

With Dragon Claws

Darkest are the nights I lie awake
my body numb...

For in these wakened hours
is when the worst of nightmares come.

They visit in the grey of night
when shadows shapes seem real--

My pillow swells with tears I cry
to dull the way I feel.

Underneath the cover of my fears
I try to hide

Until a dream of darkness comes
and takes me for a bride.

He carries me with dragon claws;
like death how I hang on.

His grip, so tight, pierces the skin
until my will is gone.

Then to his lair he carries me
and preys upon my fears.

At dawn he flees and leaves me
with no knight to dry my tears.

