

A Creeping Dose

In Fear and Faith

Hell rains upon me
With the reigns of atomic end
It doesn't matter what I believe
Cause in the end it's all about the means
These winds are no longer safe for breathing
They convey the fatal blow
But a vessel that special delivers its poisons,
They're flowing straight into my lungs
I should have know that it would end this way
But I was locked up, shut down, shoving it all away
I was in denial
And now know you're all guilty too
You're all fucking guilty

There's a sickness in my body
Every pore, every aperture, an avenue
For the life to escape it's host
Everything I touch I leave my husk behind
Empty bones and undertones of fumes that sear my soul,
I'll repair these tattered lungs
With a drop of cyanide upon my tongue

I'm too sick to move
I'm too weak to make it through
The soil I lay upon has been polluted with the truth
And I'm too sick to move
Arms made of lead along with a shortness of breath,
Brought on by armies of dead men
With no sense of regret

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Now my lungs, are filled with a creeping dose of
Bitter disgust, for the world I used to trust

The world has yet to see, what can truly be unleashed
When you fuck with the, intercontinental travesty