

Deep Night

The way is far, deep is the night, the ground so soft, the base is low.
The clouds drift by, the moon obscured, shadows fall lay on the world.
The air is down the cloth the world, the aim so far, down a loneliness.

A gentle breeze, the forest sways, a heavy branch sighs as it bends.
Strange noises as you never heard, terrific, you start to run.
You turn to look but cannot see, the darkness goes with your heartbeat.

Ahaaah ha ha ha ha, ahaaah ha ha ha ha.

Veiled night, visions occur: silhouettes through the fog.
The hair is rising from the skin, it shivers to the bone within.
The cry is heard so far and wide, the echos on untill it die.

Ahaaah ha ahaaah ha, ahaaah ha ahaaah ha.
Ahaaah ha ahaaah ha, ahaaah ha ahaaah ha.

The day after, we could be seen in every paper, what had been.
In deep wood seen: What was the trace? No man? No beast? What was the case?
And should you also go the same into the fog, you stop and stay.

Ah ha ha. Ah ha ha. Ah ha ha. Ah ha ha.

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