold
Little hands and little faces
What are you running from?
They're creeping on your satin sheets
And dancing in your nightmare

Watching at the window
The ledge which we provide
There's something up above me
There's something scratching softly
Little monsters in the chimney
All black and stained with soot
Come creeping to my bedroom
And lead me here to sleep

Dancing in your darkness
Dancing in your fear
Forgetting all your hidden monsters
Shedding all your tears

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