

Owen, A Fever

You fucked a fever in me,
And I'm burning up.
A hundred and two, a hundred and three.
Cold sweats, im in need of new sheets.

You fucked this flu in me,
And I'm throwing up dinner for two, and mixed drinks.
Im on my knees as it passes through me

I've been sick before, nothing like this.
I swore if the room started spinning,
I'd leave.

You fucked the sickness in me,
And I'm building up
White blood cells; immunity.
So if by chance it happens again,
I wont be bed ridden.

Ive been sick before, nothing like this.
I swore if the room started spinning,
I'd make my way back to the beginning
And leave.