

# Malice

## Bad Omens

Get up

I'm paranoid, I'm sick, I'm not myself

I bottled up and drank the pain but it wouldn't stay down

Now I've got nothing to give, nothing to say for myself

I'm nothing more than worm food six feet under the ground

FuckMalice

This is the death of meIt's eating away at me, This disgusting disease

I'm fucking sick, my stomach's starting to bleed

It's eating away at me

I don't know what to do

I'm fucking sick, I'll never be like you

MaliceI don't believe in salvation, but I believe in demons

And I'll let you meet mine, if you really want to see them

Once you go mad and slip through the cracks

The path is too dark to see the tracks

I was consumed by the dark, consumed by the black

I made a deal with the devil I can't take backWhat's the point?

What's the fucking point in any of this?

If when we make it to the grave everyone just forgets

What's the point?

What's the fucking point in any of this?

If when we make it to the grave no one gives a shitMalice

There's no more good left in me

and I hope that you never meet This person that I've become

this ugly fucking disease, it's eating away at me

This disgusting disease, I'm fucking sick

I'm not normal, and I can finally breathe

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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