

Anarchy Club, Get Clean

The numbers on my wrist say I'm a cog in the machine
And the sound above the front gate tells me work will set me free
I'm sleeping on this mattress stained by men who've died before
There's a hole inside my broken heart and locks on all the doors

(Get clean! Clean! Clean! Clean!)

All together now, one two three
Don't be scared, just stand with me
Hold my hand, try not to breathe
All together now!

I shovel dirt on bodies from a pile too big to burn
I recognize a childhood friend who tells me that my turn
Is coming like the winter winds that chill me to the bone
In chambers dance with screams and tear, we all still die alone

(Get clean! Clean! Clean! Clean!)

All together now, one two three
Don't be scared, just stand with me
Hold my hand, try not to breathe
All together now!

Single file through the door
Wall-to-wall, ceiling-to-floor
I am not afraid to die
I only wish that I knew why

All together now, one two three
Don't be scared, just stand with me
Hold my hand, try not to breathe
All together now!

All together now, one two three
Don't be scared, just stand with me
Hold my hand, try not to breathe
All together now!

(Get clean! Get clean! Get clean! Get clean!)