

Artist: tristania

Title: The Wretched

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Welcome, my friend  
(Now) It's you and I  
Do you sense the eye that watches you?  
Can you feel her muted scream?  
This is our very own horrid dream

Can you hear her hollow cry?  
From the other side  
You can't see her - you can't reach her  
But you feel her watching you

Now she sings her lullaby  
The sun has died  
This is the voyage that never ends

A black light  
The lost souls are craving  
Clinging to their last glimpse of hope  
The restless won't leave you alone  
You cannot set them free  
The blood flows  
Your fear grows  
Awaiting an accident  
Veiled eyes  
See right through your darkened mind  
You cannot set them free

The song of demons plays on the wind  
Can you hear the wretched's call?  
Their shuffling feet  
Your pounding heart  
Now you know you're falling  
Chanting words you do not catch  
Their cries for help you never sensed  
An organic mass of despair  
This nightly mare

They cry your name, which is silence  
They play their game, which is violence

Unsound.