

Effigy, Ultraclean

I need something ultraclean

Plastic strap around the meat man, cutting off his will to die

The moment looks inside us all, but time is fast and so am I

I need something ultraclean, something with a twist

Turn the future into the past so I don't exist

Oh my soul, I sold it for a chance

Anger takes the short cut, cuts his soul with Coca-Cola

Tears are anger's alibi, here's his chance to get colder

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