

Terror Consumes

Lich King

What mind can't devour itself?
Atrophied ego, degenerate cells
Just beyond the curtain of dark
An unknown number, an unseen attack

Suggestions of something beyond
Moving about in dark attic rooms
Subconscious thought working against
Your own will
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Dread's geometric design
Evolution's byproduct, sickening fear
The mind simply cannot abide
All of the things that it can't stop creating

Branches aligned in the sky
Brain is imprisoned and skull is a tomb
Beckoning arms of the night
Calling you
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No release from horror
Recreation recombines
Charming by the light of day
By night it realigns

Anxiety will overcome
And all the world's askew
You can't see the ghost
But be assured, the ghost sees you

Pale radiance as day breaks again
Heaving a sigh as the witch takes its leave
Go hide in the hours of the sun
But time is a cycle, it's finite, and soon is it spent

On the horizon the sun
Is dying and red in a worsening gloom
You will return to the house
that you built
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