

scrape the build-up off my tongue
don't cough
you'll hurt my lung
make me high and make me numb
just do it
you wont look dumb
square into a circle make it fit
never mind and make sure of it
stuffing one bird into another
i'm way over here
i'm with you brother
ruled by the voice that tells you
to go on and destroy those cells
kill more 'til you make your way
no buzz day ain't no day
chop a breathing hole in my vice
no thanks man
i'm feeling nice
a foolish heart forever young
scrape the build-up off my tongue
snatch up the stone hold on tight
'til night is day and day is night
as i talk to me listening the voice
the voice inside is my singing...