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 allI 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 painIt 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 shitI'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 controlGive 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 shitWe 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 soulWe are different kids with the same heartbeat
We got one pulse running through the streets
They are our arteriesWe are different kids with the same heartbeat
We got one pulse running through the streets
I am a part of thisWe 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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