Sickness

Grey Daze

I'm a whore and I'm feeling sorry for myself
In your arms I am drowning like the child I wasI need more can you help me?
Feed my sins, come and kill me
It's calling meEndless skies falling freely down upon my head
So much for hopeless dreaming frustration settles in

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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