

Vision Of Disorder, Wathering disease

Get away
Get away, that's what they always say
Though I can't relate
I try and try and trying to undo
So convincing all that way
Though I detest
I will choose to
Choose to neglect all the thoughts of false communication
Though you reject concentrating, contemplating on
What they want of me
What they'll never see
What they perceive is burning in the grass
Try to lose your own
Confusion as melts upon your back
And you resist in-tact
So this is what you see
Come and taste misery
As it burns on my tounge
This is this is dread
I think I will for your thrill
I think I'll try all this time
Shelter me, bury me
Get away-Rage
Where we settle in the paths
As I look as I look on back I realize
The faceless dead