

Lagwagon, Sick

I've been living for years in question, some obsession
Was I less to live with no answers, as a life cried wolf
I'm ashamed to mention my anguish, but silence lies empty
If I say it again can I kill it, will you lend me your ears

Breathe in breathe out exhale, acting sweating
A broken smile provides them a view, projection is nothing new
Just once I would like them to feel it, suffer in my skin
For a moment stand in my shoes, filled with swelling blues

I keep this room, and this room keeps me, chained to my organs
I am quarantined, to a place that's dark, staring at three walls
The door is locked to them

Maybe now that they all know it, you'll find solace
As you're drowning in narcissism, or is it self-loathing
Cause you fought it all in your head boy, psychosomatic
They used to humor you now they pity you, and nothing's changed

I keep this room, and this room keeps me, chained to my organs
I am quarantined, to a place that's dark, staring at three walls
The door is locked to them

The door is locked behind me, if I say it again can I kill it
Because they're sick of my complaining and i am sick of being sick

Maybe these will cure you completely, chemicals deeply
Saviors until you're dependent, don't let them go to your head
I'm ashamed to mention my anguish, but silence lies empty, silence lies