

Thrice

"hideous strength"

Visit "[hideous strength](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

And the world would stop and listen

And these scars could speak in volumes

But who has ears to hear

Or eyes to see

Again I scream

But my voice is buried in an unearthly silence

Like in nightmares when ghosts steal your breath.

I pray that power be not in my words

But in truth that supercedes the mind of man

And our dead hope, and our blind faith in means that
look to justify the ends.

I feel a presence in the room

I feel cold fingers close around my neck.

With out you I am lost.

Let mine eyes not fail with looking upward

Thrice (That) Hideous Strength

Visit [Thrice](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.