Sickness

Full Scale

It's coming down the mainline
Coming on like prime time
It blinks at you like a neon sign
But the shit and the mud and the dirt
It sticks
I've got a call on the other line
It's just the boss telling me I'm fine
Am I a law breaker
Soul shaker
Or a pussy little singer
With nothing to hide
Here comes the sickness
It's calling you home
Here comes the sickness
Wrap your arms around me
And I'll take you all the way now
Cause this is sickness
You're my (next) mistress
Don't wanna miss this
Cause this is sickness
I've got a cellar of fine wine
Just pop one more
And you'll feel sublime
Am I a lawbreaker
Soulshaker
Heart breaker

No I'm the sickness
You wanna run
You run as fast as you can
I'm calling
I'm like an open sore
With a rotten core
They've got me photocopied
Faxed, filed and e-mailed
So don't stop digging now
You're only half way out
This hole gets bigger by the day
Don't put your shovel down

So raise your voice up high
And scream a war cry
Say "I'm too young to die
for this rich mans lie"
Raise your voice up high
And scream a war cry
Live within the moment
Get back on the downtime
You want it all but it takes some time
Regime change is a state of mind
But who needs "freedom"
When you've got no arms or legs?
This is sickness

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