

The Black Swarm

[Nasum](#)

Excessive cleansing
Washing away the blood
From your shaking hands Coughing up filth
It's like nothing is clean when
Your mind still is dirty The swarm is near Panic's rising by a buzzing sound
Pushes you into states of regression
A black swarm piercing through your skin
Flying high with flies Sick, turning sicker
It creeps on you
But that's nothing new Finally realizing
What we've always known
That you're the bug The swarm is here Panic's rising by a buzzing sound
Pushes you into states of regression
A black swarm piercing through your skin
Flying high with flies Flying high with flies Sick, turning sicker
Turning sick, fucking sick

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