

At The Gates "Terminal Spirit Disease"

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Can you feel the pain I feel?
I've lost all sense of what is real
I'm lost in a world I detest

Can you feel the pain I feel?
This wound I've got will never heal
I'm lost in the serpents own nest

Oh, set me free, crucify life itself
And let your joy be the reality
Our suffering life, the dream

Pain, the highest order
Scorching inside of my skin
Terminal spirit disease
An itch of thirst twisting my tortured nerves

Kill the worm that is depression
Join the leeches of oppression
Unrure, twisted, logic now die

Kill the worm that is depression
My fevered, circle of damnation
Consumed by this torment divine

Oh, set me free, crucify life itself
Let your joy be the reality
Our suffering life, the dream

Pain, the highest order
Scorching the inside of my skin
Terminal spirit disease
An itch of thirst twisting my tortured nerves
Terminal spirit disease, terminal spirit disease

Kill the worm that is depression
Join the leeches of oppression
Unrure, twisted, logic now die

Kill the worm that is depression
My fevered, circle of damnation
Consumed by this torment divine

Your soul's condemned to sin of life
Must die to be set free
Terminal spirit disease, terminal spirit disease

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