

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 everyday 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 it's own language
Cold comfort through the gill cracked plaster
Looks at him with eyes in paint blisters
Squeezes musik through a cheap transistor
Voice 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
I'm clean and I'm clinging to you

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