

Agony Scene "The Damned"

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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

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