

# Proximity, Sick

Don't think I'm here just for it  
You know I want your disease  
You think I'm here just for it  
That's what you said to me

Chorus 1: Lack of substance

Loss of pride

Enough of suffering

Leaving me behind

I miss my childhood

Can't taste sweet life

The harder I try now

The more I feel alive

Chorus 2: My wisdom deepens as I go on

But black with white

Is like a waiting gun

I miss my childhood

Can't taste sweet life

The harder I try now the more I feel alive