

The Grip Of Disease

The Mission

Sometimes I feel just like Jesus Christ Nailed to the cross, betrayed and crucified A crown of thorns cutting into my skin A palace and a throne and a kingdom of my own Knights in armour and courtesans, maids in waiting with blood on their hands The king can't get blood from a stone

I'm falling, into the arms of Nemesis I'm falling, into the grip of disease

Cold comfort is success and I can feel my blood freeze Reason with the dust and blown away by the breeze How cruel the stars, that shine so hard

I'm falling, into the arms of Nemesis I'm falling, into the grip of

Disease

and all I ever need is the truth But the truth of it all is that there's no truth at all Like the truth of the cry from the newborn child So why? Just tell me why, does Jesus cry?

I'm falling, into the arms of Nemesis I'm falling, into the grip of disease I'm falling, into the arms of Nemesis I'm falling, into the grip of disease

Disease, disease, disease