

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