

Dry Cell, Sick

Go get some

Say what

You've always had so much to say
Tell everybody else what you think of me
I'm beggining to think that I'm here in the brink
Of the shit that you bring
You always told a lie!

But you're not the hardest I met
Be gettin' what I got next
The shit that you start
The fuckin' games that you play
Now I'm given a right to go in-fuckin'-sane

Frustration starts the burning
And then the burn starts turning
So close to being SICK

I'm so fucking sick I don't want to GO
I can't take your shit but have to

But cannot stand your fuckin' face
Cuz I remember the past I can't erase
Now I'm starting to feel that everything isn't real
And all the people around me, they fucking grow and break

But you're not the hardest I met
You be gettin' what I got next
The shit that you start
The fuckin' games that you play
Now I'm given a right to go in-fuckin'-sane

Frustration starts the burning
And then the burn starts turning
And growing and burning and yearning and turning
My anger turns in knotted
So much I almost lost it
So close to being SICK

I'm so fucking sick I don't want to GO
I can't take your shit but have to

SICK!