

Disillusion

Flesh Field

I walked the earth, I trekked through endless sacred places
I searched them, all of them, far and wide
I'd never seen so many pretty little faces, all waiting patient
ly
Waiting to die

I wait for something
I wait for anything to heal this world of all its wounds
Of all its hate, so I can feel again

Disillusion is common place
Confusion, our fatal flaw
Retribution, our sacred god
Conclusion
There is no law

We are slaves to apathy, wishing we were born without eyes
We crusade for trivial glory
We only care about what we despise

You tried to teach me
You tried to reach me through fear
The fear of what you are, of what you see, of what you hear ins
ide