

## Anarchy Club

### "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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