

Familiar Ghosts

Akercocke

The pain is howling
insistent and keen

Indistinct
Dissipates
Devouring
Breaking
At the seams
Devouring
The pain is howling
Insistent and keen
End to all
Things I believed

Only a trace
Of an echo remains
In the tumult
Indistinct
Dissipates
Devouring
Breaking
At the seams
Devouring

Wit remains blunted
Hunter now hunted
Found and lost
I was found, Now I am lost

No way back through
The Inscrutable black
That scythes the senses to the quick

Painful patterns
Here to remind me
Create and Destroy

The weakness and the shame
Perpetual loss, no gain
Impossible to touch