

In dead of night when all is still,  
You're alone in the woods with thoughts of ill.  
You saw something moving between the trees,  
It was I and my friends, it wasn't the breeze.

I read your face, I sense your fear. All  
misguided, I promise my dear.  
Ignore the bones and flesh exposed,  
The friends of mine that have decomposed.  
For on this night, though dead we appear,  
Are quite alive, one night of the year.

So take my hand, don't run away  
Join us dead ones, dance and sway.  
Are you afraid or simply cold?  
I see that shiver you're trying to hold.

At last, you laugh, your smile is real  
Through your skin, your warmth I feel.  
Alive with you, I could almost be  
But the sun is rising, we all must flee.

Don't let this memory leave your head,  
The night you spent dancing with the dead.  
Dawn has broken, we are gone,  
Back to our graves and life goes on.

A dream? You ask, looking around, You see no  
people but you heard a sound. Were you  
dancing? Not sure... You start to yawn. blinking  
in the light of dawn.