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Nasum "The Black Swarm"

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Excessive cleansing Washing away the blood From your shaking hands

Coughing up filth It's like nothing is clean when Your mind still is dirty

The swarm is near

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Panic's rising by a buzzing sound Pushes you into states of regression A black swarm piercing through your skin Flying high with flies

Sick, turning sicker It creeps on you But that's nothing new Finally realizing What we've always known That you're the bug

The swarm is here

Panic's rising by a buzzing sound Pushes you into states of regression A black swarm piercing through your skin Flying high with flies

Flying high with flies

Sick, turning sicker Turning sick, fucking sick

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