

Platonic Disease

Obituary

Your grips fallen.
I'm fallen, we've fallen beyond.
Expired, we've acquired platonic disease.

No jury, your cause.
Speak laws afford the bigot.
Back load myself.
Lay down the sentence of never ending said.

Platonic disease.
Platonic disease.

No jury. The pain.
The chance wronged release pain.
The stakes torn, lives cross.
Deep waters, willing loss.

Download main site.
Lay down victims right.
The fuels burnt, worlds part.
Seems like a never ending vicious cycle of death, of death.

Platonic disease.
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Now see, world dies.
Strips down the face of disguise.
No rules, my way.
My way of things to say.

Your pore boils, burnt sore.
Lift off the face of wood.

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