

T.S.O.L. "Silent Scream"

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Cobwebbed stairs, the ancient bones
I'm the shadow rippling cobblestones
I'm the stagnant swamp, the black lagoon
I'm the branches scratching at the moon

I'm the funeral service, the unknown mourner
I'm the demon cowering in the corner
I'm the sextons spade, the new thrown clay
I'm what's left when they walk away

I'm the ebony coffin, satin lining
Pale thin lips in the back room dying
The pale thin lips in the back room dying

I'm the walking dead, the fly by night
I'm the last of the fading light
In the unbarred door, the open encasement
I'm the stairs leading down to the basement

I'm the four post bed, the let down hair
I'm the cross that you forgot to wear
I'm the highest voltage, the shining slab
The crack of midnight in the doctors lab

I'm the night before, the morning after
Echoing of the barons laughter
Echoing of the barons laughter

Jonathan Harker, I'm Lucy's trance
Elegant counts hypnotic glance
I'm the wooden mallet, the sharpened stake
I'm the precautions you forgot to take

I'm the mummy's curse, the passing bell
I'm the fortune they wouldn't tell
I'm pyromania, I'm Transylvania
I'm out of breath, I'm worse than death

I'm the late night air, exhilarating
With you in the darkness, waiting
I'm with you in the darkness, waiting

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