

At The Gates, Terminal Spirit Disease

Can you feel the pain I feel?
I've lost all sense of what is real
I'm lost, in a world I detest

Can you feel the pain I feel?
This wound I've got will never heal
I'm lost, in the serpents own nest

Oh - set me free - crucify life itself
And let your joy be the reality
Our suffering life - the dream

Pain, the highest order
Scorching the inside of my skin
Terminal spirit disease
An itch of thirst twisting my tortured nerves

Kill the worm that is depression
Join the leeches of oppression
Unpure - twisted - logic now die

Kill the worm that is depression
My fevered circle - circle of damnation
Consumed by this torment divine

Terminal spirit disease
Terminal spirit disease

Your souls condemned to sing of life
Must die to be set free