

# Nightmares

Josh Ritter

I know where the nightmares sleep  
On what fodder do they feed  
For two long weeks I stayed awake  
Until I saw one cross your face

I knew that you had been untrue  
I didn't know how but I knew  
The who you spoke to in your dreams  
Was never how you spoke to me  
I know where the nightmares sleep  
On what fodder do they feed  
I followed them back down to hell  
And I spent some time down there myself.

Nightmares have their dreams, as well.  
And when they sleep they go to hell  
And they drink their fill on lakes of blood  
Canter 'cross the skull-paved  
And nurse their little colts on flies  
Their coltish teeth like kitchen knives  
And look down from abysmal cliffs  
Their dead hair by the lead wind ruffed  
On denizens too deep to see  
Whose own dreams nightmares' nightmares be.  
I know where the nightmares sleep  
On what fodder do they feed  
I'd been awake so long by then  
They thought that I was one of them.

Nightmares cannot be ribcaged  
Midnight's just a steeplechase  
Down silver needles half will go  
And pin your navel to your soul  
The other half will go instead  
A'gallop 'cross the kicked-up bed  
And find the one who's sleeping sound  
And drag him down, oh drag him down  
Drag him down, oh drag him down  
Drag him down, oh drag him down  
Drag him down, oh drag him down

Drag him down where I got took  
And through he may not want to look  
I'll sift hell for an equal pain.  
Shard-born beetles boiling rain  
I'll prop his eyes and down them feed  
The same hell you both fed to me.  
I know where the nightmares sleep  
On what fodder do they feed  
I followed them back down to hell  
And I spent some time down there myself.

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