



## Recurring Nightmare

Looking through a haze  
    i lie here broken  
A child it seems,  
                    Or maybe a garbage truck.  
Nothing is clear now.

i hear it before i see it,  
                    Turning to run, but gaining no ground.  
            Why does it always have to be like this?  
i wish, i wish, but nothing.  
                    i keep running.

                    In one fatal leap it catches me,  
                    *Shaking* me violently as i do nothing.  
All i can do is look on.  
                    The disgusting haze clings to me  
                    Like oil.  
i begin to fade,  
                    Slowly at first, then very rapidly.  
            Why does it always have to end like this?