

The Draining

Ancient

How deep is your sleep?
That I may not interrupt your turbulent dreams?
Disrupting the sanity of slumber,
the vile and wretched creature
from the astral realm stands right before you.
Purple mist slips through window
cracks hovering above your miserable shape.
"What turmoil spoils my evening bliss?"
A turmoil savor permeates your nostrils.

Horrendous fright upon awakening

your frigid cast paralyzed and spellbound.
Fiery eyes piercing through your alarmed soul,
as ethereal tentacles penetrate the energy shield.
It's the Draining, It's the draining, draining, draining...

How does it feel to be drained so feverishly?
Fear carries a rather exquisite taste.
I only take as much to leave you terrified.
My victims shall become my bounded disciples.

"As the satiated vapor disappears from sight,
know that I may come again some other dreary night."