

# 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 bloodlust  
these eyes gazing over the hilltops burning red the night skies  
seem to follow me blanketing me with crowds of grey and black  
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 rafters smiling  
back at me they wait in eager circles for me to stagger into the  
darkness these images that i have seen they still burn inside of me