

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

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 fucking perception and wretchedness

Wake up

Realize that this is hell