

## Arriving As The Dark

Excalion

How different are the doors and walkways when it's dark outside

The sounds and memories appear to twist and turn the mind  
The rainy days have gone on far too long to be recalled  
I crossed a line  
And now it's time  
For another night

Looking for me  
Behind the windowpane  
The phantom face  
Words seem to be in vain  
Looking for me  
Arriving as the dark  
The shadowy  
Dream-thing who bears a scarred mark

How different are the minds and mind-  
plays when it's dark inside  
I get the strongest boards to block all of my windows tight  
The walls around me rise as ramparts, make me safe and sound  
And still I'm far  
Further from home  
Than ever before