

Cultfever "Rouge"

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I left a shroud in a town to be sorted out
It's like a leaf-flake brown kind of fabric gown.
Where the curve of the ground that they hear around
Is like the echo sound in a concave town.

Stiff, starched shirts, cold feet, and chest, I'll keep
it cleaner.
I'll wear their stiff, starched shirts, cold feet and
chest, I'll keep it cleaner.

Stung quiet but this is just frightening, I'm so
concerned about hygiene
Stung quiet but this is just frightening, I'm so
concerned about...

Eyes swept black like a smoke stack
Nothing's wrong with that.
I said her eyes swept black like a smoke stack
Nothing here is like that.
It's like the word got out and it's all around,
I feel the lines to my veins and they're clamping
down.
Thin loose wrists
Dear, I must insist,
We keep it cleaner.

Stung quiet but this is just frightening, I'm so
concerned about hygiene
Stung quiet but this is just frightening, I'm so
concerned about...

I think I am addicted to the drumming.
I said I think I am addicted to the drumming.
They said we recognize your eyes and we recognize
your blood
And though it's thinner than a knife you are similar
enough.

Stung quiet but this is just frightening, I'm so
concerned about hygiene
Stung quiet but this is just frightening, I'm so
concerned about...

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