

# Terminal Spirit Disease

## At the Gates

Can you feel the pain I feel?  
I've lost all sense of what is real  
I'm lost, in a world I detest

Can you feel the pain I feel?  
This wound I've got will never heal  
I'm lost, in the serpents own nest

Oh - set me free - crucify life itself  
And let your joy be the reality  
Our suffering life - the dream

Pain, the highest order  
Scorching the inside of my skin  
Terminal spirit disease  
An itch of thirst twisting my tortured nerves

Kill the worm that is depression  
Join the leeches of oppression  
Impure - twisted - logic they die

Kill the worm that is depression  
My fevered circle - circle of damnation  
Consumed by this torment divine

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Your souls condemned to sing of life  
Must die to be set free