

Nine Inch Nails, The Collector

I pick things up
I am a collector
And things, well things, they tend to accumulate
I have this net
It drags behind me
It picks up feelings
For me to feed upon

There are times, plenty of times
I wish I could let it go
But they start to breathe, and they start to grow inside me
There are times, plenty of times
I wish I could let it go
But they start to make me think things I don't wanna know

[Chorus:]
I'm trying to fit it all inside
I'm trying to open my mouth wide
I'm trying not to choke and
Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all

I am the plague I am the swarm
All your hurt sticks on me
And I keep it warm
They will make me stay, they won't let me leave
There are so god damned many of them it gets hard to breath

[Chorus:]
I'm trying to fit it all inside
I'm trying to open my mouth wide
I'm trying not to choke inside
I am a good boy and I will
Swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all, swallow it all

Every last one [x20]