

# 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 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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