

## Kinds Of Solitude At Night

Quidam

When dreams into nightmares fall  
I close the door to shadows' land  
visions haunt my heart and soul  
sweet smell of all the memories in the air  
yearning to be carried away  
falling to their charm  
numb throughout the day  
counting hours  
pining for a change  
desire to escape  
all my thoughts is automatic  
trying to fight them I wish that I could feel so  
calm when the night is falling  
calm when the night is in the air  
calm when the night is close  
come with the darkest night