

# The Grip of Disease

## [unknown]

Sometimes I feel just like Jesus Christ  
Nailed to the cross, betrayed and crucified  
A crown of thorns cutting into my skinA palace and a throne and a kingdom of my own  
Knights in armor and courtesans  
Maids in waiting with blood on their hands  
The king's white throne can't get blood from a stoneI'm falling into the arms of Nemesis  
I'm falling into the grip of diseaseCold comfort is success and I can feel my blood freeze  
Reason with the dust and blown away by the breeze  
How cruel the stars that shine so hardI'm falling into the arms of Nemesis  
I'm falling into the grip of diseaseAttend his masquerader, all I ever need is the truth  
But the truth of it all is that there's no truth at all  
Like the truth of the cry from a new born child  
So why? Just tell me why does Jesus cry?I'm falling into the arms of Nemesis  
I'm falling into the grip of disease  
I'm falling into the arms of Nemesis  
I'm falling into the grip of disease  
Disease, disease, disease

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>