Lycanthropy

Fear Before The March Of Flames

i can feel a pull from the outside world
a lonely shadow in the moonlit night
i can feel a pull from the outside worldplease pull me up with the oceans
music is seen colors are heard
a dark vision of senses
is this tasting the world?
to ruin the illusion
is this primal or futile?
is this instinct or evil?
is this right or wrong?i can feel a change
yes i can feel a change inside me
inside you
gnash's through each stranger in the night
your eyes will be opened
it will be too bright to see reality
when i wake up
in the morning
the taste lingers
on my lipsa love lost a lovers breath
whats best for me tonight is to let my coat fill in
a swift killer at each bite
people change when the pleasure starts to spoil
to my touch vivid colors appear
dark visions it was all too bright to see
reality what if this is all there is?
so sad to hear
oblivious to the obvious thats you
thats you
a love lost a lovers breath
whats best for me tonight is to let my coat fill in
i'll be on my way in flight

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