

Flying

"The Pain Of It"

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Decaying away
It won't go away
This feeling
I've tried everything
The heats so extreme
This feeling
I cry as i bleed
But the pain won't recede
This feeling
I can't help myself
But you're on my shelf
This feeling

And you
Just look at me
And turn away
From my disease
And you
Won't help a bit
That's alright
You're sick of it
And you
Don't understand
Just one squirt
From the can
Of you
May help me

I try hard to hide
But it is so open wide
This feeling
It cracks and it pulls
It breaks all the rules
This feeling
Oooh yea!

And you
Just look at me
And turn away
From my disease
And you

Won't help a bit
And that's alright
You're sick of it
And you
Don't understand
Just one squirt
From the can
Of you
May help me

And you
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