

# Disillusion

Flesh Field

I walked the earth, I trekked through endless sacred places  
I searched them, all of them, far and wide  
I'd never seen so many pretty little faces, all waiting patient  
ly  
Waiting to die

I wait for something  
I wait for anything to heal this world of all its wounds  
Of all its hate, so I can feel again

Disillusion is common place  
Confusion, our fatal flaw  
Retribution, our sacred god  
Conclusion  
There is no law

We are slaves to apathy, wishing we were born without eyes  
We crusade for trivial glory  
We only care about what we despise

You tried to teach me  
You tried to reach me through fear  
The fear of what you are, of what you see, of what you hear ins  
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