

Medulla Nocte, Inside I'm Dying

These sores remain within me and as they congregate like leeches on my SKIN

- I try to SHED

I scratch MYSELF til I bleed - I DESERVE IT!

Nausea creeps up on me in times when my head should be clear - the STENCH of sickness STAINS my face

It CAN'T be real - for GOD'S SAKE HELP ME!

Inside I'm dying

All this time, when I was sick, and you knew

This condition is the only one appropriate for me

I'm the only one that suffers at my own hands, I'm unconcious, unconcious - but...

Aaargh, now inside I'm dying

All this time, when I was sick, and you knew

Just looked upon with caution, I'm a freak that feigns for sympathy - It's

JUST the pain is REAL

I see the WOUNDS fester - why can't you see?

Inside I'm dying

All this time, when I was sick, and you knew

This condition is the only one appropriate for me

I'm the only one that suffers at my own hands, I'm unconcious, unconcious - but...

Aaargh, now inside I'm dying

All this time, when I was sick, and you knew

Inside I'm dying, dying

All this time, when I was sick, you knew!

It's me who suffers

It's me who suffers

It's me that suffers...