

Therapy?, Speedball

You want to know what grows inside my head
You make incisions with a rusty can
You judge me by the standards that you set
A perfect world built by a hypocrite

You make me sick, you make me sick, you make me sick
You make me sick, you make me sick, you make me sick

Everything you never see in me
Pre-decided by your blinded eyes
Blinkered visions from a narrow mind
Fuels your anger and the wrath inside

You make me sick, you make me sick, you make me sick
You make me sick, you make me sick, you make me sick

You make me sick

You make me sick, you make me sick, you make me sick
You make me sick, you make me sick, you make me sick

Sick, sick, sick, sick