

6ths, The "Infected"

Visit "[Infected](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I've got too much energy to switch off my mind,
but not enough to get myself organized.
My heart is heavy--my head is confused,
And my aching little soul--has started burning blue!

CHORUS

I can't give you up, till I've got more than enough.
So infect me with your love--
Nurse me into sickness. Nurse me back to health.
Endow me with the gifts--of the man made world.

When desire becomes an illness instead of a joy,
And guilt a necessity that's gotta be destroyed.

CHORUS

Take me by the hands and walk me to the end of the
pier.
Run your fingers through my hair,
and tell me what I wanna hear--
Will lies become truths in this face of fading youth
from my scrotum to your womb, --your cradle to my
tomb.

CHORUS

Nurse me into sickness, nurse me back to health
And tell me what it is that I want in this world

Visit [6ths, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.