

# Therapy?, Perish The Thought

I could sleep for days  
Given half the chance  
But I'm not in dreamland now  
Reality avalanche  
In a way  
I'm in waste-management  
I cover shit up, cover shit up  
Pretend it never happened

It could be worse  
I could be you  
It could be worse  
I could be you  
But I perish the thought

No idea is natural  
We're born, we age, we die trying  
Slowly rotting beneath the surface  
Waiting to burst with rage

It could be worse  
I could be you  
It could be worse  
I could be you  
It could be worse  
I could be you  
It could be worse  
I could be you  
But I perish the thought

And I perish  
I perish  
The thought

And I perish  
I perish  
The thought

It could be worse  
I could be you  
It could be worse  
I could be you  
It could be worse  
I could be you  
It could be worse  
I could be you

I could be you  
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