

Spill Canvas, The "Homesick"

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Textbook infection started in the month of June.
First my mouth grew tired and then the madness will
consume.
Sick of letting all of these lumps in my dry throat
explode.
Next time I will cut them out and let the dizzy ooze flow,
Into the streets eating away at everything,
Bringing civilization to it's knees, as I strap the bomb to
my body.
They tell me that they'll miss me.
And this situation is so goddamn bittersweet.
Gotta get rid of me.

A makeshift remedy serum is injected into my veins,
As we're counting down the minutes to when my
ailment will strike again.
The dynamite is strapped to my chest, it seems the
only answer,
As they pace back and forth with anxiousness,
Hoping they have found a cure for homesickness like
this.
And my skin starts turning black, and they all take a
few steps back,
And give them one last smile, push the detonator, and
start to laugh,
But it's really not that bad, see this was the solution all
along.
My memories were quarantined so we'll set them free
in this song.
It's really not that bad, see this was the solution all
along.

My memories were quarantined, so we'll set them free
in this song.
Set them free in this song.

Now we're finally home, it feels good not to be alone.
Just remember you must tend to it, for it to really grow.
A garden of broken friendships reminds you you
survived.
Click your heels three times and pray that you will make

it out alive.

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