

The Agony Scene, The Damned

Songs made of whispers
Silent screams like a choral of the dead needles
Prick the softest skin
And the breeze screams bloodlust
These eyes gazing over the hilltops burning red
The night skies seem to follow me
Blanketing me with crowds of grey and black

The crowd of the damned screams
Eyes shown red raise the dead
The breeze screaming
Over the whispers in the dark
Setting the leaves in sway

Hanging there like a body from the raftors
Smiling back at me they wait in eager circles
For me to stagger into the darkness
These images that I have seen
They still burn inside of me