

Sick Of It All, Turn My Back

See what the world has made me
A bogus heart of gold.
Sweet talk is never real
Just evil lies I've told.
I see the mark of the victim
I see the mark of the trusting soul.
I take the face of the innocent
And rub it into the world.
Then I have to turn my back.
With nothing ever promised
I can't take all the blame.
I keep my spirit callous
And leeches far away.
I see the mark of the victim
I see the mark of the trusting soul.
I take the face of the innocent
And rub it into the world.
Then I have to turn my back.
Though I'm wrong and heartless now
I can find it in myself to live with it
Though I caused the pain you feel
I'm gonna have to turn my back
Though I'm wrong and heartless now
I can find it in myself to live with it
Though I caused the pain you feel
I'm gonna have to turn my back