If You Dare

If you dare to stray from the forest path at night,
And creep through tangled undergrowth, you'll feel:
Nothing, except for the grip of the midnight wind
As it claws at your frozen cheeks, your face completely at its mercy.

If you brave the quiet of the dark streets at night,
And steal your way from one lonely street lamp to the next, you'll see:
Nothing, except for your own ghostly shadow
Nipping at your heels, lurking behind your every step.

If you venture out of your bedroom at night,
And sneak your way across the floorboards, you'll hear:
Nothing, except for the creaks and groans of a house
Still awake, and waiting for you to close your eyes.

And as you dare, and brave, and venture,
As you creep, and steal, and sneak...

...you'll think that you're alone.