

## ETCHED MEMORIES

### "Disease"

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Everytime I try  
Shot down  
Everytime I think  
I fuck it up even worse  
My beliefs, my ways  
All coming  
(Crumbling)

Systematic reconstruction  
Of a life totally lost  
What's the point  
Of building myself  
When you can walk by  
And fuck up my life

Set one foot on the ground  
Taken out from underneath me  
Curing my imperfections  
Destroying my mind  
My single sided ways of thinking  
Just smashed into a wall  
Everything's just so different

I am nothing but a blur  
Of lies and pain  
Everything seems to have a hint of hate  
And when I absorb it all  
Into puddles of blood  
From flesh split apart  
Peeling myself for pleasure  
Layer by layer  
My life's just so empty

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