

# This Is Hell

Lorna Shore

Paralyzed from the neck down  
Can't move, can't scream, can't make a fucking sound  
The shadows move and enclose the room, creating the familiar silhouettes that stalk and linger throughout the nights  
Wake up  
Teasing, they aim to mangle your perception of reality  
Staring back at you, making sure you see and feel their presence  
Numb from fear, they reach over and hover above to remind you what you've always been told  
You'll never get rid of them and your life is a lost soul  
Wake up

I'll never sleep again  
I'll never be the same  
I'm crawling out of my own skin, I'm drowning in pain  
They watch, they wait, they accumulate incontestably through the dying light, to fulfill my miserable construct, my every night

I am imprisoned to the shadows of a different realm  
Realize that this is hell

I am imprisoned to the shadows of a different realm  
This is the darkest form of mental torture, this is hell  
My body is numb, only my eyes can move and witness the hateful energy that stares back into the depths of me

Paralyzed paranormal paralysis preying on perception and wretchedness

I am the hopeless  
I am one with the night  
Take me

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