

Explosion, The

"Filthy Insane"

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This is filthy, this is fucking insane
This is filthy, this is fucking insane
This is filthy, this is fucking insane
This is filthy, this is fucking insane
Kill me softly with a tie around my neck
It's not the fabric, it's the filthy fucking paycheck
Keep it bloody, keep the paper white
Injecting paper-clips every night
This is filthy, this is filthy white
This is filthy, this is filthy white
This is filthy, this is filthy white
This is filthy, this is filthy white
This is not you
This is not me
This is all of us
And this is everything
What separates the fury and the filthy in me

How delicious in this ugly light
Workin' hard to keep the body tight
Workin' hard to keep the filthy clean
Keep me stapled to these filthy sheets
This lobotomy got me once, twice, thrice, fried
This is not you
This is not me

Robbing Peter and I'm paying Paul
It doesn't matter 'cause he's got it all
He's got the money and he's got the juice
He keeps it formal, but he keeps it loose
This is filthy, this is fucking insane
This is filthy, this is fucking insane
This is filthy, this is fucking insane
This is filthy, this is fucking insane
This is not you
This is not me

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