The Black Swarm

Nasum

Excessive cleansing
Washing away the blood
From your shaking handsCoughing up filth
It's like nothing is clean when
Your mind still is dirtyThe swarm is nearPanic's rising by a buzzing sound
Pushes you into states of regression
A black swarm piercing through your skin
Flying high with fliesSick, turning sicker
It creeps on you
But that's nothing newFinally realizing
What we've always known
That you're the bugThe swarm is herePanic's rising by a buzzing sound
Pushes you into states of regression
A black swarm piercing through your skin
Flying high with fliesFlying high with fliesSick, turning sicker
Turning sick, fucking sick

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