

Blue Morning

Roberto Sol

I'm not a monster
I'm just a sick man
Who would give anything
To have his soul back I'm not a monster
I'm just a sick man
Who would give anything
To have his soul back You should probably just
Shoot me in the head now
Otherwise, I'm gonna kill you
I'm sick, really sick
I'm one of them now Quarantine me
I'm infected
Quarantine me
Don't you just love
What I've become? I'm not a monster
I'm just a sick man
Who would do anything
To get his soul back I'm not a monster
I'm just a sick man
Who would do anything
To get his soul back You should probably
Just cover your eyes now
I'll have to warn you
This is gonna hurt, really hurt
I'm one of them now Quarantine me
I'm infected
Quarantine me
Don't you just love
What I've become?
Don't you just love
What I've become? I don't blame you
For wanting me dead
I don't blame you
For wanting me dead I don't blame you
For wanting me dead
I'm one of them now I don't blame you
For wanting me dead
I don't blame you
For wanting me dead I don't blame you

For wanting me dead
I'm one of them now I feel it in my blood now
It's turning me, it's turning me
I feel it in my blood now
It's turning me I feel it in my blood now
It's turning me, it's turning me
I feel it in my blood now
It's turning me, it's turning me I feel it in my blood now
It's turning me, it's turning me You better lock the doors and hide
You better lock the doors and hide
You better lock the doors and hide
You better lock the doors and hide You better lock the doors and hide
You better lock the doors and hide, hide, hide

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