

Slipknot, Pulse Of The Maggots (Live)

One, two, three
Drop it

Bones in the water and dust in my lungs
Absorbing, archaic, like a sponge
The ultimate way, is the way you control
But can you stay if you detach your soul?
Bury the present, and squeeze out the past
The ones who endear to never last
Chemical burns and the animalistic
I'm just another hard-line pseudo-statistic

Can you feel this?
I'm dying to feel this
Can you feel this?

Blood on the paper and skin on my teeth
Trying to commit to what's beneath
To find the time is to lose the momentum
I can learn the lessons and immediately forget them
Automatic and out of my reach
Consult all the waste to find the key
Minimal life and the polysyllabic
I'm just another blank page
Push the button, pull the rage

Can you feel this?
I'm dying to feel this
Can you feel this?

I am all
But what am I?
Another number that isn't equal to any of you
I control but I comply
Pick me apart then pick up the pieces
I'm uneven

I am the damaged one
All my life and the damage done
I am the damaged one
All my life and the damage done
I am the damaged one
All my life and the damage done
I am the damaged one
All my life and the damage done

Can you feel this?
I'm dying to feel this
Can you feel this?
I'm dying to feel this

Can you feel this?
I'm dying to feel this
Can you feel this?
No

I am all
But what am I?
Another number that isn't equal to any of you
I control but I comply
Pick me apart then pick up the pieces
I'm uneven

I am all

But what am I?
Another number that isn't equal to any of you
I control but I comply
Pick me apart then pick up the pieces
I'm uneven