

Macabre "Disease"

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You woke up this morning
With a disease
The doctor said you will be dead
By the time you're 30
Well if they find a cure
you just might be saved
But by the time they find a cure
You could be in a grave
You have a disease
And you will die
The time has come
For you to cry
Spreading all through
You're head
Pretty soon you
Will be dead
You can't escape
It's a gruesome fate
All you can do
Is wait
In your grave
You'll decay
Because of a disease
That took you away
You died this morning
From your disease

They found you dead in your bed
At age 20
They didn't find a cure
And you weren't saved
So I guess you'll have to
Decompose in your head
You have a disease
And you will die
The time has come
For you to cry
Spreading all through
You're head
Pretty soon you
Will be dead
You can't escape

It's a gruesome fate
All you can do
Is wait
In your grave
You'll decay
Because of a disease
That took you away

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