

## The Haunted

### "D.O.A"

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Voices break the silence. Shadows infect the white-clad walls. Death is breathing down your neck.

You try to flee. Forced into submission. You try to repent. A strip of tape that kills the screams. You know this is the end. Surgical steel twist the flesh. The hand of doom carves out the mesh.

D.O.A.

- What more when you're dead on arrival?

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Doped up soul-Senses numb.

Fluids burst into flames. Every high is a new low. In these vermin-infested streets. Chained to the altar of debt. The breed of your sins. Nailed to the cross of guilt. The spawn of your greed. A strip of tape that kills the screams. A deep inspired - The circle is complete.

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