Word As A Virus, End Of The Last Thousand Year

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