

Screaming at Forgotten Fears

Xasthur

A sinister telepathy is screaming at forgotten fears

An exit made of your self-
destruction, may your reflection guide the blade.

In your lost code of self knowledge, a mere entrance for evil
to enter

The venom is hidden and the venom wears a mask (I serve myself
upon the wings

of pains affliction, unto thee). Disconnect from my state of b
eing (and

without a trace) it was my soul that murdered yours. that murd
ered yours.