```
First they came when I was
                             four;
With claws that scratched upon the door
And creeping silently
                         inside; they preyed upon a growing
     I recall when I was young I feared I'd never see the sun
 So in the dark I'd
                              hide
                                       away,
Trembling when the demons
                             came
 The growing pains of teenage years
                                         accentuated ingrained fears
From high to low and back in line, they'd lay in wait,
                                                        biding time
  I have found with much endured, their summoning cannot be cured
  And so I seek for
                        paths to run, every time the demons come
     Decisions made, they make no sense,
                                           and offer little in defence
     But now I know what must be done
     To save you when the demons
                                      come
```

```
Who will comfort, hold my hand; who will ever understand
 The broken train-wreck I
                               become
Every time the demons come?
 The tolerance I'd never rate will manifest
                                                  in scorn and hate
 And down, deep down, when first they stir,
They plot and scheme and plan things like a sabo-----teur
  And friends I thought held me so dear, oh how they quickly disappear
                          away they run,
 In floods of tears
In terror when the demons come
  This summer of my discontent, I wonder at the effort spent
   In making good the
                          damage done
Forgive me when the demons come
```