

# Sick Of It All, The Land Increases

One is born, one dies  
We're fragile and soft  
Our surroundings are harsh  
Our surroundings are hostile  
The world takes what it wants

Nobody's secure  
Nobody is safe  
Don't take it for granted  
To see another day

Murder, accident, suicide, and disease

We're lucky to be here  
We're lucky to live  
So much is trivial  
Beyond that idea

Murder, accident, suicide, and disease

The soul is sacred  
It defines our being  
And without the body  
The force is freed  
Leaving only a shell

The land increases