

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