

Word As A Virus

"End Of The Last Thousand Years"

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Without worth and without meaning has what I have felt
Nothing to no one
I am a design flaw to the natural order of life
I am the dirt
I am the cancer walking through your soul
This war has been lost
I will not give in though
Not on my soul
I will not be broken down into dust
Into the coward whose life fell short
Overcoming the adversity
I am not a disease
I am not a tumor and I will not carry one any longer
I am not your sympathy
My strength is born
My heart alive
The air still blowing and my struggle's far from over
But i will sacrifice
For the greater good
For the sun that will rise tomorrow
For I will wake tomorrow
For tomorrow will come

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