

# Bitter Truth

## Saint Vitus

I knew a man, I 'm proud to say  
But he couldn't live in a world he couldn't see  
Hidden patterns genetic mold  
The laws of life, it 's  
ways are cold  
No one seemed to know for sure  
A knowing look of falling to death 's door  
Living unreal, time is to steal  
Booking passage on a journey unknown  
Blackened veins of nihilistic sadness  
A painted mask substance induced gladness  
With a spike or from a bottle  
Tiny cartoon pictures on a square of paper blotter  
He was a man,  
was fear's machine  
Sickness don't fail, don't succumb to self-esteem  
Unseen vessel, undreamed flight  
No one knows if you were wrong or if you were right  
R.I.P. H.B.[Dedicated to Dough (H.B.) Caldwell - R.I.P.]

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>