

PIG, Situation

Everything I feel just turns on me
Again and again 'til I can't see
Everything you sought, you found
But I see people looking down
Pointed fingers, pointless lives
All points lead to empty lies
Empty hands and dirty deeds
It all comes down to just one thing
I don't believe

Whenever I feel this thing inside
Forbidden, forgiven, forever denied
I must have somehow dreamed
Of all the things I've never seen
All the words left unsaid
I never quite took into my head
All the things that lie undone
Like petals forever falling on this gun

Be pure
You can be chaste
You can behave
You can be mine
You'll be my cure
Be my religion
Be my decision
You'll be my crime
You will be mine
Be pure

All the time I tried to breathe
It all turned into make believe
One confusion, one confession
One more lie, one more lesson
Complicity, stupidity
The bile in my hypocrisy
The broken, low morality
The sentimental strategy

Be pure
You can be chaste
You can behave
You can be mine
You'll be my cure
Be my religion
Be my decision
You'll be my crime
You will be mine
Be pure

Be pure
Be vigilant
Behave
Be mine

Be pure
You can be chaste
You can behave
You can be mine
You'll be my cure
Be my religion
Be my decision
You'll be my crime
You will be pure

You can be chaste
You can behave
You can be mine
You'll be my cure
Be my religion
Be my decision
You'll be my crime
You will be mine