

# Patient 957

## Burnt By The Sun

Numb 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-payed slave, diagnosed and baited the same day  
All hail this progress, it's all for sale, all hail

### Songwriters

David William Witte;John Henry Adubato;Theodore Patterson Iii;Michael OlanderPublished by  
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