

Here in the Black

Gary Numan

Here in the black there's a feeling of loss but it's hungry and restless and it's
Looking, desperate for something and it feels like a child but not screaming or helpless and it's
Absent of mercy, it's alive and it feels with not a shred of compassion or love
It comes like a pouring of evil, it's a stain when the ground is a desolate shadow of fear It's dark and I'm lost,
there's a breath in the wind and the breath is malicious and I
Don't know whether to run or should I drop to my knees and pretend I'm religious because
It's cold and I'm scared and the whispers are a madness that voices the question to God:
Is this real or imagined, because if I'm asleep well then I don't need to scream for long Here in the black, it
comes
Here in the black, it comes
Here in the black, it comes for me
Here in the black, I'm lost It's here and I'm feeling like a thought in the mind but it's beautifully vicious and I
Can't hide, not sure if I want to, it crawls in the mist like a vision of Judas and it's
So close I can feel it and I'm chilled to the bone, I'm a statue in ice but it's
Unsure if it's enough so it waits like a ghost for the demon assassin of God Here in the black, it comes
Here in the black, it comes
Here in the black, it comes for me
Here in the black, I'm lost And all you see is dark and vague
And all you feel is life unmade
And all your hopes just bleed away
And all you are is lost and fades Here in the black, it comes
Here in the black, it comes
Here in the black, it comes for me
Here in the black, I'm lost

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