

# Nasum, The Black Swarm

Excessive cleansing  
Washing away the blood  
From your shaking hands

Coughing up filth  
It's like nothing is clean when  
Your mind still is dirty

The swarm is near...

Panic's rising by a buzzing sound  
Pushes you into states of regression  
A black swarm piercing through your skin  
Flying high with flies

Sick, turning sicker  
It creeps on you,  
But that's nothing new

Finally realizing  
What we've always known  
That you're the bug

The swarm is here...

Panic's rising by a buzzing sound  
Pushes you into states of regression  
A black swarm piercing through your skin  
Flying high with flies

Flying high with flies

Sick, turning sicker, turning sick, fucking sick