

# Sick

[John Sykes](#)

Face Down I Woke Up On The Floor Again  
Spit it out the words I'll never say again  
How can one create the mess I'm in  
easy, your happy I'm not violent

I feel the sky is closing in  
my chest it hurts, i cannot breath  
Its blinding me, I cannot see  
you make me, you make me sick

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