

The Dead 60s

"The Sugar Sickness"

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The cold only served me keeping you warm;
Roaming your body like a serpent of some form.
Now I ain't got nothing pumping through my veins but
gasoline.
Could you ever love a machine?

It's all about driving the demons in me out.
It's hard to be sincere when I'm lodged in the jaws of a
shark.
It's constantly reminding me that I like you better in the
dark.
If you're screaming at the drain for days...
... you know it's love.

And if god were a villain, he would be me.
I am a martyr without belief in anything
So what does that make me?
If cowardice ranks amongst royalty then crown me
king.
I am that of desperate,
I am that of cancerous and I'm loving this.

I've been screaming at the drain for days,
My stomach and I are parting ways...
You know it's love when you beg for it to stop

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