

# World War Four, Wither

Weak and feeble,  
gaunt and drawn  
Pins and needles,  
crown of thorns

Bring me not your cup of pain  
bring no more your dirty stain

In my sleep you come you creep  
In my veins the pain runs deep

And I creep I crawl,  
I seethe and I crave  
I wither, I waste,  
alone I rage

Bring me not your cup of pain  
bring no more your dirty stain

In my sleep you come you creep  
In my veins the pain runs deep

And I wither

Bring me not your cup of pain  
bring no more your dirty stain

In my sleep you come you creep  
In my hands the pain runs deep