

I feel like hell, I've caught the sickness once again.  
And I don't feel right!  
I ain't gettin' up. Think I'm slippin' away.

I want to soar like the prophets before  
Addicted to the turbulence.  
Sucked in under false pretense  
I wanna say what needs to be said.  
Addicted to the turbulence, feel the past come rushing in.

These palms don't lie I can't focus, when the statics on  
Routines I hide don't mind killing this secrets mine.

I want to soar like the prophets before  
Addicted to the turbulence.  
Sucked in under false pretense  
I wanna say what needs to be said.  
Addicted to the turbulence, feel the past come rushing in.

Got to stop myself I can't take this!  
When I fall the clouds won't cradle.  
Oh how tempting they are, make you feel like you have it all.  
DRIVE ME MAD A FULL ON RAMPAGE!  
THE OLDER I AM THE LESS FEELING I HAVE!  
Without the gospel losing the truth. I'm losing the truth.