

The Mission, The Grip Of Disease

Sometimes I feel just like Jesus Christ
Nailed to the cross, betrayed and crucified
A crown of thorns cutting into my skin
A palace and a throne and a kingdom of my own
Knights in armour and courtesans, maids in waiting with blood on their hands
The king ??? can't get blood from a stone

I'm falling, into the arms of Nemesis
I'm falling, into the grip of disease

Cold comfort is success and I can feel my blood freeze
Reason with the dust and blown away by the breeze
How cruel the stars, that shine so hard

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I'm falling, into the grip of

Disease

?? and all I ever need is the truth
But the truth of it all is that there's no truth at all
Like the truth of the cry from the new born child
So why? Just tell me why, does Jesus cry?

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Disease, disease, disease