

# Sick of It All

## The Distillers

Murder, murder, a ripe blood stain  
Pulled the fucking trigger 'cause I'm sick of it all  
Murder, murder, a ripe fucking hate  
Pulled the fucking trigger 'cause I'm sick of it all I went to school today with an oozi  
There's this kid, he teased me  
So, I shot him in the face  
All the world's light won't ease my pain It won't cease, I'm diseased  
Will you hang me please?  
I'm a nihilist, raised on violence  
What do I do? I'm American youth  
All my life I've lived in silence  
I'm gonna snap, I'll get you back shit I'm a girl, I'm only thirteen  
My body rots 'cause I won't fucking eat  
I'm a silent star on the b-roll  
I'm a mirror fucking image of no control Give me an award, I conquered food again  
What else is better in life than to purge my pain?  
If I cut, I won't look like that, if I cut  
If I cut, I won't feel like this shit We are kids, we think life is a scam  
We come from a wasted land  
We are kids we play punk rock 'n roll  
If we didn't we got no soul We are different kids with the same heartbeat  
We got one pulse running through the streets  
They are our arteries We are different kids with the same heartbeat  
We got one pulse running through the streets  
I am a part of this We are kids, we think life is a scam  
We come from a wasted land  
We are kids we play punk rock 'n roll  
If we didn't we got no soul

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