

## **Pissing Razors** **"Fields Of Disbelief"**

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My world uncertain and cold  
Vision in stone and blurred  
Mobility is stricken  
My life I feel is robbed  
They lift my hands - they guide me walk  
The pain burns inside  
They lift my hands - they guide me walk  
I want me back!

Looking to the horizon  
All is calm and clear  
Alas thee hour of salvation  
The fields of disbelief

You suffer to keep my existence  
This I can no longer take

The time has come to depart  
My presence lost - is love gained?  
Understand - you are my power  
You carry the torch I've instilled  
Take a deep breath - grasp from above  
I am not gone  
Take a deep breath - grasp from above  
I am forever

Looking to the horizon  
All is calm and clear  
Alas thee hour of salvation  
The fields of disbelief  
Love/Hate Â·Â·Â·Â·Â·Â·Â·

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