

# 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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