

The American Dream

"Sick"

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There is no god up in the sky tonight
No sign of heaven anywhere in sight
All that was true is left behind
Once I could see now I am blind
Don't want your dreams you try to sell
This disease I give to myself

How does it feel?
How does it feel?

She makes it sweeter than the sun
I get too tight I come undone
I found my way to this place
The temple walls are made of flesh
Runs up my arms 'till I'm on track
Itches my skin right off of my back
I'll heal your wounds
I'll set you free
I'm jesus christ on ecstasy

How does it feel?
How does it feel?

I am so dirty on on the inside
I am so dirty on on the inside
I am so dirty on on the inside
I am so dirty on on the inside

How does it feel?
How does it feel?

Suck x4

A thousand lips a thousand tongues
A thousand throats a thousand lungs
A thousand ways to make it true
I want to do terrible things to you

