

Cephalic Carnage, Wraith

What is that sound
Mortal coil upon me
Pale spectra floating
Petruces me from sleep
Absconds as I awake
Or a figment of my imagination
Inferring a rational explanation
Pertinent I scream aloud
Why are you haunting me?
In a frozen cold sweat
Tempting insanity
But I'm not crazy
Wraith
Things that go bump in the night
Phantom forms, hide from your sight
Playing tricks, disturbing the mind
A spiritual mass, ghost from the past
Harrowing lives, where it lived last
I don't believe in made up beings, nor in superstitions
Mysterious groans, torment my room
Scratching up my flesh, turning pictures upside down
Just who, can I tell
Shadow people walk this earth, scaring all who cross their path
They paralyze, warning, from beyond death
Wraith
I can't escape, why is she here
Haunting me, I live in fear
Translucent form, haunting this earth
Walking dead, she rapes me
Wraith