

Creeping Lord

Fear My Thoughts

I'm going insane in my cell they say I've been already been
Bars at the window chains on my wrists my lost life in sin
Don't know how many times I hammered my fists against the wall
But the bleeding knuckles don't bother me I feel no pain at all

Cowering all night in the corner of my cell
Whetting my fingernails on the cold and blackened stone
Visions of a war start spinning through my head
Scratching out my eyes my lost life in red

The creeping lord painting my world in pale
Tortured at war the battlefield the war machine

Out of control running wild I cannot think
Burying all deceptions even the water that I drink
Everything I lost now seems to come back to me
The memories hunting me I wished I could erase

The creeping lord painting my world in pale
Tortured at war the battlefield the war machine

Been seven days awake now the sun's crawling over the hill
And the effect of what I took seems to fade
Taking a breath of morning air
Lying in the tall weeds but is it real
Memories of something cold, dark and silent, vague and very old
Feel the madness

They're coming back for me

(The creeping lord painting my world)
The creeping lord painting my world in pale
Tortured at war the battlefield the war machine