

## Sick with It

Moderat

Come and see my perfect mediacenter  
All my money all my time I've spent on it  
All specialized, all reinvented  
State of the art to enter the internet

I hear my deamons hawling  
Into the cyberspace they're calling me

Login the pass  
Pandorra's box is open!

My head, my feet, my brain is driving me insain!  
My blood, my lungs, my veins are burning up in flames.

It makes you feel like ice cold winter  
In this labyrinth of filth and sin  
Some things are sweet and some even sweeter  
Link by link the ice is getting thin

On my deadly journey right to the center  
This dragging twister takes me under  
I'm willing to survive, can't surrender  
To the call of this phony splendour

My head, my feet, my brain is driving me insain!  
My blood, my lungs, my veins are burning up in flames. (x2)

[Call from a distance  
Voices of bliss  
Voice from a distance  
Calling my name  
Calling my name...

Mi na go\* enter this!]