

# Feeding the Crawling Shadows

Sargeist

Endlessly crawling chaos  
A black quivering mass  
Behind these dirty walls  
Relentless whispering  
Eyes burning with hatred  
Hundreds of them staring  
Diseased little beings  
Of unknown origin

Waiting and waiting and waiting  
Whomever finds they way  
Within these abandoned rooms  
Of a chapel that was  
Tempted into sneaking in  
With a hope to find the tome  
But what you founds was death  
Painful and unclean

Drank clean from all the blood  
Your organs their feast  
Bones stripped of flesh  
This place your tomb