

# Cold Dark Night

By Jeff Nyman

Who's in control? Who's at the wheel?  
Who is controlling the way that I feel?  
The me that I knew is almost totally lost  
And at what price; what inevitable cost?

It seems the night flies on invisible wings,  
always hiding those that pull your strings.  
If you allow the darkness to swallow you whole,  
the teeth of the night will temper your soul.

And if you turn away, then midnight will fray,  
like tattered dreams, never seeing the light of day.  
And chaos will tend to the loom of the night,  
and the final curtain will fall on your plight.

For I am a harbinger of my own mental state,  
a herald, an usher, and an omen of fate.  
Small as I am, I am all of these things,  
and they're woven within the message I bring.

There's nothing I want, there's nothing I need.  
I'm parcel and part of a much larger deed.  
To let people see me as I truly am,  
and spread my message the best that I can.

Our potential to do evil can go very far,  
If we lose sight of who we really are.  
And if we lose sight of just what we can be,  
I fear we will all end up just like me.

Trapped in this body, losing all control,  
Unable to show emotions, a lonely dark soul.  
Day and night I sit and feed my internal disease,  
And I keep quiet those things no one else sees.

I fight a losing battle and I pretend to win,  
but live in a private hell again and again.  
I wear my fear like a cloak in an endless flight,  
And I meet my fate in the cold dark night.