

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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