The Grip Of Disease

The Mission

Sometimes I feel just like Jesus Christ
Nailed to the cross, betrayed and crucified
A crown of thorns cutting into my skinA palace and a throne and a kingdom of my own
Knights in armor and courtesans
Maids in waiting with blood on their hands
The king's white throne can't get blood from a stoneI'm falling into the arms of Nemesis
I'm falling into the grip of diseaseCold 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 hardI'm falling into the arms of Nemesis
I'm falling into the grip of diseaseAttend his masquerader, 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 a 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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