

Patient 957

Burnt By The Sun

Numbed to the bone, shaken down
Can you feel the thickness of twenty four hour days
Can you feel the world and your blood escalate
Can you feel your body from the neck up? You sink, these desperate needs call more extreme means
In a world of disease there are products to appease
Resolution won't come back when the numbness fades
Now more than ever, you never have to question the cure Our mark of civilization ends and begins with a price
tag on everything
See the ads, all the good health you could have
Perfect life, co-payd slave, diagnosed and baited the same day
All hail this progress, it's all for sale, all hail

Songwriters

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