

# Himsa, Mud

Young dumb fools Here we come  
Dragging what's left of our dirty thoughts  
We're feeling young and dumb  
Because they come Out of nowhere  
And without a warning Good morning  
Slide out of bed  
It's going to take a million cold showers to wash away this mud  
We've been slinging  
Hey, everyone gets lonely  
Even when we're not alone  
It can be very scary  
Wearing these earth suits  
Alien from Mars And Venus came and made this mess  
It's no fault of ours  
That we're all unclean  
She's unclean He's unclean  
Just like our mothers and our fathers  
And their mothers and their fathers  
And their mothers and their fathers  
They all died and Have soiled themselves  
And it leeches up through the roots  
To the flowers  
Where the birds and the bees pollinate  
The land with toxic shame  
Shame begets shame Guilt and shame  
Toxic shame End this strain