

# The Agonist, A Gentle Disease

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