

Lifeless Visitors

Signs Of The Swarm

Constantly looking over my shoulder
I feel the presence of other company
Lifeless visitors hover over me
And test my already shattered lucidity

Colourless dead limbs extend towards me
But never making contact, mocking me
Breathing down my neck at night

Familiar figures purging ectoplasm
Decorticating decaying pieces of lacerated flesh
Bathing in the fear of imprisonment
I'm never alone

Something's out to get me
No one understands the constant worry
Whether what I see is real or strictly in my head
I see it all too clear
And question the end

Familiar figures purging ectoplasm
Decorticating decaying pieces of lacerated flesh
Bathing in the fear of imprisonment
I'm never alone

Something's out to get me
No one understands the constant worry
Whether what I see is real or strictly in my head
I see it all too clear
And question the end

Hideous morbid beings of abnormality
My second family