The Creatures Are Everywhere

Ogres hiding everywhere Flesh wounds leaving scars Telling stories of sirens Knife throwers and tyrants Carving confusion Suspense leads to illusion Black noise, black toys

I could never stop it How could I have ever known? Nobody's knocking Where? There's nowhere left to go Surrounded by the zombies Choose your weapon Kill the fiend It isn't murder This is the real thing

They walk among us Seldom seen often heard Stalking us in our dreams Unbalanced Undisturbed

All these days again All dark things Amen Half hollow I fear Watch and pray it's here Wayne Static