

A Gentle Disease

The Agonist

The gift of poison
I'm the right mistake
Cruel words can heal me
Touch - a gentle disease

Where skies are green
The grass burns red
Terminal youth outlives me
Sight - an abstract sense

I'm the worst theory
Your downfall, my majesty

In this restless syndrome
I'll drown the flavours
Such an innocent crime
Taste - my ascending demise

Step outside your comfort zone
Come to meet your best downfall