

I Am the Disease

Benediction

In a world of noones
I'll be the freak
Turn and hide from the mask you see
Misshapen face of fear

I will be your obscenity
I will be the depraved
I will be your deepest fear
That lights the dark that you so crave

Created in honnor, in honnor to live

Invisible, terror descends
The deepest fear come true
One false move and you know you'll fall
The abyss of nightmares gapes below you

Hideous to look upon
A deformed face, a bastard son
A pantomime, a colourful tale
Yet in this theatre, no beauty prevails

How could they do this to me?
My Lord, he never cared
Screaming for help and I was not saved
Tried to trust but I found despair

They have despised me since the day I was born
Reviled by truth, their minds too small
Tearing open blinded sightless eyes
Only death is real