

Dead Words Speak

Doom:vs

Ailments of grey cover these hurtfull limbs
A seething anger grows
Voiceless come your calls

Dead words speak
They speak to me at night
And sometimes I get frightened
Gives no peace
And sometime I'll get frightened
'cause sometimes they are right

I can't seem to rid this burden I bear
Ghost of misty mornings, please disappear

It sickens and destroys everything I've built
And tears down the walls with anger and guilt

Dead words speak
They speak to me at night
And sometimes I get frightened
Gives no peace
They hunt me at night
And sometimes I get frightened
'cause sometimes they are right

I can't seem to rid this burden I bear
Ghost of misty mornings, please disappear