

The Damned

The Agony Scene

Songs made of whispers silent screams like a choral of the dead
needles prick the softest skin and the breeze screams bloodl
t these eyes gazing over the hilltops burning red the night ski
es seem to follow me blanketing me with crowds of grey and blac
k the crowd of the damned screams eyes shown red raise the dead
the breeze screaming over the whispers in the dark setting the
leaves in sway hanging there like a body from the raftors smil
ing back at me they wait in eager circles for me to stagger int
o the darkness these images that i have seen they still burn in
side of me