

Vampire of the Soul

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The vampire is only a myth, they say.
It's only a tale meant to scare.
The dead thing that clings to and drains its prey
So that in its death they will share
Is merely a legend from ages gone.
Yet something of legends is true;
The seeker of spirits to prey upon
May now have its eyes fixed on you.

Beware of the vampire that hunts the soul,
This being is not what it seems.
It doesn't come fiercely to eat you whole,
But quietly gnaws at your dreams.
It doesn't attack you with fangs or sword
To leave you dismembered and dead.
Instead it creeps in with a sneer and word
And chews on you shred by small shred.

“Don't label yourself; that is dangerous!
Don't say things that are not allowed!
If you don't conform, you'll endanger us,
And you won't fit in with the crowd.”
By words such as these it will wear you down
And drain off the truths you dare say,
Until you retreat at the slightest frown
And fear to appear in the day.

Though legends are glamorous, truth is plain.
No cape has this creature, nor fang.
It's only your doubting which lets it drain
A soul which once shouted and sang.
No garlic or cross will defend your mind
Against its attack in the night.
Yet if you don't fear it, then you will find
It's totally lacking in might.

So pity the vampire that hunts the soul,
It doesn't have one of its own.
It knows it will never be live and whole,
It's only a being of bone.
It chews on the living since it's afraid
To think of its life far ahead.
And over its tomb are these words displayed:
“There's no one so safe as the dead!”