

Lysistrata Jones

"Medulla Need"

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I can not close my eyes, haunted by visions
Cold sweat exits from my skin
I feel my nervous body, filled with tension
Impossible weariness, I think to sleep

I look around me, see my precious caffeine
I will regret this absorption

Anxiety lives in me
I can't get rid of my conflict

"-We must put him to sleep
-I prepare him a cure
-Go and stun him
-I enter his soul
-We need his medulla"

I don't want any more nightmares
Please deliver me from hell

I stay up thinking about my insomnia
The frustration gnawing at my life
Each time I'm lying down I open my eyes
I'm fed up with this fucking nightlife

"-We must put him to sleep
-I prepare him a cure
-Go and stun him
-I enter his soul
-We need his medulla"

I don't want any more nightmares
Please deliver me from hell

"-We must put him to sleep
-I prepare him a cure
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-We need his medulla"

I don't want any more nightmares

Please deliver me from hell

Cure my soul

Swallow your lethal dose

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