

# A Gentle Disease

## The Agonist

The gift of poison  
I'm the right mistake  
Cruel words can heal me  
Touch - a gentle disease Where skies are green  
The grass burns red  
Terminal youth outlives me  
Sight - an abstract sense I'm the worst theory  
Your downfall, my majesty In this restless syndrome  
I'll drown the flavours  
Such an innocent crime  
Taste - my ascending demise

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