

Wayne Brady

"Seance Fiction"

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Face at my window
Eyes in the shadow
Staring right through me
Someone who knew me
Silent possession
Spectral procession
I feel the violence
In freezing silence, yeah

Ethereal laughter
From the hereafter
Consumes with fear
Why are you here
Pervading presence
Invades my conscience
Screams break the silence
I feel your violence

We are the sins of man
Trapped here since time began
We are the spawn of shame
From where all hatred came

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