

Iluvatar

"Funk Massage"

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Taken in by the traffic,
And hounded by the storm,
A neon shade filters,
Across the floor.

Out through the window,
I see an August rain appear.
Though I can't see you,
I know you're here.

The night chills on
And wades itself into the air.
I drift in and out of the scenes,
I'm unaware.

My hand reaches through your face,
And down through your frame.
Then I awake; It's not the same.
It's a silly game,

But it's you; oh it's you.
Underneath the glowing light,
That hides within your eyes.

And though it seems
We'll never meet again,
I close my eyes and pray,
The dream will reappear.

It won't be here, it's very clear, it won't be here.

White orb fades
To dim lit mirk.
Cradled fields
Are now unearthed.

Running once, falling twice.
Streets have changed arrayed streetlight.
Creatured swamp once was home.
The 'Dark Man' is coming and you're alone.

Alone at last, see your hands.
Bleed into welcome sands.
Feel the ground, sink beneath.
Out of breath and out of sync.

Swallowed your throat into fear.
Tonight you know, the 'Dark Man' is here.

It was you,
Underneath the glowing light,
That hides within your eyes.

And though it seems
We'll never meet again,
I'll close my eyes and pray,
The dream will hold me again.

I'll face another night,
Another lonely day.
I've gone so far
So close and then,
The morning's here.

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