

Whispers Of Chaos

betrayal

[Jeff Lain]

Suicide is ripping through my brain, chaos and destruction are haunting me again, a sharpened dagger is clenched within my fist, its razor edge is longing for my wrist, a voice inside, chanting lawlessness to me, seducing promises of true iniquity, a ghastly grin, beginning to emerge, as thoughts of sin and wickedness begin to converge.

The Necronomicon underneath my bed, seeking something for my psycho-sickened head, calling out in the darkness of the hour, evil spirits show me harrowing power, degenerate beings tell me never, never fear, the candle flickers as my end is drawing near, I spit in the face of God who wants to save, as my soul begins to weaken to the whispers from the grave.

Whispers...of chaos!

Whispers...of chaos!

Whispers...of chaos! screams...of doom!

[1st Solo Marcus, 2nd Solo Bob]

A dripping dagger, blood all over the floor, the demons laughing as I gaze down in horror, what have I done?

Knowing now that I'm no longer in control, someone has become between myself and my soul, blackened figures surrounding me in my room, mocking me as I face impending doom, I hear them chanting evil in the darkness to me, I cry in desperation out to God to set me free, as the fires of hell itself are licking at my feet, I hear the sirens now, I hope they're coming for me...