

# Down With The Sickness (SubVibe Remix)

## Disturbed

Can you feel that?  
Ah, shit  
Oh, ah, ah, ah, ah  
Oh, ah, ah, ah, ah  
oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh Drowning deep in my sea of loathing  
Broken your servant I kneel  
(Will you give in to me?)  
It seems what's left of my human side  
Is slowly changing in me  
(Will you give in to me?) Looking at my own reflection  
When suddenly it changes  
Violently it changes (oh no)  
There is no turning back now  
You've woken up the demon in me Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
Open up your hate, and let it flow into me  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
You mother get up come on get down with the sickness  
You fucker get up come on get down with the sickness  
Madness is the gift, that has been given to me I can see inside you, the sickness is rising  
Don't try to deny what you feel  
(Will you give in to me?)  
It seems that all that was good has died  
And is decaying in me  
(Will you give in to me?) It seems you're having some trouble  
In dealing with these changes  
Living with these changes (oh no)  
The world is a scary place  
Now that you've woken up the demon in me Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
Open up your hate, and let it flow into me  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
You mother get up come on get down with the sickness  
You fucker get up come on get down with the sickness  
Madness is the gift, that has been given to me (And when I dream)  
(And when I dream)  
(And when I dream), (and when I dream)

No mommy, don't do it again  
Don't do it again  
I'll be a good boy  
I'll be a good boy, I promise  
No mommy don't hit me  
Why did you have to hit me like that, mommy?  
Don't do it, you're hurting me  
Why did you have to be such a bitch Why don't you  
Why don't you just fuck off and die  
Why can't you just fuck off and die  
Why can't you just leave here and die  
Never stick your hand in my face again bitch  
Fuck you  
I don't need this shit  
You stupid sadistic abusive fucking whore  
How would you like to see how it feels mommy  
Here it comes, get ready to die Oh, ah, ah, ah, ah  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
Open up your hate, and let it flow into me  
Get up, come on get down with the sickness  
You mother get up come on get down with the sickness  
You fucker get up come on get down with the sickness  
Madness has now come over me

Songwriters

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