Suspended Animation

Nighthawk22

Suffering from a disease
The morbid symptoms aren't identifiable
Physicians, they disagree
Fighting is thus impossibleVainly you wait for a cure
But there's pain you have to endure
You don't have to add you to dead
Leave your faith in science's hands
Research might lead to your salvation
While you're in a state of suspended animationAfter the anesthesia
Comes pure nitrogen
In many degrees below zero
An ice bound human beingCan they disabuse him of
His as yet unknown disease?
Then maybe in the future
Machines will stop to freezeThe blood is no longer liquid
No palpitations of the heart
Stone cold hardened intestines
There will never be a new startAges wait for a cure
No more pain they have to endure
They added themselves to the dead
Left their faith in science's hands
Forever frozen is their destination
In a state of suspended animation

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