

Ghost Of A Fallen Age "Irrefutable Evidence For A Skeptic (315 A.m.)"

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This nightmare runs into reality, an affliction of hollow eyes, burnt into my mind, those whispered lies, burnt my mind. Manifestations of death and horror, illusions of grandeur, a hope to survive or the merits of suicide, a snake in the grass lying in wait. Serpent I'll find you, Serpent I'll find you out. At my bedside awaits an evil, a shadow of a man, my screams are reduced to whispers, and at my bedside awaits an evil, a shadow of a man, my blood begins to boil. Awake to see, a sea of fallen angels. The hand of malice wraps around your spine, into your mouth, then into your mind. Sipping on stagnant water, watching the infection fester, sinking into the fire, mistaking this pain for pleasure, sipping on stagnant water, watching the infection fester, sinking into the fire, the pain set in and it begins. With one spoken word, it retreats into the corner, in a spasmodic blur, it retreats into the corner, with one spoken word, it retreats into the corner

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