

The Sickness

Imminence

It's like I have this sickness
Wearing me down
With every word I am getting weaker
I'm starting to drown
I'm trying harder every second
To fuel this flame
But sometimes I feel nothing
And I'm afraid you do the same

What happened to the true
The love and the spark?
If you give me your soul
I will trade you my heart
We've become masters of pretense
We put our love and pride at expense
If you give me your soul
I will trade you my heart

It's like I have this sickness
Wearing me down
With every word I'm getting weaker
I'm starting to drown
Tell me, am I dead?
Or something you can heal?
I wish I could cry every day
So I know that this is real

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