

## Opeth "To Rid the Disease"

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There's nobody here, there's nobody near  
I try not to care, dead eyes always stare  
Let these matters be, don't trust what you see  
Take hold of your time, step into the line

There's innocence torn from it's maker  
And stillborn, the trust in you  
This failure has made the creator  
So would you tell him what to do?

Leave your mark upon the head of someone  
Who'll cry for his state, we know it's too late  
I turn 'round to see what was meant to be  
Faint movement release to rid the disease

There's innocence torn from it's maker  
And stillborn, the trust in you  
(I have lost all trust I had in you)  
This failure has made the creator  
So would you tell him what to do?  
(I have lost all trust I had in you)

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