

Rory

"The Sick Six Hundred"

Visit "[The Sick Six Hundred](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Something truly unexpected
As opposed to corruption
Everything is plain and honest

As for you, less of the latter
Where's your invitation

Staring down at empty hands
Can somebody help me understand
These walls are wearing
Misconceived observations
Feels so sick six hundred reasons
Can you count the ways it hurt
Can you count the ways it hurt
Structure's losing strength

This is your battle call
Last step before you fall
And in the moment you felt alive, you died
So close your eyes and pray for solid ground

Staring down at empty hands
Can somebody help me understand
These walls are wearing
Misconceived observations
Feels so sick, six hundred reasons
Can you count the ways it hurt
Can you count the ways it hurt
Structure's losing strength

Staring at the ceiling
Hope to god it doesn't
Cave in

Here's your battle call
Last step before you fall
And in the moment you felt alive, you died
Here's your invitation

Staring down at empty hands
Can somebody help me understand

These walls are wearing
Misconceived observations
Feels so sick, six hundred reasons
Can you count the ways it hurt
Can you count the ways it hurt
Structure's losing strength

Visit [Rory](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.