

Amberian Dawn, Incubus

Preacher:

"It's not a dream, and it is not your imagination."

I'm lying in my bedroom restless at nights
and feeling someone's lying next to my side.
I hear a heavy breathing
someone's next to me and watching me!

Incubus: Sweet dreams now come to me, your flesh is weak!

I sense and know its prescence yet I'm asleep!
Someone is preying upon my sleeping mind!
Whispering, calling, desiring
and squeezing with all its might
it's trying to take over me and choke me!

A Nightmare seizes me in a freezing grip
I feel cold fingers running, taking a grip.
This spirit's lurking in my sleep
and giving in I'll sleep for ever more!

Incubus: Sweet dreams now come to me, your flesh is weak!

I sense and know its prescence yet I'm asleep!
Someone is preying upon my sleeping mind!
Whispering, calling, desiring
and squeezing with all its might
it's trying to take over me and choke me!

Preacher: The flesh is weak!

Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh!

I sense and know its prescence yet I'm asleep!
Someone is preying upon my sleeping mind!
Whispering, calling, desiring
and squeezing with all its might
it's trying to take over me and choke me!