

## Classic Crime, The "Medisin"

Visit "[Medisin](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

What great risk to truly live,  
We could die alone.  
Self proclaimed meaning of bliss,  
Is getting what we're owed.  
It's always getting what we're owed.

I am like a machine,  
All that I really need is medicine,  
And then I'll fall fast asleep.  
In my dream like state,  
I'll pretend I'm unscathed.  
But when i wake my resilience fades  
When I wake up my resilience fades.

How long? How long?  
How long, long?  
I know there's more to life than slavery,  
I'm tired of dying.  
I know there's more to life than drinking,  
The soul sick medicine.

Oh no, no. I'll never listen or do what I'm told.  
At 24 you'd think I'd hold my speech,  
Instead of mix you a cocktail,  
Some truth and some slander,  
And never practice what i preach,  
And never practice what i preach.

How long? How long?  
How long, long?  
I know there's more to life than slavery,  
I'm tired of dying.  
I know there's more to life than drinking,  
The soul sick medicine.

I know there's more to life than slavery,  
I'm tired of dying.  
I know there's more to life than drinking,  
The soul sick medicine.

