

# Sterile Vision

## Neurosis

Bury me in a shallow grave. So the rain will  
wash me away. And the sun will burn my soul  
and the earth will feed on me.

The earth must drink my sour blood  
To breathe.

My disease is caustic pain. I'm stumbling but  
I'm trying to say that I'm crumbling away.  
In the corner you'll find me. On the back of the bus.  
Sterile, sterile vision

Lyrics provided by  
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