

# Word As A Virus, End Of The Last Thousand Years

Without worth and without meaning has what I have felt  
Nothing to no one  
I am a design flaw to the natural order of life  
I am the dirt  
I am the cancer walking through your soul  
This war has been lost  
I will not give in though  
Not on my soul  
I will not be broken down into dust  
Into the coward whose life fell short  
Overcoming the adversity  
I am not a disease  
I am not a tumor and I will not carry one any longer  
I am not your sympathy  
My strength is born  
My heart alive  
The air still blowing and my struggle's far from over  
But i will sacrifice  
For the greater good  
For the sun that will rise tomorrow  
For I will wake tomorrow  
For tomorrow will come