

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