

Terrible Certainty

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Die! Slowly you're dying From this contagious disease Once you're
infected there's no hope of a cure Your passing is a sure thing
Your
thoughts are empty and hopeless Nothing is left for you now Hav
ing
to live with this terrible certainty Praying is all you can do
It's
vicious and crippling and slowly, Your life will end But how lo
ng
will it take to save us from the plague With fatal convulsions
the
plague is reaching for us God knows! What will it take to save
us
from the plague
Contracted by blood The virus can be in us all You're one of it
's
victims, but then thousands more
And they won't be the last So many civilisations before The mig
hty,
the proud and the brave
The poor, the rich - Indiscriminate Soon they'll all end in