

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