

# Art Of Dying

## Infected

There'll come a time when all of us must leave here  
Then nothing sister Mary can do  
Will keep me here with you  
As nothing in this life that I've been trying  
Could equal or surpass the art of dying  
Do you believe me?  
There'll come a time when all your hopes are fading  
When things that seemed so very plain  
Become an awful pain  
Searching for the truth among the lying  
And answered when you've learned the art of dying

But you're still with me  
But if you want it  
Then you must find it  
But when you have it  
There'll be no need for it  
There'll come a time when most of us return here  
Brought back by our desire to be  
A perfect entity  
Living through a million years of crying  
Until you've realized the Art of Dying  
Do you believe me?

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