

## Scarsick

## Pain Of Salvation

Sick!  
Sick!  
I feel sick  
I feel sick  
That a spine I conformed  
Just along with a bucketful of me  
I feel free, Finally  
I will see, What you mean when you free  
Cause you scrooch to go home  
Not alone  
Happy drone

While resent is the scar  
Something's cold in this bar  
I feel sick in this car  
Happily lead the way  
But the strive for the soup starts  
I will fall in line  
And the bank kissed the prized sister spoon  
Of the start sing it all  
Of it just losing me  
Of the line to subdue  
For all that you lead  
Happily just the same  
Every joke conformity  
Back at the name  
Like it just get bigger

the sort of life adjustable  
i'm venging for much  
here on the inside  
and honest in this sick sick sick  
rock in the rituality  
but you see  
this sick will stain!

cut the stain! hit me!

Step into the darkness of treason  
Take me home in your voice of reason  
Have to be the sound of a soup of the season

hit me now, hitting ground

step into the darkness of treason  
take me home in your voice of reason  
have to be the sound of a soup of the season

hitting ground  
hitting ground  
sick!  
sick!

sick!  
i'm feeling sick in front of this  
fucking traverse  
that is just the sign of your sanity

you're not alone  
and, every time that you hooked  
every drug, every scar from every time  
you just hate, to think  
that you are in sin  
instinct to flee  
to escape, from this mess  
must continue, must rape  
and what's true, and what's real  
so gnaw at your paw  
to get out of the trap of decay  
so much time, all the way to just let go to survive  
did you lose all your time when you chewed?  
through to strive by the everyday  
just to stay alive  
for you can't, can you hear that sound  
in your ears, from the loud  
and the mild, and the Cold  
War around you, compounding  
imbibing, that tells you that you're not alone  
is the sound of thousands who vowed  
to insanity

We'll be found  
We'll be found

Step into the darkness of treason  
Take me home in your voice of reason  
Have to be the sound of a soup of the season

Hit me now  
Hitting ground

Step into the darkness of treason  
Take me home in your voice of reason  
Have to be the sound of a soup of the season

We're around  
Hitting ground  
This is the breeding ground  
Hitting ground  
Ground!

Sick!  
(Step into the darkness of treason)  
I feel sick!  
Sick!  
Of these scars and these cars!  
I feel sick!  
(Step into the darkness of treason)  
Sick!  
I feel sick!  
I feel sick!  
You want faith?  
You are sick!  
(Step into the darkness of treason)  
So sick!  
Sick!  
You want faith?  
You are sick!  
(Step into the darkness of treason)  
Sick!  
You're so sick!

You're all sick!  
You want faith?  
You are sick!

Soup of the season  
Hitting ground

Soup of the season  
Hitting ground

Soup of the season  
Hitting ground

Soup of the season  
Hitting ground