

# The Hum

Angelus Apatrida

Like a song from purgatory  
Endless frightening vibe  
Sing a melody for the twisted ones  
Growling silently this useless burden  
Ready to burn  
Feel adrift like a wingless eagle

The hum... the watch... it's true... a secret to disclose

Mind control, straight ahead into the precipice of haze  
Drive to the unknown, a safe path through the darkest of your p  
syche  
Disciple of the void  
Like a ghost in the cemetery  
Roams across the scum  
Hidden facts evidentiary  
Pulling firmly the strings of madness  
Behind the scene  
The devil's in the details

The hum... the watch... it's true... a secret to disclose

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Drive to the unknown, a safe path through the darkest of your p  
syche  
Disciple of the void  
No answers, trapped souls screaming into nothingness  
Falling endlessly into a dreary hole  
Damnation. Wrapped by the black arms of the unknown  
The sense of freedom is suffocating

Like a ravenous parasite  
Living off the host  
Dementia is taking over  
You can't hide, can't run from this gust neverending maze  
Surrender to insanity

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