

Pissing Razors, Fields of Disbelief

My world uncertain and cold
Vision in stone and blurred
Mobility is stricken
My life I feel is robbed
They lift my hands - they guide me walk
The pain burns inside
They lift my hands - they guide me walk
I want me back!

Looking to the horizon
All is calm and clear
Alas thee hour of salvation
The fields of disbelief

You suffer to keep my existence
This I can no longer take
The time has come to depart
My presence lost - is love gained?
Understand - you are my power
You carry the torch I've instilled
Take a deep breath - grasp from above
I am not gone
Take a deep breath - grasp from above
I am forever

Looking to the horizon
All is calm and clear
Alas thee hour of salvation
The fields of disbelief
Love/Hate