

# Sickness

Full Scale

It's coming down the mainline  
Coming on like prime time  
It blinks at you like a neon sign  
But the shit and the mud and the dirt  
It sticks

I've got a call on the other line  
It's just the boss telling me I'm fine  
Am I a law breaker  
Soul shaker  
Or a pussy little singer  
With nothing to hide

Here comes the sickness  
It's calling you home  
Here comes the sickness  
Wrap your arms around me  
And I'll take you all the way now

Cause this is sickness  
You're my (next) mistress  
Don't wanna miss this  
Cause this is sickness

I've got a cellar of fine wine  
Just pop one more  
And you'll feel sublime  
Am I a lawbreaker  
Soulshaker  
Heart breaker

No I'm the sickness

You wanna run  
You run as fast as you can  
I'm calling

I'm like an open sore  
With a rotten core  
They've got me photocopied  
Faxed, filed and e-mailed  
So don't stop digging now  
You're only half way out  
This hole gets bigger by the day  
Don't put your shovel down

So raise your voice up high  
And scream a war cry  
Say "I'm too young to die  
for this rich mans lie"  
Raise your voice up high  
And scream a war cry

Live within the moment

Get back on the downtime  
You want it all but it takes some time

Regime change is a state of mind  
But who needs "freedom"  
When you've got no arms or legs?

This is sickness