

Anything Box "Dirt"

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(claude s.)

You can hide your precious tears, but it
Won't get rid of all regret. all the colors
Of reform won't lend a hand when you
Decide to fall. so clear away the scars
That were left behind by things you hate.
Will you ever love again? after all the
Dirt is gone?

Wash away the dirt, let your feelings
Hurt, drive away the shame.

Be yourself again.

All this grime is just a sham, the icing
On a cake made of sand now becoming
Dust. where you came from you will
Surely go...

Wash away the dirt, let your feelings
Hurt, drive away the shame. be yourself
Again. wash away the dirt...wash away
The dirt...

Dirt words will always bind you,
Attempt to connect to the guilt that finds
You. in a time of doubt, not greed or
Hunger, do you understand the vice
You're under...? getting older, withered
And tempered, may be too late to stop
Your trembling. slide to the left side of
Your brain, listen to the kind of waves
It's sending. dirt is like a virus deep
Within you, can you see the way
It tries to twist you? lurking
Inside your head I found it,
Wrenching away at the hope you
Needed...

Find the strength, break the
Urge, return...yourself...to you...

Wash away the dirt, let your feelings
Hurt, drive away the shame. be yourself
Again. wash away the dirt...wash away
The dirt...

