

# 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!