

Those Who Lie Beneath "Lucid Nightmare"

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It always started the same way.
Seated next to the same two large men.
Everything was the same,
And always as vivid as the first time it happened.

Eyes closed between these two large men,
The smell of sweat in my nose.
Same baby crying,
Always the same mother-fucking baby crying.
Through the pass, we hear the horn,
Of an oncoming nightmare.

There was not enough time,
No one stood a chance.
Everyone saw it coming.
Oh, god, the aftermath.
Metal ripped through their bodies,
Not a woman or child left.
It was carnage.
Oh, god, the aftermath.

A sudden creak at a door,
Out came a man wearing a conductor hat.
Dead silent and shuffling about the room,
There was this man with an evil look,
That came from this man's red eyes.

Dead silent and shuffling about the room,
He finds me standing alone amongst the dead.
He tells me that violence is better,
When it is riddled with blood.

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