

Effigy "Ultraclean"

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I need something ultraclean
Plastic strap around the meat man, cutting off his will
to die
The moment looks inside us all, but time is fast and so
am I
I need something ultraclean, something with a twist
Turn the future into the past so I don't exist
Oh my soul, I sold it for a chance
Anger takes the short cut, cuts his soul with Coca-Cola
Tears are anger's alibi, here's his chance to get colder
I need something ultraclean, something with a twist
Turn the future into the past so I don't exist
Oh my soul, I sold it for a chance
I need something ultraclean

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