

## **Illdisposed "The Hidden Ache"**

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Bitter modern child, with your dreams tugged around  
you

The dreams so cold, they are mine

With the prospects they haunt you

My ache is hidden

In read lights I see you, and your hate

About time you found me

Your hand in mine

In dark rooms we're hurting

Through hidden times

All hail to the forgotten past

They took me equally with kings

So you're learning, soon becoming my pupil

In the darkness I'll teach you

I'll make you man

In moistful mornings through the only path

Stating I never want your wings

Never argue, never compromise

Wide from mine the hidden ache

Do wonders to realize all the questions you may have

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