

Stricken

No Fuego

Stricken with disease. Lost through sickness and i can't find my way.

I've lost the will. Nothing to fight for. Stricken with disease. I don't know what i'm gonna for.

Lost my sight, the will to win the fight. Just hold on tight and we'll break through. Make your escape before
tomorrow brings the sober sickness. Maybe you are too far gone to save.

Brace yourself for a world that leaves you fending for yourself, for a world that's full of hatred.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>