

## **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!

