

## Seizures

Coldworker

Visions from beyond  
Dance before my eyes  
Images of death and power  
Filling my mind  
Haunting me, seizing me  
Compelling me in dreams  
Epileptic fits  
Triggered in the brain  
My body convulses  
As they enter our domain  
Supernatural, eternal  
Watchers in the dark

Spirits dead, enter me  
Lead me to my destiny  
Dig a grave for the morrow  
Voices old, speak through me  
Words of blind iniquity  
Revelations through seizures

Another episode  
My mind went blank again  
Can't seem to shake the fear of things  
I cannot comprehend  
Alone but not forsaken  
Father hear my call  
What dwells beneath these streets  
Lurking in the black  
Hidden from the eyes of men  
But glimpsed in my attacks  
I have seen, I believe  
And I will light the way  
...for my masters

Oh, how sweet they sing  
When the darkness comes alive  
Nighttime alleys now teem  
With the whispers of a new sorrow  
Disembodied voices beckon me  
From the corridors of time  
Anticipation grows as light gives way  
And shadows rule the earth

Spirits dead, enter me  
Lead me to my destiny  
Dig a grave for the morrow  
Voices old, speak through me  
Words of blind iniquity  
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Revelations  
Weak distorted frame  
Exudes pure hostility  
Eyes like the insane  
All-enslaving  
Pitied and revered,  
Sick beyond all remedy

Walks beside the plague  
I am prophet

Hear my teachings  
Face the end