

Scarsick

Pain Of Salvation

Sick!
Sick!
I feel sick
I feel sick
That a spine I conformed
Just along with a bucketful of me
I feel free, Finally
I will see, What you mean when you free
Cause you scrooch to go home
Not alone
Happy drone

While resent is the scar
Something's cold in this bar
I feel sick in this car
Happily lead the way
But the strive for the soup starts
I will fall in line
And the bank kissed the prized sister spoon
Of the start sing it all
Of it just losing me
Of the line to subdue
For all that you lead
Happily just the same
Every joke conformity
Back at the name
Like it just get bigger

the sort of life adjustable
i'm venging for much
here on the inside
and honest in this sick sick sick
rock in the rituality
but you see
this sick will stain!

cut the stain! hit me!

Step into the darkness of treason
Take me home in your voice of reason
Have to be the sound of a soup of the season

hit me now, hitting ground

step into the darkness of treason
take me home in your voice of reason
have to be the sound of a soup of the season

hitting ground
hitting ground
sick!
sick!

sick!
i'm feeling sick in front of this
fucking traverse
that is just the sign of your sanity

you're not alone
and, every time that you hooked
every drug, every scar from every time
you just hate, to think
that you are in sin
instinct to flee
to escape, from this mess
must continue, must rape
and what's true, and what's real
so gnaw at your paw
to get out of the trap of decay
so much time, all the way to just let go to survive
did you lose all your time when you chewed?
through to strive by the everyday
just to stay alive
for you can't, can you hear that sound
in your ears, from the loud
and the mild, and the Cold
War around you, compounding
imbibing, that tells you that you're not alone
is the sound of thousands who vowed
to insanity

We'll be found
We'll be found

Step into the darkness of treason
Take me home in your voice of reason
Have to be the sound of a soup of the season

Hit me now
Hitting ground

Step into the darkness of treason
Take me home in your voice of reason
Have to be the sound of a soup of the season

We're around
Hitting ground
This is the breeding ground
Hitting ground
Ground!

Sick!
(Step into the darkness of treason)
I feel sick!
Sick!
Of these scars and these cars!
I feel sick!
(Step into the darkness of treason)
Sick!
I feel sick!
I feel sick!
You want faith?
You are sick!
(Step into the darkness of treason)
So sick!
Sick!
You want faith?
You are sick!
(Step into the darkness of treason)
Sick!
You're so sick!

You're all sick!
You want faith?
You are sick!

Soup of the season
Hitting ground

Soup of the season
Hitting ground

Soup of the season
Hitting ground

Soup of the season
Hitting ground