

Sick

Barren Cross

Let me out I'm getting sick of it all
Living loaded with my back on the wall
Alter my state; make me irate
I'm black 'n' blue, hell with you
Life for me is so nice and wonderful
Since I've been a killer that no one knows
I seem all right but deep in fear
Wish someone could get me out of here

I'm a sick individual, sick like no one knows
I'm a sick individual, my time to kill, and your time to go

Look who's here now they have figured me out?
Loaded shotguns surrounding my house
Hey man get down on the floor now
Can't escape, murder rape
Life for me was so nice you understand
No one got to see who I really am
Not until I wake up in a cell
Change is coming fast like a train to hell
I'm a sick individual, sick like you all
Know I'm a sick individual
I love you momma, gotta go

Life for me is so nice and locked up well
Gideon's Bible's all I got in my cell
Reading is much better than suicide
But hell, I ain't ready, to meet God when I die

I'm a sick individual. Sick but not for long
I'm a sick individual until the doctor came along

Realize that there's a God in the sky
Realize it from the tears in my eyes
No more blindness, no more sickness
Forgive me. Enter me. Save me