

## That Hideous Strength

Thrice

Oh, that I could scream  
And the world would stop and listen  
And these scars could speak in volumes  
But who has ears to hear  
Or eyes to see  
Again I scream  
But my voice is buried in an unearthly silence  
Like in nightmares when ghosts steal your breath.  
I pray that power be not in my words  
But in truth that supercedes the mind of man  
And our dead hope, and our blind faith in means that look to justify the ends.  
I feel a presence in the room  
I feel cold fingers close around my neck.  
With out you I am lost.  
Let mine eyes not fail with looking upward