

Anasarca **"Terminal"**

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It was a regular Monday evening
I was feeling a big weak
I blamed it on being out in the sun for too long
It was about seven as my phone rang
It was my doctor and life-time confidante
He didn't seem to be himself that night
In his voice I heard some king of fright
I asked him jokingly why he called and then stated
Jokes about dying of some rare disease
It was at this point that I knew that something was
wrong
He then proceeded to tell me my brief and boring
medical history
Finally he laid it on me I has cancer and it was terminal

The days that followed were difficult
The reactions varied from person to reason
My parents told me to be strong and reassured me
That they were there for me
Finally I realized I have cancer and it's terminal
I have to deal with it, trying to help myself
I felt ostracised from my family and friends
Everyone said that they were concerned
But no one really knows what they should do
No one really knows what to do
Difficult days not getting mad
Difficult days the days you know you will die

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