

The Racking Call

Dreadful Shadows

When all the clouds surround my head
Like bandages of ice
As if they could heal my wounds, but they're incurable

When all the branches stroke my hair
Like your fingers do
As if they could make me forget, but I can't walk back

I hear another racking call, it burns me out

When all the fog rises up
Like a white veil of silk
As if it could close my eyes, but I've seen too much

And again I hear this racking call, it burns me out

I see you walking barefoot, I feel your dying shades
I know your world will crumble down
I hear your evil laughing, I watched your killing change
And I hear another racking call

So I am stumbling through the night
Confused and destroyed
Can noone hear my cries for help?
But maybe I am dumb
I feel my body escaping, somehow my body is failing
I scream - another racking call