

Reverend Bizarre "The Festival"

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I carry on, I can hear the eastern sea.
Under the hill the city sleeps in silent wintertime.
How many times have I walked this bridge across the
stream?
Yet in my mind I know I never walked this road before

Deep in my dreams lies horror to the books that should
not be.
There is no-one to keep those dreams locked deep
inside of me.
How can this be? My father did not mention any
tunnels.
Descending slowly, with creatures that should crawl
instead of walking.
Oh Lord, have mercy on my soul!

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