

Infected

American Me

There is something wrong with me. Flesh crawling with disease
I want to die, but I want to survive.
Survival is the only way the price that must be paid.

I chose to live, not die
...Not to fucking die.

Oh my god I'm fucking dying. Infected and diseased... Stranger
to purity
Cut your losses, face the facts... This body is a prison with suffering attached.
I have nowhere to go... No place to hide.

The time has arrived where I can lay and close my eyes.
No one else would care if I would remain alive...

Throw me out like trash. I've felt this once before.
Hold my breath, I know I cannot do this anymore. I can't do this anymore...

This disease is killing me
Flesh rot
Your body's breaking down
It's time
Your body's going underground
I can't do this anymore
This disease is killing me