

What is that sound  
Mortal coil upon me  
Pale spectra floating  
Petrudes me from sleep  
Absconds as I awake  
Or a figment of my imagination  
Inferring a rational explanation  
Pertinent I scream aloud  
Why are you haunting me?  
In a frozen cold sweat  
Tempting insanity  
But I'm not crazy

Wraith

Things that go bump in the night  
Phantom forms, hide from your sight  
Playing tricks, disturbing the mind  
A spiritual mass, ghost from the past  
Harrowing lives, where it lived last  
I don't believe in made up beings, nor in superstitions  
Mysterious groans, torment my room  
Scratching up my flesh, turning pictures upside down  
Just who, can I tell  
Shadow people walk this earth, scaring all who cross  
their path  
They paralyze, warning, from beyond death

Wraith

I can't escape, why is she here  
Haunting me, I live in fear  
Translucent form, haunting this earth  
Walking dead, she rapes me  
Wraith