

## Creeping Lord

### Fear My Thoughts

I'm going insane in my cell they say I've been already been  
Bars at the window chains on my wrists my lost life in sin  
Don't know how many times I hammered my fists against the wall  
But the bleeding knuckles don't bother me I feel no pain at all

Cowering all night in the corner of my cell  
Whetting my fingernails on the cold and blackened stone  
Visions of a war start spinning through my head  
Scratching out my eyes my lost life in red

The creeping lord painting my world in pale  
Tortured at war the battlefield the war machine

Out of control running wild I cannot think  
Burying all deceptions even the water that I drink  
Everything I lost now seems to come back to me  
The memories hunting me I wished I could erase

The creeping lord painting my world in pale  
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Been seven days awake now the sun's crawling over the hill  
And the effect of what I took seems to fade  
Taking a breath of morning air  
Lying in the tall weeds but is it real  
Memories of something cold, dark and silent, vague and very old  
Feel the madness

They're coming back for me

(The creeping lord painting my world)  
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Tortured at war the battlefield the war machine