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Order Of The Ebon Hand "The Visitors"

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Staring from the blue cold stiffness
The visitors are here
They draw near like the flashing
Of a pallid memory
That cannot be disposed of
The blood that has painted your hands

Guilt, the Erynies
They move closer
And surround
Where are They now?
Where are the visitors now?

The blue and white of death
The blood, now black
Ever - flowing from slit throats
The never - blinking

Frozen eyes

They appear circle's closing in to remind, force the nature of the Ugly to float again in the surface

The Essence of Guilt Comes to life My victims are aware I cannot hide

Did you see Them? What have you seen?

Please understand this, There is no true option As I draw the razor The Visitors are here!

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