

Sterile Vision

Neurosis

Bury me in a shallow grave. So the rain will
wash me away. And the sun will burn my soul
and the earth will feed on me.

The earth must drink my sour blood
To breathe.

My disease is caustic pain. I'm stumbling but
I'm trying to say that I'm crumbling away.
In the corner you'll find me. On the back of the bus.
Sterile, sterile vision

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