

# Keith Caputo, Neurotic

I feel unworthy  
My body feels dirty  
I spit up your thoughts on my breakfast plate

I'm a neurotic  
Murder inside me I'm a neurotic  
Murder inside me

I'm feeling ragged  
Torn in my cellar  
Infection has grown into body art

I'm a neurotic  
Murder inside me  
I'm a neurotic  
Murder inside me

The coffin hole's your special friend  
Death is wonder, the restful end  
Muddy waters up to my neck  
Wretched weeper needle head  
Wretched weeper, syringe me with addiction

Syringe me, syringe me, syringe me with addiction  
Syringe me with addiction

I'm feeling lonely  
Without my injection  
I'll smash all your brains with the Christmas tree

I'm a neurotic  
Murder inside me  
I'm a neurotic  
Murder inside me

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