

Pale Saints

"Two Sick Sisters"

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Pouring through the years
With(?) invisibility
Jackals cower with their light
Rotting down ? ? ? sight
Golden moments all to rare
Loose their feeling and their faith
Turning courage into fear
Decomposing as you stare
Spin around there's no one there
? ? ? ing into dust
Pulling me under-
Ground into a place
Where there is no air to breathe
Pressing down (deep?) into the mire
And it's suffocating thought
Gaining ground
Towering over
Chasing me
Through my mind
Drowning me
Again

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