

## Fear and Sickness

Neurosis

In the thoughts of time we are of sand  
With aphasic songs the ratios are blind  
A lucid air deletes the sound  
The water slows to receive you

The lantern guides to the evil  
As a weapon forms of the dawn  
The air reeks of foul play  
Inscribe your fears in the soil

The sea is foul  
Like worms in your heart  
Consume an age old  
Of forgery and deceit

At the center we will find you  
Falling prey to its lustre