Ruin

Sick of It All

There's a moaning I hear when I try to sleep.
It's the sound of a drawn out tragedy
The result of centuries of neglect.
With no attention paid to cause and effect
And the pain gets worse and the screams ensue.
It's the world living with a parasite
It's the world living with it's own infectious disease.
Ruin is what you wanted
Ruin is what you get
Ruin is what you worked towards every single day.
The infestation reaches far beyond it's means.
The sapping of the strength has muffled all the screams.
Self centered beings play out self centered lives.
Indifferent creatures living in indifferent times
And the blame is passed round when the death throws sound
It's the world living with a parasite
It's the world living with it's own infectious disease.
Ruin is what you wanted
Ruin is what you get
Ruin is what you worked towards every single day.
Ruin is what you wanted
Ruin is what you get
Ruin is what you worked towards every single day.
Ruin, ruin, ruin, ruin

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