

# My Disease

## Psychodelic Blues

Awaken to the eyes of glazed humor  
The haze in my somber eyes .. it burns .. so cold  
The things you wish you could know  
As he enters into the world as a ghost  
The terror inflicted scrapes your bones  
Let him hold you close  
"look" where "over there" oh I see what you mean  
Fear me  
Step too close to see what I see

Construct desire  
The fine line between disease and what I need  
As he enters into the world as a ghost  
The terror inflicted scrapes your bones  
Let him hold you close  
It's exactly what it seems  
The horror I live  
The evil that beats inside me  
It's called "my disease"

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