

Fictional

"Nightmare"

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Run down an empty corridor
Where all the doors are locked
It stretches so far out
There is no end in sight

Your time is flying away
And you're still on the run
No idea where to look
And no idea for what

The walls are getting closer now
Run faster, run if can
Somewhere, down here

Is what you're looking for

Bur beware of all the traps
You find on your way
Some are made by yourself
Some are made by others

Run down empty corridors
In this cruel nightmare
You are still searching for your core
And it is getting bare

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