

# 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 honor, in honor 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