

Nuno Bettencourt, Sick Punk

sick punk you're on the sick junk

talkin' 'bout the time that you've been missin'
i'm talkin' 'bout the time that you've been living
i'm talkin' 'bout the time that you've been given
i'm talkin' 'bout the time that you've been missin'

i'm talkin' 'bout the life that you've been living
i'm talkin' 'bout the life that you've been given
i'm talkin' 'bout the life that you'll be killing
i'm talkin' 'bout the life in your own prison

everybody suffering is part of the human condition
cut you like a lazer razor-sharp from head to toe
numb you go

'cause you're a sick punk baby and i like your style
'cause you're a sick punk baby and i like your work
'cause you're a sick punk baby and i like your style
'cause you're a sick punk you're on the sick junk
look at you now

now look what you've done you abused her
and you never will recover from it
now look what you've done you confused her
and you never will recover from it

sick punk you're on the sick junk
talkin' 'bout the lies that you've been livin'
i'm talkin' 'bout the lies that you've been dishin'
i'm talkin' 'bout the lies that you've been grippin'
i'm talkin' 'bout the lies that you've been twistin'

i'm talkin' 'bout the god that ruies your heaven
i'm talkin' 'bout the god that sucks your soul in
i'm talkin' 'bout the god that soothes your devil
talkin' 'bout the god that you can't handle

tiny little pleasure demons fighting for your mind
you'll be fine
so your soul is empty fill it up with regular
it's popular

feel it flowin' in your iron arteries
like antifreeze
you're good reminder off the agony of love
you're undone