

## Thrice

# "That Hideous Strength"

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Oh, that I could scream  
And the world would stop and listen  
And these scars  
Please try to 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, that look to justify the  
ends

I feel a presence in the room  
I feel cold fingers close around my neck  
Without you, I am lost

Let mine eyes not fail with looking upwards  
Let mine eyes not fail with looking upwards

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