

Oblivion Dust, Pure

Stab it in me
Inspiration
Got so little to hold onto

Let me know that I would love to
Throw some acid on top of you

I want to be so pure
I want to be so pure
Cut you up and rearrange you
I want to be so pure

Justify the things I do
By burning images of me and you
I'm back again
Back again

Tint the mirror black and blue now
Burn the images in petrol fumes
I'm inside of you now

I want to be so pure
I want to be so pure
Cut you up and rearrange you
I want to be so pure

I want to be so pure
I want to be so pure
Cut you up and rearrange you
I want to be so...

So pure...
(etc.)