

# White Worms (Rehearsal)

## Cryptopsy

It's almost night  
The clouds are streaked with violet  
And the moon is bright  
Banish your innocence There is no breeze  
Disquiet lurks in silence  
By this place of power  
Your sins must escalate What has come before  
And recurs perpetually  
Is on it's way  
Cherish each atrocity Woodland dark surroundings  
Ill lit by twin beacons  
A black car approaches  
With two men inside it With the right temptation  
Murder needs to prompting  
The man riding shotgun  
Has just killed his own son To nurture the white worms Still and isolated  
The woodframe house stands vacant  
Humans that once lived here  
Can no longer be found And yet all are present  
Well fed and ghastly white  
In the mound of moist earth  
That sits just by the road His rigid features inexpressive  
He flings his son's blonde head upon the heap  
This last act earns him his metamorphosis  
For he who built the house is at the wheel To nurture the white worms Darkling souls, though larval  
With each sin can mutate  
Into something dreadful  
Before dawn, you'll pupate  
And feed on innocents  
Nourished by more like you  
To someday haunt the aether  
In obscene evolution The house is hell  
With it's windows all agape  
Through these come some worms  
And they have sprouted wings Fear is forever, the objective  
To goad the rest of humanity  
Into acts of pervert nature  
And bring out the worm in all of us

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
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