

Vision Of Disorder "Watering Disease"

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Get away
Get away
Get away

Get away
That's what they always say
Though I can't relate
I, I try and try and trying to undo

So convincing all that way
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 it melts upon your back
And you resist intact

So this is what you see
Come and taste misery
As it burns on my tongue
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, rage, rage, rage
Rage, rage, rage, rage

Where we settle in the paths
As I look, as I look on back
I realize the faceless dead

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