

# Drist, Sterile

Everyone I knew felt older,  
To the ones who hid in shelter

It seems a lot of sterile things,  
You cannot feel which way

I fear a lot of all the times,  
I sat and thought of nothing

I can't feel anything without the skin,  
I can't peel anymore than this

Innocence lost it's way long ago,  
With everything else held sacred

I think a lot about the day  
That I feel love without pain  
I think a lot  
I think all day  
I've thought a lot of nothing

After all feeling is over,  
Take the one that kills you slower