

Down with the sickness – Disturbed

Can you feel that?

Ah, shit

Oh, ah, ah, ah, ah

Oh, ah, ah, ah, ah

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Drowning deep in my sea of loathing

Broken your servant I kneel

(Will you give in to me?)

It seems what's left of my human side

Is slowly changing in me

(Will you give in to me?)

Looking at my own reflection

When suddenly it changes

Violently it changes (oh no)

There is no turning back now

You've woken up the demon

In me

Get up, come on get down with the sickness

Get up, come on get down with the sickness

Get up, come on get down with the sickness

Open up your hate, and let it flow into me

Get up, come on get down with the sickness

You mother get up

Come on get down with the sickness

You fucker get up

Come on get down with the sickness

Madness is the gift

That has been given to me

I can see inside you, the sickness is rising

Don't try to deny what you feel

(Will you give in to me?)

It seems that all that was good has died

And is decaying in me

(Will you give in to me?)

It seems you're having some trouble

In dealing with these changes

Living with these changes (oh no)
The world is a scary place
Now that you've woken up the demon
In me
Get up, come on get down with the sickness
Get up, come on get down with the sickness
Get up, come on get down with the sickness
Open up your hate, and let it flow into me
Get up, come on get down with the sickness
You mother get up
Come on get down with the sickness
You fucker get up
Come on get down with the sickness
Madness is the gift,
That has been given to me
And when i dream
And when i dream
And when i dream
And when i dream
No mommy, don't do it again
Don't do it again
I'll be a good boy
I'll be a good boy, I promise
No mommy don't hit me
Why did you have to hit me like that, mommy?
Don't do it, you're hurting me
Why did you have to be such a bitch
Why don't you
Why don't you just fuck off and die
Why can't you just fuck off and die
Why can't you just leave here and die
Never stick your hand in my face again bitch
Fuck you
I don't need this shit
You stupid sadistic abusive fucking whore
How would you like to see how it feels mommy
Here it comes, get ready to die
Oh, ah, ah, ah, ah
Get up, come on get down with the sickness
Get up, come on get down with the sickness

Get up, come on get down with the sickness
Open up your hate, and let it flow into me
Get up, come on get down with the sickness
You mother get up
Come on get down with the sickness
You fucker get up
Come on get down with the sickness
Madness has now come over me



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych