

Screaming at Forgotten Fears

Xasthur

A sinister telepathy is screaming at forgotten fears
An exit made of your self-destruction, may your reflection guide the blade.
In your lost code of self knowledge, a mere entrance for evil to enter
The venom is hidden and the venom wears a mask (I serve myself upon the wings
of pains affliction, unto thee). Disconnect from my state of being (and
without a trace) it was my soul that murdered yours. that murdered yours.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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