

Thrice, That Hideous Strength

Oh, that I could scream
And the world would stop and listen
And these scars, these scars could speak in volumes
But who has ears to hear
Or eyes to see
Again I scream
But my voice is buried in an unearthly silence
Like in nightmares when ghosts steal your breath.
I pray that power be not in my words
But in truth that supersedes the mind of man
And our dead hope, and our blind faith in means that look to justify the ends.
I feel a presence in the room
I feel cold fingers close around my neck.
With out you I am lost.
Let my eyes not fail with looking upward