

# Pain Of Salvation, Scarsick

SICK

It's all SICK, I feel sick  
I'll be sick, then it's fine  
I'm conform to your norm  
With a bucket full of me  
I'll be free, finally  
I will see what you mean with your freedom

This world you call home  
Not alone, happy drone  
Won't be sick of these cars  
All these codes, and these bars  
All these sickening scars  
I'll believe in the way of the stripes and the superstars

I will fall in line and obey  
'Cause the price is so small  
Almost nothing at all  
If I'm just losing ME  
Then the ideals and truths  
Will follow naturally  
Happily I will settle for your conformative apathy

If I could just get rid of this unsettling, uncomfortable  
Unbendable bucket of insight and honesty  
This SICK SICK SICK bucket of reality  
But you see: this sick will stick  
'Cause it's ME  
It's ME

Step into the dark age of treason  
Today the only voice of reason  
Would have to be the sound  
Of the soup of the season hitting ground  
Hitting ground...

SICK

Feeling sickened by this fucking travesty  
Is just a sign of sanity  
You're not alone  
And every time that you hurt  
Every cut, every scar  
And every time you just hate  
Everything that you are  
It is simply the instinct to flee  
To escape from this mess  
This continuous rape  
Of what's true and what's real

So you gnaw at your paw  
To get out of this trap  
Of the cage, of our time  
All that rage  
Is your struggle to survive  
They think you wanna die  
When in truth you just strive  
Biting every hand  
Just to stay alive

But can you hear that sound  
In your ear, growing louder and louder  
The whole world around you  
A pounding and grinding  
That tells you that you're not alone

It's the sound of thousands and thousands  
Of vixen teeth  
Hitting BONE

Step into the dark age of treason  
Today the only voice of reason  
Would have to be the sound  
Of the soup of the season  
Hitting ground...

SICK...  
Of these bars and these cars  
I feel sick  
You are making me sick  
So sick  
You are making me sick  
It's all sick  
We're all sick  
You are making me sick

Soup of the season  
Hitting ground