

The Insane One

Songfic zum Lied the Ghost von Niviro

Von _daydreamer_

the Ghost

The Ghost

As he got up in the night, he felt dizzy and sick. His face was a pale mask and his light blue eyes, the long, black hair and his thin, long fingers gave him a dangerous look. He swung himself to his feet with a groan and looked over to the big, old mirror. His mirror image was blurred.

He walked straight to it and put his hand on the cold mirror glass.

"Who am I?" he asked himself quietly.

He stared into his own lustrous, frantic eyes and drew his thin black eyebrows together.

"Who am I?!" This time he yelled at his mirror image and punched it, so the mirror broke into sharp pieces. Some of them were sticking in his hand. Blood was running down his white porcelain skin. The dark red looked good on him.

Just a few seconds later the wounds healed on their own. His hand looked like before. Not even a scar remained.

When he looked into the mirror pieces, he heard a soft voice in his head whispering:

"Are you afraid of the dark? Are you scared?" The voice laughed out loud. It sounded like thunder, but after a few seconds it sounded like a kid's voice.

He turned away from the pieces and looked around the room. The voice spoke louder but it still sounded quiet and creepy:

"I can see you from behind. You can hear me in your mind. Run as fast as you can go. Time will catch you before you know."

He drove his hand through his silky hair and screamed. "Stop!" His breath was very heavy and his gaze was without a focus.

"Time will catch you-..."

"I said stop it!!"

He turned back to the mirror. It was complete again and a young, red-haired man seemed to sit on his mirrored armchair.

He, the one with the black hair, turned to the armchair frightened. It was empty.

"Look at me, come on, darling."

He looked back to the mirror and saw the evil, amused grin of the red-haired man.

"Are you scared?"

He was too terrified to answer. His pale hands were shaking.

The red-haired man burst out in laughter and stood up.

"The time...it goes...Tick, Tock...Tick, Tock...Tick..." The man walked straight up to him while saying these words. "...Tock."

They stood face to face in front of each other.

"I'm coming closer."

The red-haired man smirked diabolically, and the black-haired man could hear his loud steps.

"No-..."

"I will catch you!"

He felt cold hands catching his face from behind with an iron grip. The long nails drilled into his skin and eyes, and he screamed his soul out.

The black-haired man wanted to sink to the dusty floor but the creature didn't let him go.

He felt a heavy, cold breath against his ear and heard the clicking sound of sharp tooth rows and a sinister giggle.

"I am you!",

whispered the voice, and then everything turned black.

As the maid walked into the room at dawn, after knocking a few times, it was complete empty. But the bed was rumpled and the clothes of her insane master lay on the dusty floor in front of the old, cryptic mirror that seemed to hide a secret.