

# Therapy?, Safe

All this noise is making me nervous  
I feel every slammed door and drunken laugh  
Sometimes there's no room for breathing  
Take me to a colony and leave me in Antarctica  
The living germs keep these buildings alive  
And every day we feed them with our dirt and rotten memories  
The front window in the house his mother left him  
Is just another beacon in a sea of dark yellow

This place speaks to him, it's got its own language  
Cold comfort through the gill cracked plaster  
Looks at him with eyes in paint blisters  
Squeezes music through cheap transistors  
Voices of mothers with their prisoners for brothers  
And the bug-eyed little creatures terrifying stupid teachers  
Who then take it out on weaklings, spawning killing spree control freaks  
Who get married in their prisons to abused and lonely women

I'm clean and I'm clinging  
Like I've never held on to anything in my life  
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