

Tired

Pulse Ultra

I'm so sick and tired of never being gratified
I'm special when I cut you, I like to see you bleed
I feed off your dejections, it's all I could conceive I'm so sick and tired of never being
When will my desire ever stop I'm so sick and tired of never being gratified
When will my desire ever stop or petrify
I hate you 'cause you chase me while in front of me
Is there something, I could do now to enjoy this breath I'm so sick and tired of never being
When will my desire ever stop
I'm so sick and tired of never feeling
When will I acquire a sense of living I'm so sick and tired of never being gratified
Is there something I could do now to enjoy this breath I'm so sick and tired of never being
When will my desire ever stop
I'm so sick and tired of never feeling
When will I acquire a sense of living I'm so sick and tired of never being satisfied
I'm so sick and tired of never being satisfied

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