

Sickness

TENDER

Things are starting to change, and we've all been left behind
Got caught in a daze where civilisation once walked
We have nowhere to go
Lost in a dream where we thought we ruled an Earth
Caught in a spin where life plays Adam of us

Falling backwards, passed point as bad things got
I hope we have a soul to meet
Past the point of repair, with our hands in sickly air
And we'll cherish growth before the cracks and breaks
Everybody will pay for what they take

Beware the sickness will hold on
With God as my witness, hold on
It's my existence, hold on, hold on to it
To the beat of the rhythm, hold on
And take my reflection, and hold on
Wash away the kingdom, and hold on, hold on to it, hold on

Tryna hide the truth in plain sight
Took a bite of the fruit before it's ripe
But you know it's not too late
To spit it out, and plant the seeds
Watch the roots grow under me
And maybe we'll make it

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