

Get up
I'm paranoid, I'm sick, I'm not myself
I bottled up and drank the pain but it wouldn't stay down
Now I've got nothing to give, nothing to say for myself
I'm nothing more than worm food six feet under the ground
Fuck

Malice
Malice
This is the death of me

It's eating away at me, this disgusting disease
I'm fucking sick, my stomach's starting to bleed
It's eating away at me
I don't know what to do
I'm fucking sick, I'll never be like you

Malice
Malice
Malice

I don't believe in salvation but I believe in demons
And I'll let you meet mine, if you really want to see them
Once you go mad and slip through the cracks
The path is too dark to see the tracks
I was consumed by the dark, consumed by the black
I made a deal with the devil I can't take back

What's the point?
What's the fucking point in any of this?
If when we make it to the grave everyone just forgets
What's the point?
What's the fucking point in any of this?
If when we make it to the grave no one gives a shit

Malice
Malice
Malice

There's no more good left in me
And I hope that you never meet
This person that I've become
This ugly fucking disease, it's eating away at me
This disgusting disease, I'm fucking sick
I'm not normal, and I can finally breathe