

## A Creeping Dose

In Fear and Faith

Hell rains upon me  
With the reigns of atomic end  
It doesn't matter what I believe  
Cause in the end it's all about the means  
These winds are no longer safe for breathing  
They convey the fatal blow  
But a vessel that special delivers its poisons,  
They're flowing straight into my lungs  
I should have know that it would end this way  
But I was locked up, shut down, shoving it all away  
I was in denial  
And now know you're all guilty too  
You're all fucking guilty

There's a sickness in my body  
Every pore, every aperture, an avenue  
For the life to escape it's host  
Everything I touch I leave my husk behind  
Empty bones and undertones of fumes that sear my soul,  
I'll repair these tattered lungs  
With a drop of cyanide upon my tongue

I'm too sick to move  
I'm too weak to make it through  
The soil I lay upon has been polluted with the truth  
And I'm too sick to move  
Arms made of lead along with a shortness of breath,  
Brought on by armies of dead men  
With no sense of regret

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Now my lungs, are filled with a creeping dose of  
Bitter disgust, for the world I used to trust

The world has yet to see, what can truly be unleashed  
When you fuck with the, intercontinental travesty