

Bleeders, The

"Channeling"

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A mist like fog in the air that surrounds me
Whispers around that you cannot hear
All that's done shall be beared
What's left undone, shall be repaired.

Although I can't see your face
You're calling out my name
How long I have waited
And I can't even see your face
But you're calling out my name
If it's really you then tell me
Why do you feel this way

A something or someone from beyond
Telling me my days are up
A mist like fog in the air surrounds
Whispers around that I cannot hear
It's left undone
And it can't be repaired.

A day I won't have to face
as good as dead and buried

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