

## Special Benny

### "Air Filter"

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Oh, I will somehow hide in you)  
I've got theseÃ bones and eyes made for seeing  
You've got all of these things and more  
Something else I don't know which I need  
I will reach down your throat trying to find it  
Oh your stomach turns at the thought of  
No one taking time  
Somehow chewing inside of your cheeks  
You're afraid of the lengths I will go to

You pull words from your mouth in such order  
I could not consciously have composed  
My intentions escape my own notice  
Now we're stuck with these cold consequences  
Hear the notes awaiting their orders  
Patiently they prepare for attack  
WhenÃ they burrow under your ribcage  
Nest themselves in your chest where it's warmest

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