

The Damned

Willowtree

Songs made of whispers silent screams
Like a choral of the dead needles
Prick the softest skin
And the breeze scream blood lust These eyes gazing over the hilltops burning red
The night skies seem to follow me
Blanketing me with crowds of gray and black
The crowd of the damned screams Eyes shown red, raise the dead
Eyes shown red, raise the dead The breeze screaming over the whispers in the dark
Setting the leaves in sway
Hanging there like a body from the rafters
Smiling back at me Eyes shown red, raise the dead
Eyes shown red, raise the dead They wait in eager circles for me
To stagger into the darkness
These images that I have seen
They still burn inside of me They still burn inside of me
They still burn inside

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