

I'm Not One

Illdisposed

When we visit at the grave
There's no telling what was you
And the light takes us away

The stormy tension
The ill advise
A bringer not of truth only lies
The necromancer
Is not a dancer
Too long I've been withhold
Crack the shell

Flee the church
Face the pope
But mind his robe
Jesus side (only he died)
With people who forgives

I'm not one of those
I make me own high

Resting
Still abide
Though the law is not inside

With much sensation
I close my eyes
And wander to
Where we may hide

From the church
And from the pope
Well in mind his robe
Jesus hide from all their crimes
And the people he forgets

I'm not one of those
I make me own high