

Tilt, Past The Point

Almost to the point
Where in the past I've given up
But this time something keeps
On telling me I've got to go on
So now I will try to get the
Lead out of my blood and lose
The paralyzing lies
That shower from above

I must strengthen my
Constitution
I must gather my
Resolve
I've got to muster every
Ounce of my resistance

Self inflicted doom
Has left me open and exposed
To every sickness every fallacy
That's going around
I will not succumb to the belief
That others hold that there is
No defense against infection
As I've been told

We're tolerant to the wrongs
Dealt out with regularity
Our toxic level is drawn
From sheer lack of humanity