

# Colour Of Fire, Robot Rock

This Infection is contagious as hell, I can see the symptoms.  
You can't sweat it out through nightmares or dreams, is there anybody out there?  
It surfaces your anxieties, brings out all the hate that you've got,  
reminds you of the love that you've lost

I'll keep my sword in, my wretched sword in...this feels like a warning  
I'll keep my sword in, My wretched sword in...this feels like a warning

The saddle on your back is a seat, for this disease to ride you.  
No vaccine can protect you from me, no inoculation.  
It surfaces your anxieties, Your falling down to your knees,  
Clutching at that one memory.

Open up wide, Cos its coming!

I'll keep my sword in, my wretched sword in...this feels like a warning  
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