

Puke

Heart Attack Man

You make me sick
You make me nauseous
Filed down and exhausted
You make my stomach churn
You make me cringe
Ugly on the outside and in
It's coming up again
The feeling in my gut
Dry heaves of memories
Traumatic, pure disgust
You're like the smell of sulfur
I still feel you like an ulcer
Painful to the touch

You make me wanna fucking puke
You make me wanna fucking puke
I'm sick, sick, sick to my stomach
At the thought of you
You make me wanna fucking puke

I don't give a fuck
About your excuses
Your weak apologies
Completely useless
Crossed the line
No coming back from this
Fucking disgusting
Conniving human garbage

You make me wanna fucking puke
You make me wanna fucking puke
I'm sick, sick, sick to my stomach
At the thought of you
You make me wanna fucking puke

I feel you like the aftertaste
Hands clasp my neck and masturbate
Sensation save me from going under again

Alright, one more time...

You make me wanna fucking puke
You make me wanna fucking puke
I'm sick, sick, sick to my stomach
At the thought of you
You make me wanna fucking puke

You make me wanna fucking... puke...