

A March for the Sick

Arsis

Rock.

You look to me with your resurrection eyes.
A curse of truth that is longing for disguise.
Now covered in scars unveiled by vanity.
The bloody mirror's shattered, it's left it's mark on me.

A march for the sick, starving for control.
To the bastard's beat.
Now shifting in shadows and crying for release.
All life has surrendered crawling on it's knees.
Covered in scars this curse of vanity.
I have come to learn I traded diamonds for disease.

A march for the sick, starving for control.
Dying on my knees, starving for control.
A march for the sick, starving for control.
To the bastard's beat.

Bring it down now, this loss must have it's reprisal.
Master the arts of guilt and denial.
Forgive the shameless, beg to remain nameless.
And forever dwell with regret behind my eyes.

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