

# Flying Blind, The Pain Of It

Decaying away  
It won't go away  
This feeling  
I've tried everything  
The heat's so extreme  
This feeling  
I cry as I bleed  
But the pain won't recede  
This feeling  
I can't help myself  
But you're on my shelf  
This feeling

And you just look at me  
And turn away from my disease  
And you won't help a bit  
And that's all I get sick of it  
And you don't understand  
Just one squirt from the can of you  
May help me

I try hard to hide  
But it's so open wide  
This feeling  
It cracks and it pulls  
It breaks all the rules  
This feeling

And you just look at me  
And turn away from my disease  
And you won't help a bit  
And that's all I get sick of it  
And you don't understand  
Just one squirt from the can of you  
May help me

And you just look at me  
And turn away from my disease  
And you won't help a bit  
And that's all I get sick of it  
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Just one squirt from the can of you  
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And you just look at me  
And turn away from my disease  
And you won't help a bit  
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Just one squirt from the can of you  
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