

tell me, do you know the hag?

I know her well, this mare of night, who comes to me when goes the light
who preys upon my heart contrite,
and beckons me to hear her

She slowly crawls upon my bed, my body feels of molten lead,
I want to flee, but lie instead
In silent, sickly terror

She's sitting high upon my chest, I wince before her flaccid breast
I lay here prone at her behest
A waking corpse before her

I take in every fearful feature, *demons* must have spawned this creature
Would that my tearful eyes beseech her
Mercy! I implore her

My mouth hangs open, begs for air, it gapes in song that none can hear
A dark lament that none would share
Dear Jesus, *please*, one breath!

Tell me, do you know the hag? Lost souls to Hades she does drag.
She's too much blood for one small rag
But not enough for death

I feel her frigid fingertips, they push their way between my lips,
They taste of rot and old horse whips
My will cannot restrain her

Tell me, do you know her taste? I lay here still as she lays waste
To all the dreams that I've misplaced
The dreams that don't contain her

She grins behind her matted hair, and whispers words I'm loathe to hear
Her voice, like maggots in my ear,
The words she rasps are scathing

Tell me, do you know her voice? Tell me, why does she rejoice
To see me weep? I have no choice
My body is her plaything

My nose is filled with death, decay, old meat beneath a summer's day
The rotten eggs hell's fowl must lay
I feel my will surrender

Tell me, do you know her smell? It calls to mind a sulfurous hell
That deep, dank pit where mad souls dwell
In naked, savage splendor

Since to my bed I did resign, a bitter chill has gripped my spine
Yet cold sweat makes my body shine
like coals upon my brazier

Tell me, do you know the feel, of something sharp that isn't real?
She rubs my skin, I watch it peel
Her nails the dullest razor

I can't escape her, cannot move, tell me why does she reprove
One such as me? What does this prove?
What joy does she derive?

It feels much like a twisted game, a moth caught in a deadly flame
It's death, given a different name,
From which I can't revive

There's little more that she can do, she's taught me pain and fear in lieu
Of all those things I thought I knew
And now, she's started rocking...

What can it be that makes her grin, and lick the spittle from her chin?
Her eyes are eager, wild within
But hold! What is that *knocking*?

My door swings open, one long creak, the rusty hinges old and weak
They make the sound that cats might shriek
Then, "*Dada? Are you sleeping?*"

Oh God in Heaven, hear my prayer! You have to get her out of here!
She hasn't yet reached her third year!
And now begins her weeping

She gives my hand a frantic shake, but doesn't know I cannot wake,
It's all too much, my heart will break.
My tortured mind's unweaving

She tries to wake me, tries so hard, but 'round my heart the hag stands guard
The window to my soul is barred
And now, my daughter's leaving

*No, don't give up, I try to plead, I long to give you what you need,
I can't undo this wicked deed
My will is overpowered*

I watch my dear one leave the room, a rose that wilts where one should bloom
I lay here empty in this tomb
A man that's been devoured

The old hag rises, gaunt and tall, her shadow flickers on my wall
She reaches down... retrieves a doll
Forgotten by my daughter

She shows no mercy, no regrets, She toys with us, her worthless pets,
Another wolf the night begets
To chase the sheep to slaughter

Oh God, would that my wife were here. Her gown still hangs upon her chair
Since her slow death, it's been a year
Of errors, weakness, folly

The hag now slides toward my door, her bare feet shuffle on the floor,
I'm thinking, *Please God, please, no more...*
When my daughter calls for Dolly

Once more I try my best to scream, to rip me from this darkest dream,
For nothing is what it would seem
In nightmares without reason

I know I've failed, I know not why. How many tears can one soul cry?
A time to live, a time to die
To everything a season

I know for certain I'll be sick, the bile in my throat rises quick

I hear my daughter's doorknob click

I hear her floorboards creak

My head now throbs, my innards cramp, the sheets beneath me cold and damp

The flame of hope, like my child's lamp

Fades quickly, low and weak

Tell me, tell me, TELL ME WHY! ...But darkness gives me no reply

I have to save her. I would *die*

My promise for to keep

But is this slumber? Is this hell? Perhaps between the two I fell.

I have to break the old hag's spell

I must not

fall

asleep.

