To Rid The Disease

Opeth

There's nobody here, there's nobody near
I try not to care, dead eyes always stare
Let these matters be, don't trust what you see
Take hold of your time, step into the line
There's innocence torn from it's maker
And stillborn, the trust in you
This failure has made the creator
So would you tell him what to do?
Leave your mark upon the head of someone
Who'll cry for his state, we know it's too late
I turn 'round to see what was meant to be
Faint movement release to rid the disease
There's innocence torn from it's maker
And stillborn, the trust in you
(I have lost all trust I had in you)
This failure has made the creator
So would you tell him what to do?
(I have lost all trust I had in you)

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