

## Sickness

## Obituary

Some say you're choosing to fight.  
And some say you're scheduled to live or die.  
And some say you're scheduled to kill  
Laughing at what they will do.

What if they are right  
To lift the fate of everyone.  
Let them live in pain.  
A pain to which there is no end.

As I look to the right.  
I see the horror filled within.  
Killing is the meaning of life.  
Killing is a way to leave your body

A mean to release your fear.  
A fear of sickness down within.  
Let the guilty pay.  
A pain to which there is no end.

Back from the grave.  
I took the life of everyone.  
And from the bottom of the grave.  
I took the death of everyone.

To those who fear their right.  
You are the first sight then filled with fear.  
A fear that begins to mount  
The fear that turns you inside out.

Into the realms of no way out.  
Into a life of the utter doubt.  
A place in which you won't exist.  
A place in which you're living dead