

In Fear And Faith "A Creeping Dose"

Visit "[A Creeping Dose](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Hell rains upon me
With the reigns of atomic end
It doesn't matter what I believe
Cause in the end it's all about the means

These winds are no longer safe for breathing
They convey the fatal blow
But a vessel that special delivers its poisons
They're flowing straight into my lungs
I should have known that it would end this way
But I was locked up, shut down, shoving it all away
I was in denial
And now know you're all guilty too
You're fucking guilty

There's a sickness in my body
Every pore, every aperture
An avenue for the life to escape its host
Everything I touch I leave my husk behind
Empty bones and undertones of fumes that sear my
soul
I'll repair these tattered lungs
With a drop of cyanide upon my tongue

I'm too sick to move
I'm too weak to make it through
The soil I lay upon has been polluted with the truth
And I'm too sick to move
Arms made of lead along with a shortness of breath
Brought on by armies of dead men
With no sense of regret

There's a sickness in my body
Every pore, every aperture
An avenue for the life to escape its host
Everything I touch I leave my husk behind
Empty bones and undertones of fumes that sear my
soul
I'll repair these tattered lungs
With a drop of cyanide upon my tongue

Now my lungs are filled with a creeping dose of bitter

disgust
For the world I used to trust

The world has yet to see what can truly be unleashed
When you fuck with the intercontinental travesty

Visit [In Fear And Faith](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.