

The Land Increases

Sick of It All

One is born, one dies
We're fragile and soft
Our surroundings are harsh
Our surroundings are hostile
The world takes what it wants

Nobody's secure
Nobody is safe
Don't take it for granted
To see another day

Murder, accident, suicide, and disease

We're lucky to be here
We're lucky to live
So much is trivial
Beyond that idea

Murder, accident, suicide, and disease

The soul is sacred
It defines our being
And without the body
The force is freed
Leaving only a shell

The land increases