

Terminal Spirit Disease

At the Gates

Can you feel the pain I feel?
I've lost all sense of what is real
I'm lost in a world I detestCan you feel the pain I feel?
This wound I've got will never heal
I'm lost in the serpents own nestOh, set me free, crucify life itself
And let your joy be the reality
Our suffering life, the dreamPain, the highest order
Scorching inside of my skin
Terminal spirit disease
An itch of thirst twisting my tortured nervesKill the worm that is depression
Join the leeches of oppression
Unrue, twisted, logic now dieKill the worm that is depression
My fevered, circle of damnation
Consumed by this torment divineOh, set me free, crucify life itself
Let your joy be the reality
Our suffering life, the dreamPain, the highest order
Scorching the inside of my skin
Terminal spirit disease
An itch of thirst twisting my tortured nerves
Terminal spirit disease, terminal spirit diseaseKill the worm that is depression
Join the leeches of oppression
Unrue, twisted, logic now dieKill the worm that is depression
My fevered, circle of damnation
Consumed by this torment divineYour soul's condemned to sin of life
Must die to be set free
Terminal spirit disease, terminal spirit disease

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