

Rapture "Untitled"

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Joshua Burkhart ã,â©2004

Ghouls creeping from under the bed
Visions of baths full of blood in my head
Creepy chills running down my spine
Werewolves down the street whine
I look to the sky and see
White and black witches all around me
I look and see beauty
Then I realize the reality
Full of Satan's illusion of power
They ride on their broomsticks
Complete control
These wicked demons of hell
I look and see flaming demons from below
I see their powers and they seem to grow
They grow because of my inner fear
They grow because I am near
Fire intensifies
And I realize that Hell is here
Please Lord, I plea
I don't think he hears me
I look around for something to hold on to
But to me they already got to
Creepy crawly hands
Slimy skinny hands
My last thought is, isn't this just grand
At my darkest hour of despair and might
Just as I stand up to fight
I say to them, In the Lord's name let me go
Now whose power will they know?
Bright light from up above
Piercing the darkness and spreading its love
I see four soldiers of the light surrounding me
Not attacking me but defending me
As I walk toward the light
They stand by me and fight
Those minions of darkness
Those forces of the darkness
When I enter the light
Away goes the light
Darkness surrounds me

And I think the darkness has taken me
Just as I slip into that doubt
I wake up and look about
I think that it was real
I try to simplify
I try to deny
The truth is plain to see
The battle is inside me
Conscious claiming my soul
I have to get control

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