

Neurosis, Sterile Vison

Bury me in a shallow grave, so the rain will wash me away
And the sun will burn the soul and the earth will feed on me
The earth must drink my sour blood to breathe
My disease is causing pain

I'm stumbling but I'm trying to say, that I'm crumbling away
In the corner, you'll find me
On the back of the bus
Sterile, sterile vision.