

Sick with It

Moderat

Come and see my perfect mediacenter
All my money all my time I've spent on it
All specialized, all reinvented
State of the art to enter the internet

I hear my deamons hawling
Into the cyberspace they're calling me

Login the pass
Pandorra's box is open!

My head, my feet, my brain is driving me insain!
My blood, my lungs, my veins are burning up in flames.

It makes you feel like ice cold winter
In this labyrinth of filth and sin
Some things are sweet and some even sweeter
Link by link the ice is getting thin

On my deadly journey right to the center
This dragging twister takes me under
I'm willing to survive, can't surrender
To the call of this phony splendour

My head, my feet, my brain is driving me insain!
My blood, my lungs, my veins are burning up in flames. (x2)

[Call from a distance
Voices of bliss
Voice from a distance
Calling my name
Calling my name...

Mi na go* enter this!]