

# Tad Morose, Unwelcome Guest

Straight down, it's pitch black inside  
A pulse, they're tracking me down  
Look into the night  
Where horror resides

This night, this blackness so tight  
So close now, the MT's alight  
I'm all out of flares  
My battery's run dry

Sent on this mission for one  
I'm lost and here all alone  
There's no time to waste  
Press on through this madness

Shutdown, a crackling weird sound  
They come but somehow I'm stuck  
Like someone once said  
Oh, please God help me

Unwelcome guest  
Die die, now die!  
Unwelcome guest  
Die now

They move in the shadows  
But there's something else in here  
You become the hunted  
Reading's all wrong  
Man is this wrong  
Your eyes hurt  
Your eyes hurt