Bitter Truth

Saint Vitus

I knew a man, I 'm proud to say
But he couldn't live in a world he couldn't seeHidden patterns genetic moldThe laws of life, it 's ways are coldNo one seemed to know for sureA knowing look of falling to death 's doorLiving unreal, time is to stealBooking passage on a journey unknownBlackened veins of nihilistic sadnessA painted mask substance induced gladness
With a spike or from a bottleTiny cartoon pictures on a square of paper blotterHe was a man, was fear's machine
Sickness don't fail, don't succumb to self-esteemUnseen vessel, undreamed flightNo one knows if you were wrong or if you were rightR.I.P. H.B.[Dedicated to Dough (H.B.) Caldwell - R.I.P.]

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/