

Born on a dark and lonely day
Shivering screams of agony
Wracked by self-inflicted ache
Slicked with sick tears
Effluvia of a broken soul
Coalesce into humid hatred
Lightning of remembrance sharpens
The razor's edge, fine and beautiful
On some dark moon, the rush will come
In what form I know not
Maybe rope, maybe fire, maybe powder and flint
Or as simple pounding flesh
But I will come
And you will speak my name
I am the unspeakable
I am the unknown
I am the stapled mouth
I am the thing which cannot be... yet
I am the unspeakable
I am the dead thing
I am the breath which leaves you
And I am the long years waiting
Thread of the pulse, sand on the tongue
Quaking with desire
Hatred burns the veins
I feed upon your fear
Nestled in the cardiac quarter
This undying snake of fury
Corruption twists to decay
Beauty turns to black
On some black sun, the dam will burst
And I will become
Formed of wire, or of steel, or of nails that peel
Instead of crucify
But I will come And you will speak my name
I am the unspeakable
I am the unknown
I am the stapled mouth
I am the thing which cannot be... yet
I am the unspeakable
I am the red death
I am the long years waiting
And I am your dying breath
When will it end? For if I knew...
When will it end? Because for you...
I am the unspeakable
I am the unknown
I am the stapled mouth
I am the thing which cannot be... yet
I am the unspeakable
I am the dead thing
I am the breath which leaves you
And I am the long years waiting
I am the unspeakable
I am rusted rage
I am blood on the wall
I am the cold edge of the blade