

Catherine Corelli "Sick"

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Sick...

Sick...

Sick...

Sick...

What have I shown,
what have I done?
Coming undone,
staying alone.

Wiping the skin
till i'm getting thin.
The sickness grows thicker
and i'm not the winner.

(Don't argue!) We always have to pay...
(Don't argue!) We always have to pay...
(Get home to heaven) And if the price is too high
then we'll suffer and something must die.

(After all) There will come soft rains,
(After all) There will come new pains.
(And in the end) All the disasters stay
With the love to remain.

I've got nothing to do
but struggle through every day
and fight for a new.
I can't leave anything behind,
can't throw it away,
can't stop it, can't delay.

(Say...)
Sold out by god
I cannot be bought.
I've no right to rot
want it or not.

And I dunno why
There's no life in my eye.
The sickness comes nearer,
Yet i'm not the winner.

(Don't argue!) We always have to pay...
(Don't argue!) We always have to pay...
(Get home to heaven) And if the price is too high
then we'll suffer and something must die.

(After all) There will come soft rains,
(After all) There will come new pains.
(And in the end) All the disasters stay
With the love to remain.

I've got nothing to do
but struggle through every day
and fight for a new.
I can't leave anything behind,
can't throw it away,
can't stop it, can't delay.

Cannot erase...
can't be erased...
Cannot erase...
can't be erased...

Where the hell am I going tonight?
I'm the one you cannot scan because you're mortally
blind.
Take me, hate me, but anyway you know you can't
believe me,
Can't reshape the truth for you, can't make it a lie.

Who am I? 10.000 faces in a syllable.
What the fuck is different if it's no kinda miracle!?
Drastically sordid i'm much more thirsty than ever,
there's no comfort in anything that sounds like 'never
say never'.

I've got nothing to do
but struggle through every day
and fight for a new.
I can't leave anything behind,
can't throw it away,
can't stop it, can't delay.

Sick!
I've gotta struggle through every day.
Sick!
I've gotta feeling i'm fading away.
Sick!
I've gotta struggle through every day.
Sick!
I've gotta feeling i'm fading away.

(tea cup falling)

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