

# Doom:VS, Dead Words Speak

Ailments of grey cover these hurtfull limbs  
A seething anger grows  
Voiceless come your calls  
Dead words speak  
They speak to me at night  
And sometimes I get frightened  
Gives no peace  
They give no peace at night  
And sometime they are right  
I can't seem to rid this burden I bear  
Ghost of misty mornings, please disappear  
It sickens and destroys everything I've built  
And tears down the walls with anger and guilt  
Dead words speak  
They speak to me at night  
And sometimes I get frightened  
Gives no peace  
They give no peace at night  
And sometime they are right  
I can't seem to rid this burden I bear  
Ghost of misty mornings, please disappear