

# Macabre, Disease

You woke up this morning  
With a disease  
The doctor said you will be dead  
By the time you're 30  
Well if they find a cure  
you just might be saved  
But by the time they find a cure  
You could be in a grave

You have a disease  
And you will die  
The time has come  
For you to cry  
Spreading all through  
You're head  
Pretty soon you  
Will be dead  
You can't escape  
It's a gruesome fate  
All you can do  
Is wait  
In your grave  
You'll decay  
Because of a disease  
That took you away

You died this morning  
From your disease  
They found you dead in your bed  
At age 20  
They didn't find a cure  
And you weren't saved  
So I guess you'll have to  
Decompose in your head

You have a disease  
And you will die  
The time has come  
For you to cry  
Spreading all through  
You're head  
Pretty soon you  
Will be dead  
You can't escape  
It's a gruesome fate  
All you can do  
Is wait  
In your grave  
You'll decay  
Because of a disease  
That took you away