

Mission Uk "The Grip Of Disease"

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Sometimes I feel just like Jesus Christ
Nailed to the cross, betrayed and crucified
A crown of thorns cutting into my skin
A palace and a throne and a kingdom of my own
Knights in armour and courtesans, maids in waiting
with blood on their hands
The king's white throne(?) can't get blood from a stone

I'm falling, into the arms of Nemesis
I'm falling, into the grip of disease

Cold comfort is success and I can feel my blood freeze
Reason with the dust and blown away by the breeze
How cruel the stars, that shine so hard

I'm falling, into the arms of Nemesis
I'm falling, into the grip of

Disease
Attend his masquerader(?) and all I ever need is the
truth
But the truth of it all is that there's no truth at all
Like the truth of the cry from the new born child
So why? Just tell me why, does Jesus cry?

I'm falling, into the arms of Nemesis
I'm falling, into the grip of disease
I'm falling, into the arms of Nemesis
I'm falling, into the grip of disease

Disease, disease, disease

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