The Damned

Evergreen Terrace

Songs made of whispers silent screams
Like a choral of the dead needles
Prick the softest skin
And the breeze scream blood lustThese 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 screamsEyes shown red, raise the dead
Eyes shown red, raise the deadThe breeze screaming over the whispers in the dark
Setting the leaves in sway
Hanging there like a body from the rafters
Smiling back at meEyes shown red, raise the dead
Eyes shown red, raise the deadThey wait in eager circles for me
To stagger into the darkness
These images that I have seen
They still burn inside of meThey still burn inside of me
They still burn inside

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