

# Pestilence, Systematic Instruction

Suffering from a disease  
The morbid symptoms aren't identifiable  
Physicians; they disagree  
Fighting is thus impossible  
Vainly you wait for a cure  
But there's pain you have to endure  
You don't have to add you to dead  
Leave your faith in science's hands  
Research might lead to your salvation  
while you're in a state of suspended animation  
After the anaesthesia  
comes pure nitrogen  
In many degrees below zero  
An ice-bound human being  
Can they disabuse him of  
his as yet unknown disease?  
Then maybe in the future  
the machines will stop to freeze  
The blood is no longer liquid  
No palpitations of the heart  
Stone could hardened intestines  
There will never be a new start  
Ages wait for a cure  
No more pain they have to endure  
They added themselves to the dead  
Left their faith in science's hands  
Forever frozen is their destination  
In a state of suspended animation