There's a sickness I have when the walls come down I'll try to smooth shit out Well it's just a sickness
Something growing in me
When do these walls come down
I don't wanna feel occupied by this sickness

Well. it's just a sickness
It's a sickness I have
When do the walls come down?
I don't wanna feel occupied

I feel now it has grown out of it's It's proportions
Sickness well it's just a sickness

Sickness is it body or mind or soul out of control Whatever I might stumble upon there's always something holding me back

I feel now it has grown out of it's It's proportions
Well it's just a sickness