

Lynch Pilson, Vaccine

Like a deadly virus
Seeping in your veins
Start to eat away at you
With an acid reign
Drop you with hydraulics
Falling to the ground
But you started to rise
With a look in your eyes
Shining crystals in the underground

Medicated paralyzed
A blessing and a curse
Unconsciousness or ecstasy
I don't know what's worse
I'll take a shot

But I don't need a VACCINE
I don't need a cure, until they bury me
I don't need a VACCINE
I just gotta make my quarrantine
But I don't need a VACCINE

Feel like you're floating
Up a concrete stream
Stillborn the image flashing
On the computer screen
Marred by creation
Oblivious to pain
But with no exception
You lost reception
You're unable to sustain

Elevated tried to fly
Brought you back to earth
Strapped and wasted mainline dose
Who could end your search
I'll take a shot

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I don't need a cure, until they bury me
I don't need a VACCINE
I just gotta make my quarrantine

But I don't need a VACCINE

Wallow in eternal toxic
Drowning in the endless vile
Divided in my beating heart, that
I'll never reconcile
Soul injection, pain and pleasure
Overtaking me

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I just gotta make my quarrantine
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