

I agree, it's not a bright future I see
But then again, can you blame me?
I won't carry the weight of the world on my back
But when I see tomorrow it looks black
Earie

I need an exorcism
Wash me clean from man's pollution
I need an exorcism
Wash me clean

I admit, it's a weak solution to quit
But then again, can you blame me?
I have visions of blood flowing free in the street
Too numb to care for those in need
Weary

My thoughts and feelings beaten senseless
My communication's proven useless
I'm the lone survivor in a pool of dead
I've become the man who has no regret
No regret

Wash me clean