

This Is Fucking Ecstasy

Say Anything

I'm sprinting yet I stride
My satchel filled with files
The secrets of the tribe
The cameras follow me for miles

Born a slave in 1984,
I discovered that my life is just a record they performed
A maze where I was placed
Tell me what you think of this one
Tell me what you think of this one

'Cause now I've sold you out
(erase me, erase me I'm done)
Now that there's no doubt
(My feet find the freeway, I run)
Now I've called you out
(erase me, erase me I'm done)
Now I've sold you out

They strapped me to the roof
and they cut right through me
Digging through my wounds
I watched them hopelessly and choke
"Where are my pills, where is my former lover?"
I've been betrayed by everyone I know, don't blow my feeble cover

So tell me what you think of this one
Tell me what you think of this gun

Now I've sold you out
(erase me, erase me I'm done)
Now that there's no doubt
(My feet find the freeway, I run)
Now I've called you out
(erase me, erase me I'm done)
Now I've sold you out

'Cause the truth is this:
I finally know what they conceived so long ago
A baby rat for them to test,
The poison's on a rubber breast
For me to learn; dependence on the shackles here
But now they're gone
In place I live in hyper speed
I shall not live; I shall not breathe again

This is fucking ecstasy
This is fucking leprosy
It's like they're fucking testing me
This is fucking ecstasy

Hey!