

Voices Of The Dead

Calabrese

Sleep will come when I say
I know that the twilight is in whole the end of death
The far calling that's so dark and bright
Now the teeth in our mouth's
Covered in her blood

When you know you have no friends,
You listen to the dead.
The dead knows where to go,
Back into the world where no one knows you're alive
You'll burn in our hell

We've opened doorways,
That we could never close.
Walked a path that no one had warned me
Incantations of the unknown
We are victims when we are alone

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