

The Creatures Are Everywhere

Wayne Static

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