

Psycroptic

"Boogeyman"

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We echo to ourselves
Where no answer came
No one person has so many eyes
We are who we are
We did not want to touch that monster's game
The picture strobes growing bright then fading away
We recall the feel of it
Wiry hair
Curious touches
Slow
Side to Side
Stop then start again
We recall the feel of it
We recall the feel of it
The picture strobes growing bright then fading away
We should be dead
We hide behind doors
Never alone
We hide from the monster
Who are we?
We saw black
We saw flickers of black
We are young
We hold the pain deep for us all

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