

Indwelling

"The Breath Of He Who Kills"

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Saturated in blood
Standing still in fear
Tears of those who mourn
The breath of he who kills
I feel it on my face
My heart cries to speak
My lungs gasp to breathe
For he's got me by the throat
His grip is on me
Clutching me tight
Shadowing black

And holding me from God's light
His grip is on me as dark as the night
Spewing blasphemy and taking my sight
He suffocates our life supply
And manipulates the word by which we survive
His voice deafens
And silenced only in death

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