

# Biohazard, Cleansing

The dirt's so thick it won't come clean,  
All around a haze like a smoke screen,  
I can't see you but you see me,  
But I might be gone before you count to three.  
The waters are totally polluted,  
The armies inside my head have feuded,  
One side has smothered the other,  
The disease it spreads and begins to cover.

Maggot infested soul of mine,  
Has painted me in a corner confined.  
My vision is blurred no reason or rhyme,  
Help me escape these walls I climb.

I'm drowning in my own shit, gasping,  
Gagging on the vomit asphyxiated, grasping,  
For a grip on the soap with the rope,  
So I can get clean and begin to cope,  
Scrub me 'til I'm raw, an open sore oozing  
Unless I'm clean I might start losing.  
My mind and my life would have a fucked-up ending,  
Thank God if you ever see cleansing.

Sewn my eyes shut can't you see I'm smothered?  
Deaf, dumb and blind the dirt has covered  
The windows which let the light shine through,  
Cleansing of the soul for I am you.

The last time I slept I dreamt.  
My friend and I we got so high.  
On top of mountains, deep in the sky,  
Way up high where the white goes by.  
The air is thin and hard to breathe.  
But with a friend near, by your side,  
you can conquer the world or wander around all starry-eyed.  
I laid there and dreamt along for a ride.  
I took in the journey, my friend beside.  
It all seemed so real, it all seemed surreal,  
my friend and I were one deep inside.  
These dreams come and go and are never the same.  
I await new journeys asleep I remain.

When I hold my eyes shut tight I dream.  
When I dream at night through my dreams I scream.  
Why do people have to go and fucking change?  
What pushed my friend to tap the vein?  
Asleep at night I visit my friend.  
Asleep at night I miss my friend.