

## Dead Words Speak

Doom:vs

Ailments of grey cover these hurtfull limbs  
A seething anger grows  
Voiceless come your calls

Dead words speak  
They speak to me at night  
And sometimes I get frightened  
Gives no peace  
And sometime I'll get frightened  
'cause sometimes they are right

I can't seem to rid this burden I bear  
Ghost of misty mornings, please disappear

It sickens and destroys everything I've built  
And tears down the walls with anger and guilt

Dead words speak  
They speak to me at night  
And sometimes I get frightened  
Gives no peace  
They hunt me at night  
And sometimes I get frightened  
'cause sometimes they are right

I can't seem to rid this burden I bear  
Ghost of misty mornings, please disappear