

Feeding the Crawling Shadows

Sargeist

Endlessly crawling chaos
A black quivering mass
Behind these dirty walls
Relentless whispering
Eyes burning with hatred
Hundreds of them staring
Diseased little beings
Of unknown origin

Waiting and waiting and waiting
Whomever finds they way
Within these abandoned rooms
Of a chapel that was
Tempted into sneaking in
With a hope to find the tome
But what you founds was death
Painful and unclean

Drank clean from all the blood
Your organs their feast
Bones stripped of flesh
This place your tomb