

SICK

Jimmy Trash and the Gunpowder Temple of Heaven

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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