

## Gama

### "Evil Voices"

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An unlucky dip in the bargain bin  
A ghostly tape with daemons within  
Written on the label was an ancient hand  
Told of distant times and of worrisome lands  
I played it backwards then in reverse  
It told me things that were perverse

Evil voices, evil hands  
Evil voices, evil commands

Who what would have thought my hand could do that  
Gave me a wedgie, set fire to my flat  
They start up quiet but end up talking loud  
My hands grab the steering wheel, aims for a crowd  
Horrorsome daemons trapped within  
Bound by chromium, consumed by sin

There's a vortex in the fridge, the food flies about  
Throttled by savages, I cannot get out  
An unholy choir chants in my mind  
Exposing predictions to destruct mankind

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