

My Soul Is Sick

Voodoo Glow Skulls

teary-eyed and cannot cope
the walls are tumbling down
looking for a fix
because older brother stole the dope
waking up in desperation
the destination unknown
try to fight the willpower
ignore the voices in your head
another man fights, for what isn't his
a woman cries, for all her kids
take your position for the rat race
cast in all your votes
give the key to the individual
that can lie and spend the most
they say you have a voice
and they say to let that voice be heard
all these years of screaming
haven't even struck a nerve
children are having children
the homeless rule the streets
authority is out numbered
soon blood will flow in the streets

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