Morbid Shape In Black

Deceased

What lurks as the pesticides spray evil's dust,
Killing life's roses so red?
Hooded, defeated, as a cloak hides a name
Making my mind demented
It seems to be living, but yet it looks ill
Not moving onward with time
As dawn brings new day, eroding away
The sunlight now shelters my find
Believe, but can I trust my eyes to see?
To see, the unexplained in front of me
To me, this other side I must believe
Believe, that hell is now a part of me
Exhausted, I speak to all with an ear
My story, this vision unseen
I tell of this shape, appearing in black
But no one wants to believe
But they will believe
I live with that day, as only I can
I laugh, but only to hide
This inner fear, that something's out there
Just haunting forever inside
And time goes on.....
Why did I see? Do you believe?
The highway was dead, my mind was all alone
The grasp of the dawn surrounded me
A tunnel was dug, direct into fright
Leaving me hooked, into death's own eyes
Hooded shapes float above misplaced
The time frame the flowers are dead
So many ways, to justify and place
Thoughts occuring and conceived
And time goes on.....
Morbid shape in black!!!

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